

CURRENT LITERATURE

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A Review of the World

A MARKED change has come over the spirit of the newspaper discussion regarding Mr. Taft's chances for renomination and reelection next year. To-day it is generally conceded that his renomination is as good as settled. That the progressive Republicans intend to make a fight against it is more than probable. The man selected to carry their banner is Senator La Follette; but the fight, if made, will be waged apparently not with the hope of an immediate success, but with the hope of putting the progressives in line for control four years later. A petition was circulated last month in Washington requesting Senator La Follette to announce formally his candidacy. Senator Cummins refused to sign it for the reason, among others, that Mr. La Follette could not possibly win and it was unfair to ask him to make of himself "a useless sacrifice." Senator Borah took a similar view. Senator Clapp, another "progressive" leader, admits that such a summons is a call to duty rather than the lure of ambition, because the President's control of federal patronage makes such a contest with him a very uneven one. The *New York Press*, an ardent La Follette paper, says: "La Follette's entry in the Presidential field may thus be regarded as more in the nature of a protest than a contest. The contest is over before it is begun."

SO FAR from being apprehensive of the result of such a contest, some of the Republican journals regard it with a sigh of relief and a rise in the temperature of their hope. For such a contest is taken to mean that the progressive leaders have no intention of organizing a bolt. "In contesting for the prize," says the *New York Press*, "Mr. La Follette practically pledges himself to abide by the decision of the national convention, whatever it may be. . . . Thus there could be no better guarantee against an insurgent bolt of the Taft nomination next year." The *Springfield Republican*, in close touch with the Pro-

gressives, declares that "it is very clear that Mr. Pinchot, Mr. Garfield, Mr. Bourne and even Mr. La Follette will be found supporting Mr. Taft in 1912 for reelection. There will be nothing else for them to do." Attention is called by a number of papers to the fact that Mr. La Follette has never bolted the party convention even when his delegation from Wisconsin was refused seats and a contesting delegation from that State was admitted. Now that his power in the party as well as in the United States Senate has greatly increased and the chances that he and his followers may ultimately control the party have greatly improved, it is generally assumed that he will, as heretofore, prefer to fight his battles out inside the party lines.

A SSUMING, then, that Mr. Taft is, as a Democratic paper puts it, "as secure of a nomination as Diaz ever was," what are his chances of reelection? Here the note of uncertainty is apparent in all directions, but, if newspaper opinion may be taken as a safe guide, the President has greatly strengthened his chances since the recent election. How far this feeling is to be credited to the personal equation of the newspaper proprietors, who are financially interested in the success of the reciprocity bill, is something impossible to determine. But Canadian reciprocity is but one of a number of things to which the alleged growth of Mr. Taft's popularity is attributed. His evolution from a President in close accord with the reactionaries into a leader of the progressives is asserted to be complete. The fact that the progressive leaders in Washington seem to be as hostile as ever to Mr. Taft does not embarrass those who undertake to describe the processes of this evolution. The *Chicago Record-Herald*, for instance, puts it thus: "The rank and file of the Republican party are as progressive as they were a year ago, if not even more progressive; but they no longer look to the insurgents for leadership, inspiration, guidance. The progressive



THE LATEST ROUGH RIDER
—Haydon Jones in Boston *Herald*

sentiment is now with or behind Taft, while the insurgents are like generals who have lost their armies."

THE fact that newspapers that have not been known as progressive heretofore are now hailing Mr. Taft as the real progressive leader and applauding every act that



IT'S GETTING SO THEY DON'T KNOW THEIR OWN CHILDREN

—Dingo in Des Moines *Register and Leader*

seems to line him up on the progressive side is doubly significant. The recent election, in other words, appears to have wrought a transformation elsewhere than in the White House. The Boston *Transcript*, for instance, has a long and comprehensive analysis of the situation in which it finds the President steadily growing in popularity just in proportion as he has grown progressive in his policy. At last, it finds, he has assumed the position of a leader who leads. He has executed an "about-face" only to be compared with the tremendous change of Gladstone from a conservative to a liberal. But Mr. Gladstone changed gradually; Mr. Taft has changed suddenly. Or rather, the *Transcript* thinks, he changed when he became President and is changing back to the Taft we used to know as a member of Mr. Roosevelt's official family. After his trip down the Mississippi, before the recent election, "he returned to the White House," according to this influential and fairly conservative Republican paper, "with the cloud of defeat hanging over his head." He had gone too far with the "regulars" in his harmony plan, and "without intending to do so, perhaps, he had practically made them the custodians of his policy and the agents to carry them out." He began to shift his position before the election.

A CHANGE had come in Mr. Taft's policy, says the *Transcript*. It was first shown in the famous letter promising that hereafter the insurgent Senators should be recognized in the distribution of appointments. Then came the election:

"While the President was slow to show any sudden change of front, scarcely one of his public acts since that election has been in the direction of the conservative element. He has allowed Ballinger to resign, altho he gave him a letter of commendation that must read very curiously now in the light of his successor's rejection of the Cunningham claims. He has allowed Dickinson to resign also and thus removed another embarrassment to his Administration. The places of these two secretaries have been filled by men very close to Mr. Roosevelt and the ultra-liberal wing of the party. These appointments are very clear evidence of the new policy. Moreover, the tenure of Secretary Knox is not regarded as secure."

But the most marked manifestation of Taft's change was seen, *The Transcript* thinks, in negotiating the reciprocity agreement. While the insurgents have complained the most over

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that, the "standpatters" are really the ones most severely hurt. Every act since has shown Mr. Taft's liberal spirit:

"He has apparently thrown away his old theories, has discontinued the harmony platform with which he started out, and has squarely planted his feet upon the platform of real progressiveness, and he is making a winning contest of it. The conservationists no longer can regard him as their enemy. Only the ultra-Insurgents can declare that he is fighting against their principles. As for the old-time, stand-pat reactionaries, he need have no fear of them. Whether he has learned this recently or not, the fact remains that he has learned it. He is now experiencing all the satisfaction that comes from being a popular President, for he has become a President who leads in the right direction."

But whether this change in the President has come too late to save him and the party for 1912, "no one," *The Transcript* says, "can tell." It, at least, does not seem to be suffering from over-confidence.

WITH the Democrats in Congress working together in a harmony which, if not perfect, has attained an unusual degree of perfection; with the Democratic governors in a number of Northern states—Massachusetts, New Jersey, Ohio, Connecticut, Maine, Indiana—holding their party fairly well behind them and making no conspicuous political mistakes, there remains one weakness in the Democratic situation which some of the party organs fear is developing into a fatal weakness. What that is is indicated by the question which the New York *World* has been using as the title of a series of editorials: "Shall Murphy Reelect Taft?" The Murphy referred to is, of course, Charles F. Murphy, head of Tammany Hall. The peril he is supposed to present to the Democracy arises from his control of the state legislature at Albany. "No Democratic President," says the *World*, "can be elected without the vote of New York state." "What then," it asks, "shall it profit the Democratic party politically to investigate sugar and steel, to revise the wool schedule,



ON THE NATIONAL PUTTING GREEN

—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

to force the adoption of the farmers' free list and to bring about reciprocity with Canada while Charles F. Murphy remains the Democratic boss of New York?"

NO OTHER Tammany boss since Tweed, we are assured by *The World*, has been as powerful at Albany as Murphy now is. Not



"JUST MISSED THE SILVER WEDDING"
—Triggs in New York Press

even under the control of Platt or Odell was the legislature such a thing of putty as it is under Murphy. "Representative government as such has ceased to exist at Albany." This is bad enough, but "the attitude of the people of New York is even more disgraceful than the conduct of the legislature," for they are leaving Murphy in uncontested possession of the state government, waiting for the chance to rebuke the party at the polls rather than to protest now and prevent bad legislation. Governor Dix has displayed no capacity for leadership. "By bargaining with the boss for legislative votes, he has bowed to the power which he should have crushed." The situation is such that if the national Democratic convention were to be held to-morrow, Murphy would control the delegation from New York state, voting it as a unit, and such is the power of New York state in such a convention that he, more than any other man, would name the presidential candidate. "In view of Tammany's record at Albany, in view of the nation-wide revolt against boss rule, what chance would the Democratic party have of carrying New York? What chance would it have of electing its candidate?" Taft, we are told, is "immeasurably stronger" than he was one year ago, stronger now than he has ever before been since his inauguration, and steadily grow-

ing in power. The situation in New York is "not hopeless" for the Democrats, but will soon become so if the Democrats do not form a strong independent organization to wrest power from Murphy.

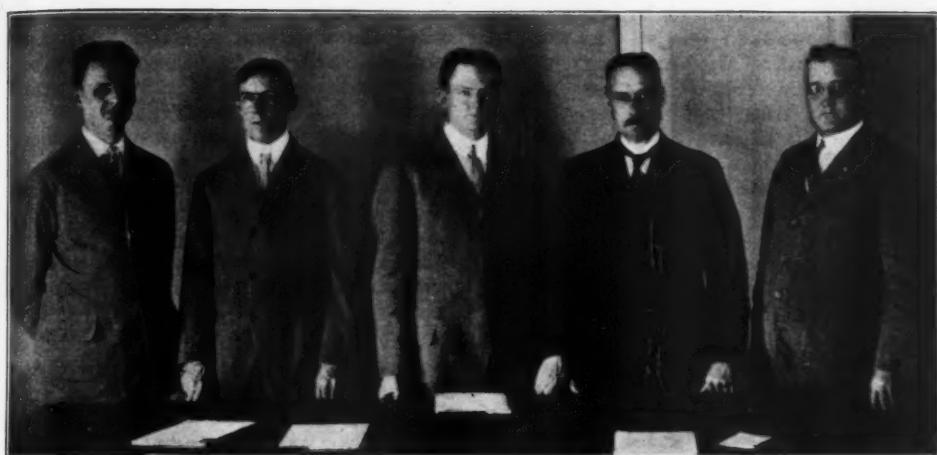
OTHER Democrats than *The World* have exhibited disgust and uneasiness over the situation that has developed in Albany. The editor of *Harper's Weekly*, Colonel Harvey, is a Democrat and was the first to hail Woodrow Wilson as a candidate for President. His weekly admits the truth of *The World's* description of the situation and acknowledges that it is "neither pleasing nor encouraging to Democrats who want to elect the next President." What, it asks, rather plaintively, shall be done about it? "Perhaps there is an individual somewhere who will reform the Democratic politics of New York. If so, it is time he showed up." The *St. Louis Post Dispatch* thinks Democrats everywhere may well be alarmed. It says:

"While Democrats in New York have been making a perfidious record, Democrats outside have been showing qualities of progressiveness and statesmanship which have appealed strongly to popular intelligence. Outside of New York the party has repudiated bossism, privilege, plunder and graft. It has been doing the things the people wanted done. . . . But with conditions favorable when the Democrats came into power growing more favorable as they showed their ability to exercise the power wisely, New York has been growing into a greater obstacle. The Presidential candidate must have not only the strength to win under favorable conditions; he must have the strength to carry the burden of Tammany and its new record of unscrupulous greed. *The World* may well ask if the national Democracy must pay the cost of Murphy."

ANOTHER Democratic paper, the *New York Times*, is equally distressed. It can find but one chairman of a committee in the New York Senate who is a capable legislator fit for the task assigned him. That is Bayne, of Richmond county. Nearly every important committee has a Tammany man at its head. Only on rare and exceptional occasions has there been a quorum at a committee meeting. Bills are attended to in the most slip-shod manner, lobbyists were never more active or less cautious, and the chief element of weakness in the situation is "the peculiar mental and moral make-up of the man who was chosen as Governor." He is accused of making "an unholy alliance" with



THE SHADOW OF DEMOCRATIC DISASTER
—Macauley in *New York World*



THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT'S EFFICIENCY COMMITTEE

All this talk about the possibility of saving three hundred million dollars a year in the running of the government has led to the formation of a committee on economy and efficiency. Frederick A. Cleveland (in the center) is chairman, and on his left are Frank J. Goodnow (of Columbia University), and W. W. Warwick, late chief justice of the Canal Zone. On the chairman's right are William F. Willoughby (assistant director of the census) and Merritt O. Chance, secretary.

Tammany under which shame and injury have been inflicted upon the state. *The Times* concludes, as *The World* concludes, that the situation is fraught with peril to the national Democracy. It goes on to express its apprehensions as follows:

"The party was placed in power by independent votes. Its representatives at Albany for six months have been doing all in their power to disgust and dishearten the independent voters. In other States the Democrats have been making the best of their opportunity. In Congress they have won the respect and sympathy of the Nation. But in New York, which they must carry next year if a Democratic President is to be elected, they have alienated the sympathy of even the members of their own party who are not blind adherents of Tammany Hall, and have achieved the one distinction of inflicting upon the State almost the longest and certainly the dullest and least efficient legislative session in its history."

Mr. Hearst's *American* draws the same contrast between the Democratic record in Washington and that at Albany. In one case self-restraint, prudent radicalism, economy and efficiency; in the other, confusion, waste, bossism, pledges dodged or postponed, public interests forgotten, selfish personal interests triumphant. Governor Dix has evidently become sensitive to this wholesale criticism from Democratic sources. He denies vigorously the charge that he has made any bargain with Mr. Murphy and has been politically subservient to Tammany Hall.

THESE are the days of the hunting of big game. After the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company comes the United States Steel Corporation, the biggest game of the corporation kind in the world. Congress is out gunning for it with a committee of investigation. The commissioner of corporations is firing a series of reports at it, the result of five or six years of research at an expense of several hundred thousand dollars—most of it paid by the corporation itself. The department of justice is moving with its indictments against eighty-three men in the American Wire and Steel Company. This, indeed, is an independent concern, not a part of the big "trust"; but the proceedings against it are presumed to be only preliminary to an invasion of the haunts of the larger corporation. It is all very thrilling. We grow accustomed to telling what Gary said and what Gates said and what Morgan will probably say and to disputing whether the ore lands of the "trust" are worth seven hundred millions or only a paltry one hundred millions, until we soon feel on such a familiar footing with great financial affairs and magnates that we wonder why the federal jury doesn't get after us with an indictment or two.

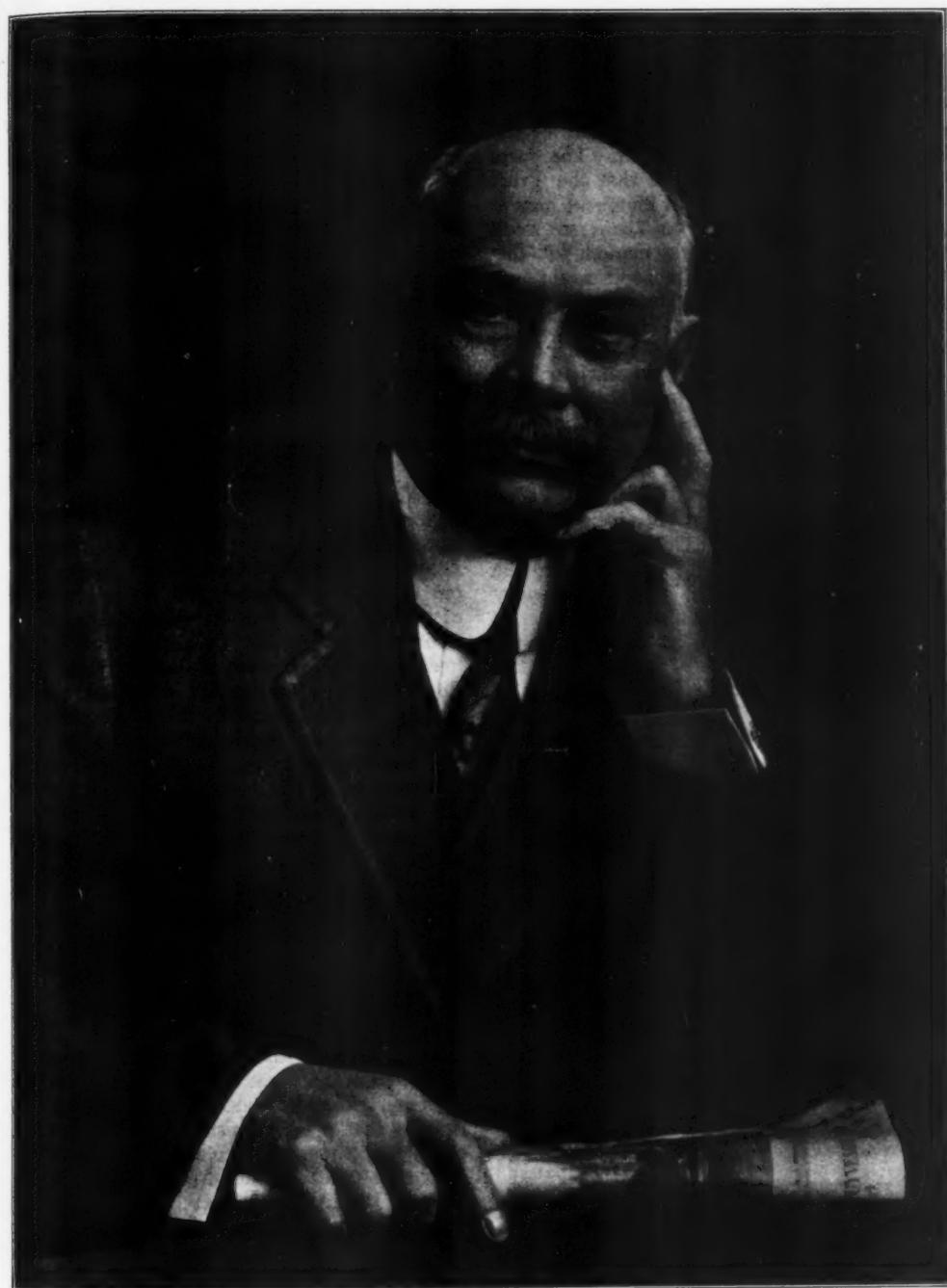
IN THE very midst of it all, Judge Gary goes off to Brussels and nonchalantly organizes an international steel association

that is promptly denounced by some of the exasperated papers on this side as the first great world-trust. "The American nation," exclaims the *New York Press*, "asks for the suppression of trusts and the reply is the formation of the biggest trust that ever was dreamed. Our kings of money and commerce, surveying their far-flung new dominions, seem to have outdone the advice of Danton: 'To dare, again to dare, and always to dare.' " The *Fort Worth Record* sees in this movement an attempt to prepare for the day that is soon coming when the tariff on steel products shall be reduced to a revenue basis, and a world agreement will be necessary to keep up prices of armor-plate, steel rails, billets, and other such things in this country. It sees also a sinister purpose of evading the Sherman law. "While our courts," it remarks, "have jurisdiction over the persons and property of our own citizens and corporations, its processes cannot extend beyond our borders, and since the headquarters of the international trust will likely be in a foreign state, the difficulty of procuring evidence and enforcing mandates becomes apparent."

IT WAS, indeed, the movement to form this international steel association that caused, in part at least, the investigation now going on in this country by a congressional committee. The first announcement of the meeting in Brussels was made in *The Iron Age* last February. It was proposed by Judge Gary at a farewell luncheon given by him to the European ironmasters who had been visiting the American Steel Institute. The Judge told of the neighborly feeling that had been engendered among steel magnates on this side and the elimination of cut-throat competition. He expressed a hope that similar conditions could be extended to the iron and steel industry of the whole world. The visitors were "judiciously sympathetic," to use *The Iron-Monger's* phrase. A resolution was passed which began: "With a view of forming an international association to extend existing friendly relations between steel producers throughout the world and to provide for conferences in relation to matters in which they are all interested, it is recommended by the gentlemen here assembled," etc., etc. That was the genesis of the new association born in Brussels last month. *The Iron-Monger* at once took the matter up editorially, interpreting the new organization as "a sort of holy alliance of all the steel trusts of the world

for the purpose of what is euphemistically called the steadyng of prices." It looked, said the same paper, "suspiciously like an astute move by Judge Gary" to prepare for "vast political and economic changes which will not make for the comfort of the American steel corporation and may possibly in some measure expose it to foreign competition in its home market." *The Iron-Monger's* hostile account fell under the eye of Congressman Stanley. A resolution was introduced in Congress and the Stanley committee is the result.

THE facts elicited thus far by the committee and those published in Commissioner Knox's long-deferred report present nothing that is startlingly new, but give in an authoritative way what the public has heretofore had to accept more or less on faith. We know now officially that when the great steel company was organized ten years ago, the underwriting syndicate, managed by J. P. Morgan & Co., provided it with \$25,000,000 cash and supplied \$3,000,000 additional for expenses incurred. For this and its other services the syndicate received stock in the company on which it realized approximately \$90,500,000, leaving a net profit of \$62,500,000, of which \$12,500,000 went to the syndicate managers as such. This sum, the Commissioner says, was beyond all question "greatly in excess of a reasonable payment," inasmuch as the syndicate reserved the right wholly to abandon the transaction at any time, and the risk it took, therefore, beyond that of its cash outlay of \$28,000,000, was not great. We also have an official estimate now of the corporation's tangible assets to-day, which are placed at \$1,187,000,000, as against a capitalization of \$1,468,000,000. This estimate of assets is, however, one that is sharply challenged. In the matter of ore properties alone there is a difference of \$600,000,000 between the Commissioner's estimate and that of the company itself. While the company turned out, in 1901, sixty per cent. of all crude and finished steel products in this country, it now turns out not much over fifty per cent., "indicating conclusively the continuance of strong and increasing independent production." Its ore properties, however, constitute 75 per cent. of the lake ores, on which the steel industry is based; and the strategic advantage of this is enhanced by its control of rail transportation from the mines to the lakes. No corrective legislation is suggested by the Commissioner in this first instalment of his report.



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HIS RADICALISM HAS STARTLED THE NATION

Ex-Judge Elbert Henry Gary, head of the United States Steel Corporation and of the International Steel Association formed last month, is being hailed by the Socialists as one of themselves, because of the views advanced by him a few weeks ago before a congressional committee.

THE most interesting facts thus far brought out in the hearings before the Stanley committee have been the diverging stories of John W. Gates and Judge Gary as to the purchase in 1907, in the midst of the panic, of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company by the United States Steel Corporation. The facts as generally agreed upon are that the Trust Company of America was in imminent danger because of its large loans on Tennessee stock as security. There was no market for this stock at that time and the bank could not, therefore, realize on it. The United States Steel Corporation thereupon, at the suggestion of Mr. Morgan, purchased the stock of the Tennessee Company, giving in exchange its own stock. On this latter stock the bank was able to realize and was thus saved. Mr. Gates insists that this was a forced sale; that the banking interests, controlled by Morgan, refused to lend money on the Tennessee stock, thus driving the Trust Company of America to the wall and forcing the sale of the stock at a bargain price. But Judge Gary insists that the sale was made at a price in excess of the real value of the stock and that the U. S. Steel Corporation purchased it only because of a strong desire to prevent the panic from becoming more acute. This transaction is now nearly four years old, but there was a political twist to it that makes it likely to figure in the next presidential election, as the Democrats are charging Republican connivance.



THE PROPHET TAKES A LOOK AT WASHINGTON

Joseph Smith, the head of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints, was summoned from Salt Lake City to testify before the congressional committee investigating the Sugar Trust. The Mormon Church, being interested in beet sugar, had had transactions with Havemeyer about which Congress wishes to know.

WHEN Mr. Morgan informed Judge Gary —so runs the latter's story—that unless some one purchased the Tennessee stock held by the Trust Company of America, no one could say to what extent the financial crisis would go, Gary replied that he "would not consider taking any action without going to Washington and taking the situation up with President Roosevelt or the department of justice." Mr. Morgan wanted to know why. Mr. Gary replied: "Here is a financial crisis; the purpose of buying this stock is to overcome the tendency toward a panic, and if the President or the department of justice should find out that such action was being taken and should enjoin us on the ground that the acquisition or holding of the stock created a monopoly, what we had done would make the financial situation much worse than it is now." Mr. Morgan saw the force of this and Mr. Gary, with Mr. Frick, went to Washington. He saw the President and stated the case. Mr. Roosevelt called up the office of Attorney General Bonaparte, but finding him out of town summoned Mr. Root, secretary of state. After the conference, Mr. Gary wrote a letter to Mr. Root setting forth his understanding of what the result was. Mr. Root replied, endorsing the statement, as did also President Roosevelt. That statement set forth President Roosevelt's course at the conference in these words: "I understood the President to say that while he could not make any binding promises, that he did not hesitate to say that from all the circumstances as presented he would not advise against the purchase." This was taken by Mr. Gary as a tacit assurance that the administration would not enjoin the purchase. Accordingly it was made. The construction placed upon this event is as varied now as it was four years ago. Henry Watterson, in the Louisville *Courier Journal*, says we know now that Mr. Gary, Mr. Frick, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root all violated the law; but the law was a double-dealing, tricky law and Mr. Watterson intimates that the circumstances justified them in their course. The New York *World* is violent in its denunciation of the whole transaction, President Roosevelt's course being taken "regardless of the Sherman anti-trust law." The Chicago *Tribune* reaches the conclusion that the story that the Morgan interests got up the panic so that the steel corporation might add to its holdings is now shown by the evidence of Judge Gary to have had "no substantial basis."

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ALL this is in the nature of a look backward. But there are also some interesting looks into the future. Mr. Gary and Mr. Roosevelt have made recommendations that have startled the country. Senator Newlands has embodied these recommendations in a bill which he has introduced in the United States Senate. Here is the report, as given in the Washington correspondence of the *New York Times*, of Judge Gary's reply to a question from one of the members of the Stanley committee:

"Judge Gary said that he believed the era of competition was at an end. He called it the old era of destructive competition. He then went on to say there should be a government agency to fix prices of commodities entering into interstate commerce, subject to review by the courts. He said that there should be government supervision of the organization of a firm or corporation engaging in such a business, and regard should be had for its capitalization, and there should be no overcapitalization. There should be a fair and reasonable profit, and the returns should be based on the actual value of the property rather than its stock valuation."

Such sweeping radicalism as this from the head of the greatest corporation on earth has taken the breath of more than one editor accustomed to denounce this sort of thing in the mouth of Mr. Bryan, Mr. Roosevelt or Senator La Follette as destructive and revolutionary. About the same time Mr. Roosevelt was saying, in *The Outlook*, much the same thing: "What is urgently needed is the enactment of drastic and far-reaching legislation which shall put the great interstate business corporations of the type of the Standard Oil Company, the Sugar Trust, the Steel Trust, and the like, at least as completely under the control and regulation of the Government in each and every respect as the interstate railways are now put." Senator Newlands's bill is for the establishment of a trade commission of five members to regulate industrial corporations engaged in interstate commerce whose annual receipts exceed five million dollars, on the same plan as the interstate commerce commission is now regulating the railways.

ALL this spells revolution in the opinion of the *New York Times*. It means "the death and burial of competition." The most momentous change involved would be "the complete identification of the government with business." Beginning with the great trusts, such regulation would certainly extend to lesser



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NEED OF HIM AGAIN AT TWENTY-SIX
BROADWAY

The Supreme Court's order for the dissolution of the Standard Oil Trust has created a situation that called Mr. Rockefeller away from his golf-links last month to confer on future business policies.

corporations and ultimately to all. The country's business would then become the business of the government, and the men charged with regulating prices "would have to be wiser than any man who has ever lived on this earth." They would have to regulate wages as well as prices. They would have to be business men to act with any knowledge of their duties. It is highly probable that they would be accused of fixing prices in the interest of business rather than of the people. At the next election a "people's administration" might come in and proceed to fix wages and prices to suit the masses without too much regard for the cost of production and balance sheets.

"Any man accustomed to the exercise of the imaginative faculty can picture forth the consequences of a transfer of this vast power from sober-minded business men to populists. Every



A VERY UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION

—Donahey in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

political campaign would be a fierce struggle for mastery and control between the 'people' as Mr. Bryan and Mr. La Follette use and understand that term, and the corporations, great and small. We have an idea that the corporations would generally get the better of the fight. Perhaps that belief is lurking somewhere in the mind of Judge Gary."

THE Socialists are elated over the suggestions made by Mr. Gary and Mr. Roosevelt. The New York *Call* (Socialist) hails Mr. Gary as a state Socialist. "If what he describes as government regulation and supervision," says *The Call*, "does not lead to government ownership, it leads nowhere and changes nothing." It continues: "What Judge Gary advocates is the capitalist prelude to the social and industrial revolution. He sees that the productive forces have burst the fetters of the competitive system in which they were confined and that the time is now ripe for the assumption of their direction by the capitalist

state." The Springfield *Republican* thinks this a correct statement of Mr. Roosevelt's position as well as of Mr. Gary's. They both declare that competition is a failure as a regulator of industry. So says the Socialist. They would therefore abolish competition, and as monopolies grew up with the death of competition they would have the government step in with an arbitrary regulation of prices. The Socialist would do the same. The only difference is that the Socialist would extend to the government the "risks of ownership" as well. And the *Republican* proceeds to ask:

"Why should not the Socialist fasten upon the Roosevelt-Gary proposition as preferable to his own? That proposition is to make the private capitalist bear all the risks of industry, while his profits, when there are any, are looked after by the government and kept within close limits, regardless of losses to be suffered in bad times. But the Socialist would make the government assume the risks of loss in industry as well as take the profits. Why be so fair with the private ownership of capital when great men and great

capitalists like Messrs. Roosevelt and Gary do not regard it as necessary?"

THE New York *Press* does not think that either Mr. Gary or Mr. Roosevelt can have the faintest idea that their latest program ever will be seriously considered by Congress or countenanced by the courts. It thinks the recent court decisions have greatly strengthened the Sherman act and make it "one of the finest laws on all our statute books." It is feared now as never before, especially the criminal section, and it is probable that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Gary are simply "trying to draw a herring across the trail" to keep the public eye off that section,—probably the most hostile utterance *The Press* has ever made in reference to Mr. Roosevelt. The New York *World* notes that Chauncey M. Depew is also a convert to government control of great corporations. He is, it remarks, "following in the footsteps of Judge Gary, who followed in the footsteps of John D. Rockefeller, who followed in the footsteps of Theodore Roosevelt, who followed in the footsteps of William J. Bryan." Wall Street, we are warned, can organize to control politics as easily as it can organize to control prices. The New York *Tribune* thinks that the recent Supreme Court decisions will unquestionably incline the great business interests to look toward some degree of federal regulation as a means of escape from present uncertainties. There will be, however, a disposition to wait until the reorganization of the Standard Oil and tobacco trust is effected. "If the result shows that doing business under centralized control is beset with legal difficulties, if not virtually impossible, doubtless great pressure will be exerted on Congress by the business interests to pass a federal incorporation bill along the lines of the bill recommended by President Taft."

* * *

ONE thing that the special session of Congress has made evident, as the debate on reciprocity has dragged along to empty seats, is the hopelessness of resisting much longer the effort to rerevise the tariff schedule and materially lower the rates. The most significant "sign of the times" that has come out of Washington in many a day is the admission by Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania, that the time has come for the protectionists to make a serious change of front on tariff matters. He advo-



MORGAN ACCORDING TO GARY

—Macauley in St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

cates another general tariff revision at the next session of Congress and the question was considered carefully whether the Repub-



TANGLED!

—Los Angeles *Times*



Senator Brandegee, of Connecticut, and Senator Bourne, of Oregon, clothe themselves in fine linen, but the perspiration oozes from their noble brows and they think of purling mountain brooks and shady ravines, far, far away.



THE HOT WAVE INVADES WASHINGTON AND

lican "standpatters" should not draft their bill during the present session, even before the tariff commission could make its report. The whole tariff wall, in other words, is beginning to crumble. The days of prohibitive tariff are about numbered. One after another the citadels of the high-tariff advocates have been taken, and Senator Penrose's admission is equivalent to running up the white flag of surrender. The first terrifying development was the desertion of the National Manufacturers' Association. The next was the cession made in the platform of the last national Republican convention, in its declaration for a protective tariff limited to the difference in the cost of production here and abroad, plus a fair profit. The third development has been the reciprocity fight made by a Republican President and a Democratic House of Representatives, with the inevitable effect it must

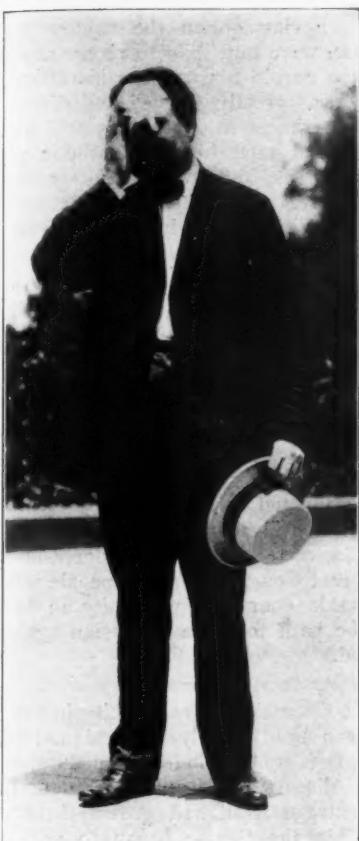
have upon the farmers. The nation is evidently getting ready to write an entirely new volume in the history of the tariff, of which the Canadian reciprocity agreement will form but the opening chapter.

WE HAVE not seen a more forcible and more compact statement of the general situation as regards this change of base on the tariff than that made by H. E. Miles, secretary of the National Manufacturers' Association and chairman of the executive committee of the National Tariff Commission Association. Good as is the reciprocity agreement, in his opinion, it was a mistake to consider it by itself. It is simply "the first definite step in a program of international trade expansion quite beyond present calculations." The rewards offered in the world-trade on which we are about to enter are

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Senator Borah, of Idaho, and Senator Bailey, of Texas, clothe themselves in black alpaca, but they also mop their foreheads and wonder how much longer they can keep up their fight against Canadian reciprocity.

THE SENATORIAL BROWS BECOME OVERHEATED

beyond comprehension. There are but four great manufacturing nations — England, France, Germany and the United States. Outside these nations one and one half billion human beings look to them for their manufactured supplies. Yet in this world-trade, with its tremendous prizes, the United States has until now refused to participate. We have, in our tariffs, served notice that it was our intention to restrict, not promote, our international trade. Says Mr. Miles, speaking, be it remembered, for the associated manufacturers of the country:

"We are not in the race. As a people we are ignorant of foreign trade. Lost in the by-places of England, I have learned more of world trade from notices on the walls of little post offices than I could from the officials of some of our largest cities. It has been aptly said that America is little else than a huge stevedore, bearing down

to the ships of the sea crude and semi-crude materials for the employment of the capital, labor, and intellect of foreign nations. Exportation of these partly manufactured materials is a depletion of our natural resources, the heritage of the ages in mine, forest and soil fertility, never to be restored. Those who are best informed see within a period which to the far-sighted is only as a day our wonderful country importing these same materials, and our producers handicapped by excessive cost."

While the exports of England, France and Germany are finished products, consisting mostly of labor, our exports carry, for the most part, "only enough labor to make them fit for ship's cargo."

OUR labor is in many respects, says Mr. Miles, the most efficient in the world, and high-paid American wages are cheap wages. Nor is the ocean any barri



"TAKE IT AWAY! TAKE IT AWAY!"
—Macauley in *New York World*

trade. Instead it is the easiest, cheapest and freest of all highways. Ocean charges are about one fifth those of the railways. "We have become an industrial nation," Mr. Miles quotes Mr. Roosevelt as saying to him three years ago, "and must acquire world-markets for our finished products." All governments barter for such markets through "trade treaties," or what we call treaties of reciprocity. Germany has led the way and we are the last of her competitors to follow. She made a high tariff (one fourth as high as ours) and then by special treaties of twelve years' duration she secured special trade privileges in all countries and "she has had peace with honor and great prosperity ever since." When the Dingley tariff was made in this country, the rates were made nearly twenty per cent. higher than in the McKinley bill for the express purpose of trading them off in treaties of reciprocity. "The Dingley rates," said the late Senator Dolliver, "were made high for the purpose of trading them off. I was a member of the committee that framed the bill and know whereof I speak." That bill authorized the President to negotiate treaties of reciprocity with all nations and to lower the rates, for the purposes of treaty-making, twenty per cent.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY entered eagerly upon the path of trade expansion. He negotiated a number of reciprocity treaties, known as the Kasson treaties, but the Senate killed them everyone. "The over-protected in-

terests, having gotten the twenty per cent. increase, were unwilling to return any part of it to the people for any consideration." McKinley was greatly grieved and disappointed. "Few utterances in our history will be longer remembered than his last pathetic plea for reciprocity at Buffalo immediately preceding his assassination." The present tariff—the Payne-Aldrich law—is in substance, according to Mr. Miles, the Dingley law reenacted. "We are substantially on the Dingley basis of fifteen years ago, with the 20 per cent. still in, tho our manufacturing efficiency is greater and our need of high rates is less and our need of foreign outlets is greater." President Taft, "quite of his own motion," has again opened the door of opportunity, beginning with Canada. She is our third best customer, and, not counting cotton, is our second-best. It is estimated that this treaty "will almost immediately increase our trade with Canada some \$20,000,000." It is inconceivable to Mr. Miles that Congress and the people will again allow this door of opportunity to be closed and the path to trade expansion again to be blocked.

THE discussion of reciprocity in the Senate has been largely political and perfidious. It has been limited, for the most part, to the discussion of amendments to the bill. The extra session had grown three months old when the Senate began to vote on the amendments. Senator Root had proposed one. Senator Cummins had a dozen. Senators Bristow, La Follette and others had amendments to propose and speeches to make in behalf of them. Senator La Follette took occasion to make a general attack upon the Taft administration as a betrayal of the Roosevelt policies in behalf of the special interests. The reciprocity agreement was denounced as part of this betrayal. Most of the amendments were offered by the insurgents and most of the speeches were made by them. They were made to the country, not to the Senators themselves. At one session there were present but two Democratic and five Republican senators. When the voting began, the amendments went down like ten pins—free flour, free meats, free cereals, free cutlery, free wool, free lumber, free coal, free iron ore, free steel, free cottons, free silks, free motor-cars, free agricultural implements and the rest—by votes of nearly four to one. The Republican "regulars" and the Democrats stood together for an unamended

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OVER THE NEW YORK SKY-SCRAPERS IN AN AEROPLANE

After circling the Singer tower, young Atwood proceeded to Governor's Island to make a landing and rest after his record-breaking flight across country from New London to New York.

reciprocity bill. The "insurgents" flocked pretty much by themselves.

IN THE newspaper discussion of reciprocity, the "insurgent" Senators have been the targets for withering scorn and blighting denunciation, which has come with edifying impartiality from Republican, Democratic and independent papers alike. A few samples will answer. "The position of the insurgents," says the *Boston Herald*, "is the most arrant hypocrisy. . . . With smug faces they allege that they do not want anything for themselves, but are concerned for the consumer. Either they do not believe what they say about the Tariff Board or else their demand for immediate tariff legislation is a piece of sheer mendacity." "What on earth ails them?" the *Chicago Record-Herald* asks. "Nothing," it answers, "to be blunt, except the paralyzing dread of offending misled and scared constituents. They are really too intelligent to believe the wild nonsense they are uttering against reciprocity." "They have repudiated all their principles," says the *New York Tribune*, "on the mistaken theory that by so doing they would gain local and sectional applause. They have lost their own self-respect and the respect of a majority of their farmer followers at home." The *New York Evening Post* sees the insurgents through the same lenses. "These men," it remarks scornfully, "who are now so busy splitting hairs and refining and making exceptions and plan-

ning cute little tactical campaigns, can these be the magnificent champions who entered the Senate to make an end of corner politics as well as of corruption, to slay the 'interests' in the meshes of their own wicked devices?" The *Portland Oregonian* classes La Follette with the worst defenders of special privilege. "What is the difference?" it demands to know, "between La Follette, the protectionist and standpatter, and arch enemy of reciprocity, and Aldrich, arch protectionist and standpatter and enemy of any innovation that seeks to disturb privilege and monopoly?" We could fill an issue of this magazine with similar ejaculations and questions denoting utter despair of the intelligence, the moral character and the political future of the insurgents on the part of the newspapers.

* * *

THREE years ago we recorded the fact, in awe-stricken tones, that the Wrights had actually flown seventeen miles with their aeroplane in a light breeze. To-day our aviators fly in flocks and in all sorts of stiff winds. Last month eleven of them went sailing over the British Channel within a few minutes of each other, alighting in Dover like a flock of birds. It took one of them a little less than thirty-eight minutes to cross. "Seven monoplanes were almost bunched," so runs the cabled account; "then came two biplanes and another monoplane brought up the rear." When a couple of days



BROKE THE RECORDS EVEN BEFORE HE HAD
A LICENSE

Henry M. Atwood, after three or four weeks of practice at aviation, started from Boston for New London, where he sailed around the Harvard and Yale crews and a day or two later started for New York. After seeing the sights there he took a notion to go to Washington, where he circled around the White House and the Washington Monument.

later they flew back again to Calais, one of them crossed in thirty minutes, and the Associated Press cabled over six lines to announce their arrival! The flight across the Channel had already become an ordinary affair. This flight was but an incident in the great international aviation circuit race, which began in Vincennes, near Paris, and proceeded over France, Belgium, Holland and England. The route was to Rheims, then to Liège, to Utrecht, to Brussels, to Roubaix, to Calais, to Dover, to London, back to Calais, to Amiens, to Vincennes. The aggregate of the prizes was \$91,500.

DURING the last eighteen months more than one million dollars, according to the sporting editor of the New York *Sun*, has been won by the aviators in open competition, private exhibitions and passenger-carrying flights. Louis Paulhan and Claude Grahame-White are credited with earning \$150,000 each. "Every record made and almost every perilous flight attempted has in reality been a chase for gold." This makes all the more interesting the trip last month of one of our American aviators from Boston to New London and then on to New York City, where he circled around the sky-scrappers and then alighted on Governor's Island. Henry M. Atwood, a young man in the early twenties, had made his first flight but a month before. Then purely as a matter of diversion or glory, not even yet having secured a license



THE FLEET OF AEROPLANES ARRIVES

In the early dawn spectators were in waiting in the fields near Dover to see a spectacle never before paralleled. Eleven aeroplanes, after crossing the British Channel, came down like a flock of birds, replenishing their supplies of gasoline and then were off and away for London one after another at two-minute intervals.

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as an aviator, he started across lots to see the Yale-Harvard boat-race, and then came to New York to see what the city looked like, carrying his mechanician with him, and breaking all American records for cross-country flying. Instead of taking the safest course down the river when he reached New York, he swung in over the city just to see what the air-currents would be like above the tall buildings. He found out. Making for the Singer tower, he started to circle it at a height about 200 feet above its top. He says: "I was prevented from completing the circuit by a gust that swirled upward so suddenly that it almost capsized me. One of my planes was dangerously inclined, and for a brief second I thought that Fleet and I were going to drop down on the heads of the people we could faintly see packed in Broadway. Luckily, we righted in time, and I shot up to a higher elevation, where the air lanes were quieter. It was then that I got my bearings for Governor's Island, and I made as straight a bee-line for it as I could, for I had had about enough flying for the time being." Several days later he flew on to Washington and now talks of flying to Chicago.

IN A new book, "The Story of the Aeroplane," Grahame-White tries to tell of the sensations that come to an aviator. They are very complex, he says. The speed is great and the impressions come rushing into the



THE HERO OF THE MONTH'S AVIATION

As the winner of the air race around the circuit of the capitals of France, Belgium and England, the French army officer Lieutenant Conneau has covered himself with glory.

mind at a rapid rate. At first, when you get back to earth, you can not do much but gasp and wonder what it was all like. "The first



SIGNALLING TO THE AVIATORS

In the international circuit race of airships last month the course led across the British Channel twice. To guide the aviators, fires were kindled on the chalk cliffs at Dover that they might see the ascending smoke.



VEDRINES IN THE LEAD

This is a picture of the first arrival at Dover in the flight across the British Channel. First came Vedrines in his monoplane, then came a flock of seven more monoplanes, then two biplanes, then one more monoplane.

time a man flies the sensation is almost more than he can realize or express. The sensation, so to speak, sweeps his mind clear. He comes back to earth with nothing more than a sense of largeness and a good deal of awe." The fascination of flying is largely due to "a great curious sense of power," a feeling of conquest.

"One of the most striking things in connection with flying is the responsiveness of one's machine to every controlling movement. While one is flying, it is necessary to be making minor adjustments all the time. With one's rudder-bar, for instance, one is always more or less occupied. The movements are, to some extent, instinctive. They are the sort of movements that a bicyclist makes to preserve the balance of his machine. All the time, while you are flying, your machine is being struck by little inequalities of air, and is showing a tendency either to move up or down or from side to side. Therefore the movements one makes are very small ones to correct this tendency. One's feet move just a little to and fro upon the rudder-bar. This little 'joggling' of the rudder is sufficient to keep the machine on a straight course. As regards the elevator, one

is moving the rod in one's hand a matter of an inch or so only, and the same applies to the movements one makes in manipulating the ailerons."

The fatigue of flying, says Grahame-White, is a negligible quantity unless one is flying in very gusty winds. Under favorable conditions he can not see that there is any strain at all. It is less in piloting an aeroplane than in driving a motor-car. The experience is exhilarating. "To be in the air! To feel your motor speeding you on! To hold the level and feel the machine while in flight answer to your slightest move! To look below and see the country unfolding itself to your gaze, and to know that you and you alone are the master of the situation—the man who is doing this wonderful thing! Realization of all these points gives you something of a feeling of awe."

* * *

CANADIAN feeling has been so strongly aroused by the action of the Archbishop of Montreal in annulling a marriage of Roman Catholics solemnized by a Protestant clergyman that an appeal will be taken to the privy council of George V. The action of the Archbishop was based upon the recent "ne temere" decree of Pius X. to resist which an organization has been formed in Toronto. The decree itself has been attacked in many Protestant pulpits. It led to a spirited debate in Parliament at London, where it was described as an attempt to alter the marriage law of the land in defiance of the legislature. Three years ago, according to the account of the *London Times*, a citizen of Canada, named Herbert, was married by the Reverend William Timberlake, a Methodist minister of Montreal, who, as all Protestants are careful to state, was authorized by the statutes of Quebec to perform the ceremony of marriage. Mr. Herbert and his wife were Roman Catholics. This detail seems to have escaped the notice of the Methodist clergyman involved in the celebrated case. The couple lived together as man and wife and had one child. It is not contended that there was any bar to the marriage or any legal ground for divorce. The union was dissolved on the sole ground that it was not solemnized by a priest. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert seem at first to have concurred in the ecclesiastical judgment, but subsequently the issue was taken into the courts. These sustained the action of the Archbishop. The re-

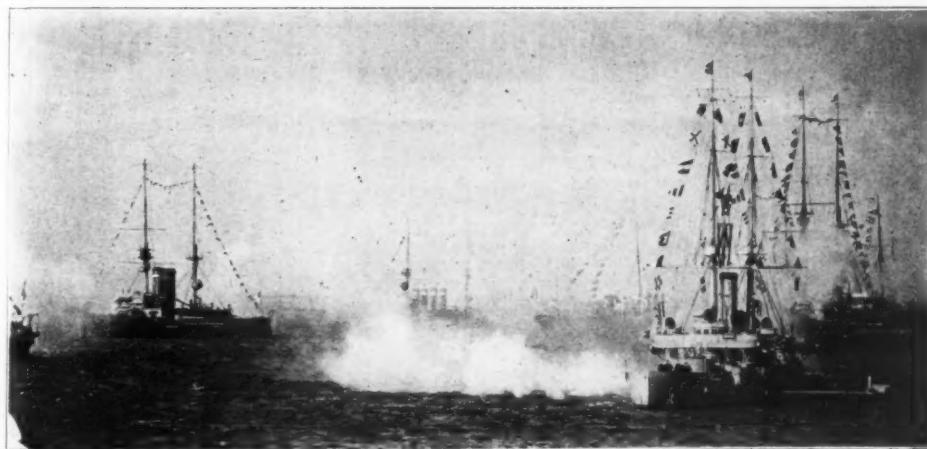
sult is one of the greatest ecclesiastical sensations Canada has had for several years.

IT IS contended by the Presbyterians of Montreal and Ottawa, who are intensely wrought up by the episode, that the courts in Canada have vindicated the right of a Protestant minister to marry two persons who presented to him a license from the Lieutenant-governor of Quebec, altho they were both Roman Catholics. This, it is maintained by the Presbyterians, is "a ruling case." Nevertheless the Archbishop of Montreal proclaims his right to annul these very marriages, besides demanding that the courts of the province sustain him in so doing. One of the synods of the Presbyterian Church in Canada protested against the admission of these claims of the Roman Catholic Church to have the right to call upon the judiciary to give civil effect to such ecclesiastical differences. Presbyterians in Canada accuse the courts of deferring to the papal decree in defiance of the spirit of religious liberty. The *ne temere* decree is even pronounced a new attitude on the part of the Roman Catholic Church to the whole subject of marriage. Presbyterian organs in Canada emphasize that view.

NO CANADIAN law should permit a marriage to be annulled because it is contrary to the canon law of the Church of Rome. This declaration was made by the Anglican Primate of Canada in connection with the case that is now to go before the King's privy council. The Primate's language

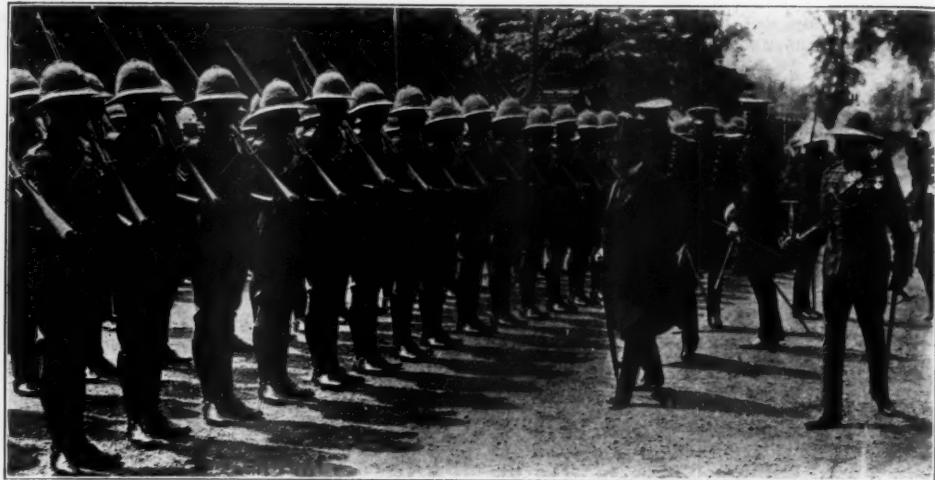
elicited a pointed retort from the Roman Catholic vice-chancellor of the archdiocese of Montreal. It seems to be forgotten in certain quarters, he says, that it was in virtue of a treaty that Canada was ceded to Great Britain. In these treaty stipulations there are conditions guaranteeing to Catholics full, complete and absolute liberty in religious matters. The various constitutions which have been drawn up, including the act of confederation, maintain those rights in their entirety. It is useless to protest against the action of the church in claiming certain rights in connection with marriage as a sacrament. She will continue to pass laws regarding marriage. If the church comes into conflict with the legislation prevailing in certain countries, she is not to blame. The sacrament of marriage can not be accommodated to the laws of every land.

NEITHER the higher courts of Canada nor the privy council, remarks the *London Times*, have been disposed to uphold the extreme claims of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The courts disallowed the assumption of the hierarchy to interfere with freedom of elections by the imposition of spiritual penalties. The privy council denied the right of the Church to refuse burial in Roman Catholic cemeteries to excommunicated persons. "It is clear that under the law of Quebec Protestant ministers have the right to solemnize marriage and therefore, while the Church may refuse to recognize marriages between Protestants and Roman Catholics performed by Protestant clergymen, it is surely doubtful



A BIT OF THE NAVAL REVIEW AT THE CORONATION

As a demonstration of the might of Britain on the seas, this gathering of warships impressed all Europe profoundly.



"BOBS," SON OF BATTLE, AND THE COLONIAL TROOPERS

This is a South African regiment undergoing inspection by Lord Roberts, the hero of Kandahar. The colonial troops attracted attention by their size, their equipment and their numbers.

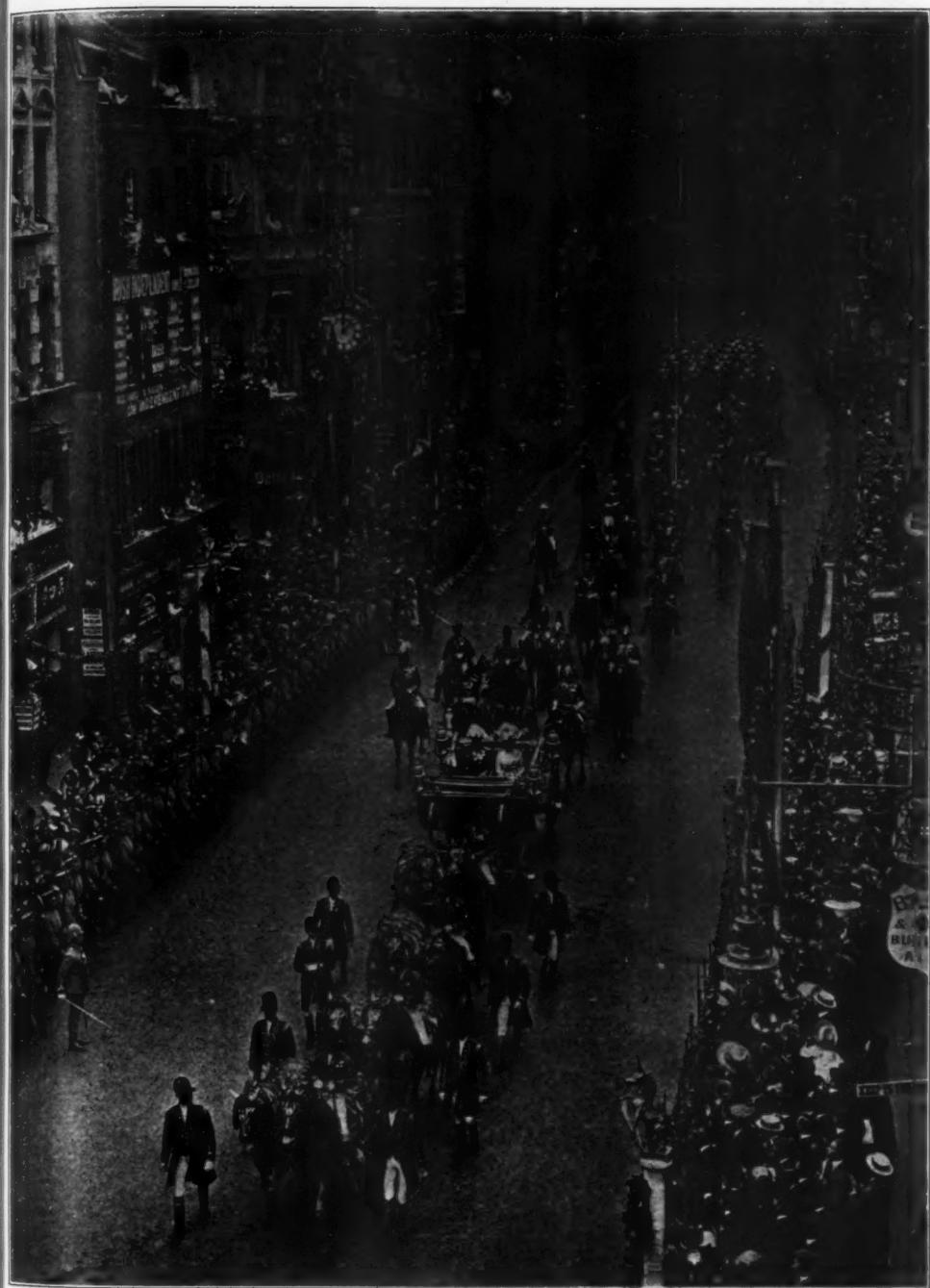
if it has the power to declare such marriages illegal and deny to the state all power over the civil and moral consequences of such marriages." The federal government at Ottawa, in reply to the opponents of the *ne temere* decree, insists that the solemnization of marriage is under the jurisdiction of the provinces. It seems apparent to the Canadian papers that

the dominion is on the eve of an exasperated sectarian conflict. The policy of the Vatican, if authoritative clerical utterances may be accepted, will not be deflected by a hair from its course. Regardless of the decisions of the privy council in London, whatever they may be, the *ne temere* decree will be enforced. That was the result in Ireland.



THE INDIAN ESCORT AT THE KING EDWARD MEMORIAL IN KING GEORGE'S PROCESSION

As the colonial and other contingents at the coronation filed through the streets, Londoners who have seen the processions of the last twenty years agreed that the Indians formed the spectacular feature of the day.



THE KING AND THE QUEEN IN THE HEART OF LONDON'S NEWSPAPER WORLD

The thoroughfare is Fleet Street, "where," says the *Illustrated London News*, "their Majesties had all around them the men who record the daily doings of royalty."



THE INVESTITURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH THE ORDER OF THE GARTER

The chapter was held by the King some little time prior to his Majesty's own coronation. The demeanor and appearance of the young Prince on the occasion of his own investiture and of his father's crowning confirmed the favorable impressions he has already made.

COMPLETE as was the absorption of George V. in the spectacular details of his coronation in Westminster Abbey, the struggle for existence in which the House of Lords is now involved did not for a moment, agree London dailies, take a second place in his Majesty's thoughts. There

have been some historical conversations between the King and his Prime Minister, as appears from the delicately conveyed intimations in such important and well informed dailies as the *London Times*. The upshot seems to be that George V. will consent to the creation of some hundreds of new peers if



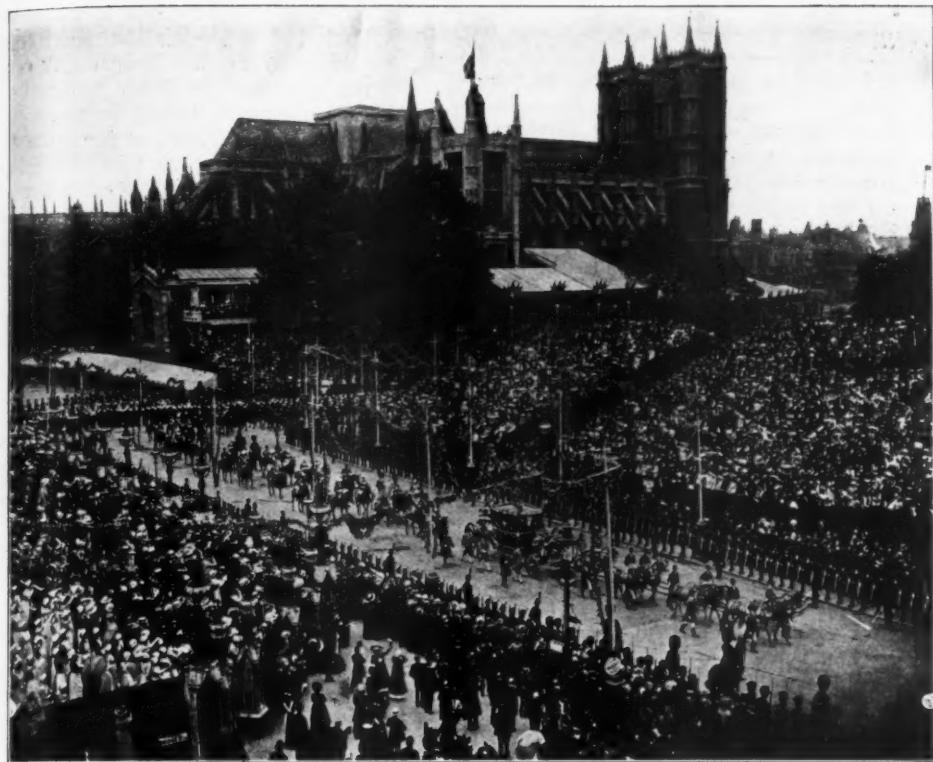
BEARING THE REGALIA OF GEORGE V. FROM THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER

This procession is going from the courtyard of Westminster Abbey into the aisles. The prelates are bearing the crown, the Bible, the orb, the scepter and the swords.

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THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING THE ABBEY

For many a weary hour the troops were lined up outside the edifice wherein the crown of St. Edward was laid upon the royal head. As their Majesties emerged and rode off in the state coach, crowned and sceptred, the enthusiasm was at its height.

Prime Minister Asquith can not otherwise put his revolutionary legislation through the House of Lords. That legislation would not stop at such a modification of the power of the peers as would terminate their functions as real legislators. There would be a Home Rule bill. The swarm of new peers would first of all vote to put an end to their own veto upon bills sent up from the Commons. Next they would grant Ireland her demand for a parliament independent of that which assembles at Westminster. This is the consideration which just now fills moderate organs like the London *Spectator* with panic. His Majesty does not take sides, but he seems to have satisfied himself that the people of Great Britain want the House of Lords "mended or ended." And George V. prides himself upon being the people's King.

SO EAGER was George V. to insure a period of political placidity for the coronation that he made it a personal matter with Prime

Minister Asquith. Such is the information sent to Paris by newspaper correspondents who can write with less reserve than their brethren connected with the London press. The coronation having passed off so happily amid the rejoicings of the entire nation, George V., says the Paris *Temps*, is just as eager as anyone for a solution of the long and terrific contest which threatens to rend the constitution of his realm asunder. In truth, the press of France has begun to follow the political crisis in Britain with something like anxiety. France, as the ally and firm friend of England, notes Paul Doumer, the well known statesman of the republic, perceives with apprehension that London tends to be eliminated from world politics because of the attention which must now be concentrated upon the domestic crisis. He coincides with those Paris papers which are tactfully reminding the English that foreign affairs invite their attention. Germany, says the *Gaulois*, might be "less truculent" if

domestic affairs did not so completely absorb the British.

A BOLITION of the absolute veto of the Lords upon legislation, altho an indispensable preliminary step to Prime Minister Asquith, is not, he says, a complete solution of the constitutional crisis in Britain. That is the line taken by his supporters in the press, notably the *London Chronicle*, the *London News* and the *London Westminster Gazette*. The Prime Minister is said to have told the King during coronation week that he would not rest content with a second chamber constituted like the present House of Lords. Mr. Asquith sees two alternatives. One of these is to have only a representative chamber, the Commons. There has been a time when the Prime Minister thought this feasible. His view at present is that in a democratic country it is desirable to have a second chamber, "properly constituted, with limited functions, not competing as an organ of the popular will with the elected representatives of the people." This ideal second chamber in the mind's eye of Mr. Asquith is not to be excessive in size. Its functions are to be consultation, revision and delay. He means to strive for its creation within the lifetime of the present Parliament.

L ABOR, insofar as it is represented in the House of Commons, has resolved that a second chamber of any kind in the British parliament is "an encumbrance, a nuisance and insulting to a free community." Mr. Asquith had a great deal of trouble with his labor allies last month in persuading them to mitigate the vehemence of their rhetoric in this sense. That astute and resourceful labor leader Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, who has had difficulty of late in controlling proletarian hostility to the Lords, urged the Prime Minister to come out for single chamber government. The appeal proved vain. In fact, the *London Times* gathers from careful perusal of the speeches of Prime Minister Asquith and those of Arthur James Balfour, who leads the opposition, that up to a certain point these statesmen are now in substantial agreement. Mr. Asquith does not want a second chamber wholly hereditary. Mr. Balfour does not want one wholly elective. It might claim and secure equal authority with the Commons. Somewhere between the wholly hereditary and the wholly elective there must be a point at which agreement is possible; but the point has yet to be reached.

TERRIFIC as was the heat in which all Paris had to swelter last month, the announcement that Joseph Caillaux, the new and somewhat unexpected Premier, would explain himself to the deputies drew an enormous crowd to the chamber. The Moroccan complication with Germany was at its tensest. The newly formed ministry was the surprise of the hour. The fall of the previous cabinet, that of Monis, seemed to have been rendered inevitable by its inadequacy to the crisis in Morocco. Caillaux, a financier, had seemed all his life a stranger to diplomacy. It was taken for granted that he would surround himself with statesmen of parts and of experience. When his ministry had been made up the astonishment of the French press knew no bounds. It contained no great name apart from that of Théophile Delcassé. It could not be said, as the *London Telegraph* noted, that the new ministry had "a good press" and its Paris correspondent sought in vain a word of enthusiasm in the comments of the leading dailies there. France, faced by the possibility of war with Germany, emerged for the contest with a ministry of obscure men. Such was the general Parisian press verdict. The brilliant figures—Clemenceau, Briand, Jaurès, Poincaré, Brisson—were eliminated or overlooked. The mood with which the chamber of deputies confronted the new Premier, was, therefore, one of pessimism as well as of anxiety. He belongs to the radical group in the chamber, but the complexion of his ministry was more than radical. It implied a distinct step in the direction of the revolutionary Socialist policy.

A TTENTION was concentrated by the French press upon the new Minister of Foreign Affairs. The dilemma facing France in Morocco makes that functionary, according to the *Paris Temps*, the most important official in the ministry. The portfolio went to the accomplished M. de Selves, a nephew of the famed M. de Freycinet, formerly Premier. Altho the personality of M. de Selves is charming, he has had the misfortune, during a long civic career, to inspire acrimonious criticism. For some years he had been filling with discomfort to himself the important position of Prefect of the Seine. This rendered him conspicuous in the municipal life of Paris, but it did not bring him popularity. Indeed, the local council was quite determined to effect his downfall and was considering a resolution of censure when

his sudden elevation to the ministry of foreign affairs made him an international figure. "Both in appearance and in manner," says the London *Post*, "M. de Selves suggests the diplomatist." His interest in the fine arts gives him an established reputation as a connoisseur. He is known as an ardent admirer and friend of Great Britain.

IT IS a high compliment to the new minister of finance, M. L. L. Klotz, who held this very portfolio under former Premier Briand, that he is selected by so eminent an economist and monetary expert as Joseph Caillaux to fill the office just vacated by the new Premier. This impression of the London *Standard's* is that of the French press generally, which has no other information to give of the comparatively obscure M. Klotz. Little more light can be reflected upon the new minister of war, M. Messimy, a former army officer whose father-in-law once had fame. M. Messimy was long a captain in the Alpine Chasseurs, and if one disgruntled commentator be accurate, he will prove too civilian for the army and too military for the civilians. As "a practiced poet whose muse is graceful," the new Minister of Commerce, M. Couyba—his books of verse are published under the pseudonym Maurice Boukay—has long been noted for his sonnets, odes and ballad work. "We never suspected," says the Paris *Rappel*, "that M. Couyba knew anything of commerce. He must have studied the subject in the privacy of his library filled with the verse of decadent poets."

FOR the sensational personality of the new French ministry one must study M. Augagneur, famed as "an intolerant Socialist." He is of the Captain Firebrand type, blended, however, with much of the philosophical esthete, the whole flavored by science. Several years ago this M. Augagneur, who studied medicine in his tempestuous youth, was made governor-general of Madagascar. He held autocratic sway there for some years, regarding the island as a field for the exploitation of Utopian ideas in the Socialist sense. As a member of the chamber of deputies M. Augagneur has attracted attention by vitriolic attacks upon former Premier Aristide Briand. Briand, according to Augagneur, is a renegade from the Socialist ranks. The picturesque Augagneur has been given the ministry of public works in which he will have ample field for the development of his

more or less communist ideas. When the great railroad strike was at its feverish stage, Augagneur upheld the right of the men to go on strike in language thought incendiary by the Paris *Temps*. His appearance in the Caillaux ministry dumbfounds all organs of conservative tendency.

WHEN Premier Caillaux had finished the somewhat lengthy declaration of policy which the head of a new French ministry makes to the chamber upon assuming office, the satisfaction of the more radical and revolutionary dailies was greater than that of any other element in the press. The anti-clerical policy will be pursued with vigor, announced Premier Caillaux. The foreign policy of France will be firm—a statement scarcely needed in view of the retention of the somewhat bellicose Théophile Delcassé. It is inferred that Premier Caillaux is not greatly in favor of a radical change in the present method of voting in France. This has long been a point of discussion and of dispute between those who favor proportional representation, those who would elect deputies upon a general ticket and those who insist upon retention of the existing system. But the real significance of the Caillaux ministry, as the London *News* makes evident in elaborate studies, "is a deeper one than the mere passing or postponing of proportional representation." It is a question of the rights of property, of Socialism against Individualism.

THE truth about the political crisis in France is found by the London *News* in the circumstance that former Premier Monis, altho nominally a radical Socialist and the sometime right-hand man of Emile Combes during the stormy period of the disestablishment of the Roman Catholic Church, has not steadfastly governed in accordance with the radical tradition. "He has governed as did M. Briand, with the interests." He came into office, says our contemporary, at the head of a radical, radical Socialist and Socialist coalition, "blessed by his old chief, Emile Combes, that uncompromising democrat, and by Jean Jaurès, the most brilliant of the European Socialists." It might have been thought that Briand would consult his groups and serve their interests. Had he done so he would, the London *News* says, be in office still. He might have saved his country from the Moroccan crisis. "Every crisis is a danger in impulsive France, where any day a Pre-

tender may take advantage of popular exasperation to impose himself by coup d'état on a democracy weary of ineffectual parliamentary methods." What France wants is real as distinguished from sham radicalism.

IN THE longing of the French democracy for a step in the direction of radical government is found by many German dailies an explanation of the unexpected composition of the Caillaux ministry. The voters are weary of brilliant men who pose as saviors of society in France and who go over to "the interests." Clemenceau, we are told by the Socialist Berlin *Vorwärts*, was a champion of bourgeois ideals and so was his pupil Briand. Then came Monis, who tried to protect the rights of property. The deputies connected with the radical and advanced groups "saw through Monis" and they have replaced him with a man who does not fear the word "socialism." We are likely to witness in the immediate future in France, predict conservative European dailies, some very drastic "attacks upon property" in the name of taxation. Caillaux is at heart extremely radical. He wants to tax enormous incomes out of existence. He has surrounded himself with men who think as he thinks. Briand was a sham Socialist, says the *Vorwärts*, and he surrounded himself with sham Socialists. Caillaux has put into office one or two real Socialists. He will have a ministry of sensations.

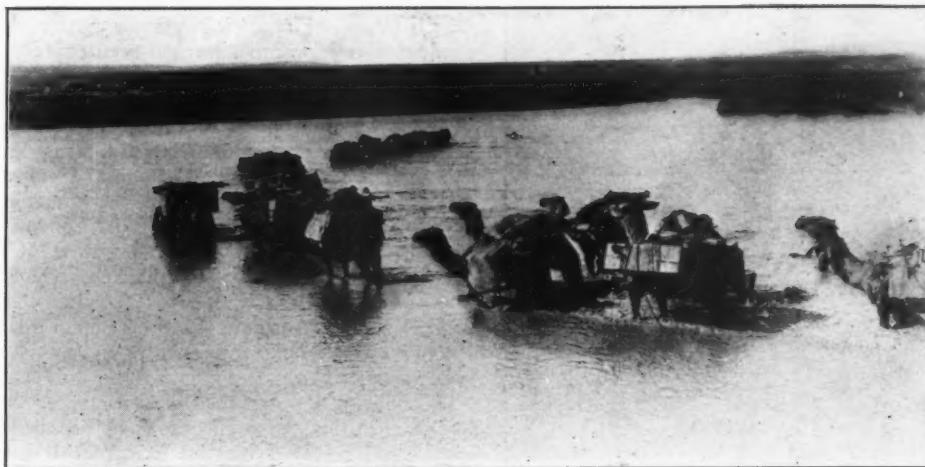
OF ALL the legislative projects which the new French ministry has taken over from its predecessor, the introduction of an income tax, says the London *Post*, seems to have aroused the greatest alarm and dislike in middle class and republican circles. The separation of church and state, with its sequel of temporary chaos in matters of public worship and the tampering with military tradition and organization involved in the abolition of courts-martial, do not seem to appeal to the public conscience with half the force and directness of this "looming revolution" in taxation. Yet in France the imposition of a tax on incomes has existed on the political horizon for a very long while. It is not merely a political bogey. It actually came into being in a modified and rudimentary way not long since. The translation of the menace of an income tax into fact will, now that Caillaux has taken the helm, proceed in a far more fiscal sense than the moderate ele-

ments desire. The political history of France in the immediate future will consequently, predict dailies in Europe, be one of fierce conflict because the new income taxation is to be levied in what the Paris *Temps* calls "a confiscatory sense."

IN FRANCE generally, an income tax is regarded as a peculiarly Socialist measure. There are conditions in French politics and French society which, as the London *Spectator* has set forth more than once, render an income tax specially odious to men of property. Nevertheless, the new Prime Minister of France is the greatest advocate in all Europe of the income tax as a fiscal measure. His bill levying an impost upon the personal revenues of well-to-do citizens is now in course of mutilation in the Senate at Paris. The objection to the measure, as given in dailies like the *Temps* and *Débats*, organs of property both, is that Socialists will, for the sake of logic, carry the principle to an extreme. In some hour of excitement, as the London *Spectator* says, the majority, "maddened by the desire of substantial equality, may demand half the income of the prosperous or even the whole income beyond the sum necessary for decent maintenance." The Terrorists, we are reminded by our contemporary, very nearly did that. The Socialist financiers may indeed distinguish between earned and unearned money, but that is as great a concession as Caillaux seems disposed to make.

* * *

WAR and Morocco were associated with such intimacy in the political crises at London, Paris and Berlin throughout the month now closing, that European dailies grew apprehensive when the foreign offices suddenly refused to say a word on the subject. This was accepted as a serious sign. The chamber of deputies at Paris besought the new Premier of the French republic to authorize an official statement. He declined to do so. There is passing between Paris and Berlin at this moment, says the Paris *Temps*, a series of final "statements of attitude." It is sufficiently obvious from the comments which have appeared in European organs of every political shade of opinion during the last three weeks that the Moroccan question, which two years or so ago interested mainly France and Germany, has become a source of genuine alarm in all the chancelleries. The Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*



TRANSPORTATION IN THE LAND OVER WHICH FRANCE AND GERMANY ARE INVOLVED

The enormous wealth of Morocco in the region pictured here, where laden camels are crossing the river Warza, has enriched, it is said, many Spanish grandes who owe to its copper deposits and gold the vast riches they now enjoy.

compares it with a fire in a neighbor's house which may be a source of dire peril to an entire street. "It would be well for Germany and all Europe to understand," says the *Echo de Paris*, "that in Africa France has a position to maintain. She can do so. She will do so." The brilliant Socialist leader, Jean Jaurès, strove gallantly to force the ministry to reveal to the deputies just what the correspondence with Germany points to. "Is it war?" he thundered. "Why not say?" The ministerialist majority drowned his voice in applause of the Premier. Thus the month ends, as the *Paris Temps* says, with "the Moroccan mystery as obscure as that of the man in the iron mask."

GERMAN action in regard to Morocco is referred to by the London *Telegraph* as "unexpected" and as a source of uneasiness and regret to Europe generally. In so far as Germany's action has been "efficient," adds our contemporary, it can only have tended to weaken the authority of Europe in the eyes of the Moroccan personages from whose ranks must emerge the coming ruler of the Shereefian empire. Its effect in Europe "beyond that of creating a renewal of unrest," can only be determined in the light of the diplomatic correspondence so far as known. Sir Edward Grey, British minister of foreign affairs, long ago told the Berlin chancellery that London would always consider the attitude of France and of Spain before making

her own attitude definite. This was a rebuff of Germany and was meant to be. Britain has always rebuffed Germany in the Moroccan dispute. "But what else could Berlin have expected? France and Spain are the mandatories of the powers and it is for them and not for Germany to take the first step." The guiding principle of British policy in Morocco as elsewhere, explains our contemporary further, is the preservation of peace upon the continent.

PACE has been the main object of Britain in the understanding she has arrived at with France, says the London *Telegraph*, coinciding with the London *Post* and the London *Times*. It was the governing idea of the British diplomatists when they signed the pact of Algeciras, by which Morocco was to have been disposed of for good and all. The result of that conference was to impose certain duties on France and Spain and the former power especially incurred moral obligations of some magnitude. "The conduct of France in Morocco since that time has been strictly correct." She has maintained a position of strict neutrality in the dynastic struggle at Fez. "Her attitude at the present moment is clearly prompted by a desire to obtain certain defined guarantees from whatever government may be established in Morocco." To achieve this end without international complications and with as little friction as possible, she holds it essential that



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S ADMIRER

This whilom Sultan of Morocco would have been recognized by the powers if William II. had been given his way in the matter. His name is Mulai Hafid.

the powers consider what guarantees are necessary for European interests. London dailies are for the most part disposed to hint that official Berlin thwarts official Paris in this endeavor.

IN VIEW of the imperfect intelligence available as to the state of affairs in the interior of Morocco, France, we are told by the London dailies, deems that fuller information must be secured before final action is taken by Berlin on the subject of her claims. "This attitude," says the London *Telegraph*, "must commend itself to all reasonable persons." The act of Algeciras conceded to France a certain preferential position in Morocco, and, in view of her special interest in that country in consequence of her Algerian possessions, France was clearly the power which should at all events initiate and perhaps conduct negotiations with the incoming government of Morocco in the name of the powers which signed the act of Algeciras. There seems to the London daily no reason whatever for believing that France would not conduct the negotiations with perfectly loyal regard for the views of the other powers, or

that she would make use of the situation for the purpose of acquiring greater power and influence in Morocco than had been conferred by the conference of Algeciras.

THE hasty proposal of the government of William II. that Mulai Hafid, struggling to maintain a difficult hold upon the empire of Morocco, should be recognized as sovereign was to the mind of the dailies in London—except *The News*—inopportune. It made a bad impression upon many French, Spanish and Italian dailies, and it evoked spirited comment in British organs like the London *Telegraph*. There is, says the latter, no prospect that France will act again as she did when Théophile Delcassé was driven from the post of French foreign minister. The prescience and good sense of that statesman—he is now minister of marine in the Caillaux cabinet—are thoroughly appreciated by the London organ and, it adds, by the whole world. "The lesson has not been lost upon France. It explains her quiet and firm attitude to-day." The policy of France, as the organ we quote gives it on authority, was to communicate first with Spain, her colleague in the act of Algeciras, concerning the guarantees to be obtained from Mulai Hafid, then to submit the draft of these proposed guarantees to all the signatory powers, and finally, in agreement with them, to acknowledge Mulai Hafid as Sultan on condition of his accepting those guarantees. In due time France came to a perfect understanding with Spain. "It was known that a general scheme of policy was being drawn up for the consideration of the powers." Germany offered no objection. Suddenly she proposed the immediate acknowledgment of Mulai Hafid. The French, altho they felt aggrieved and offended, as the comments of the Paris *Temps* and *Débats* indicate, did not manifest their resentment explosively. Nevertheless they resolved not to depart from the essential features of the policy they had marked out.

FRANCE, as regards Morocco, will continue to consult the signatory powers. That much is affirmed in foreign organs on the authority of ministerial statements at Paris. She will act only on the authority of the powers. Great Britain's replies to Germany are practically an assurance of support to the French republic. No one doubts, says the London *Telegraph*, that Russia's attitude will be the same. It is difficult for British



A PILGRIMAGE OF MOROCCAN FANATICS ON THE WAY TO FEZ

The descendant of the prophet with the very venerable aspect is el Marina, one of the holiest of the personages in the forefront of the domestic crisis at the capital of Morocco. He is proceeding to Fez to expound the revolutionary point of view to the clique of politicians there.

organs to believe that Austria will countenance the policy of Berlin. The intention of Germany, as stated in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, is to teach France that in Morocco the decisive word will be said by the Emperor William's government. The inevitable result of the imbroglio will be a decisive check for the Emperor's world policy, according to the predictions of British imperialist organs. The determination of France not to magnify the importance of Emperor William's interference, but to proceed steadily upon the path she has followed from the first, tends to promote not only a pacific but a friendly solution of the Moroccan problem, according to the papers already cited. "It seems incredible," to quote the London *Telegraph*, "that Germany should at present pursue a course which only produces European friction and might lead in time to deplorable consequences." A continuation in this policy might also seriously compromise, we read, Germany's relations with Russia.

WHAT France means to do in Morocco has been set forth in the Parisian organs on the authority of the ministry itself. France reaffirms, it seems from the officially inspired *Temps*, that the act of Algeciras governs the situation of the powers in Morocco. The French republic regards that arrangement as inviolable. "She will work under it in the future as she has worked under it in the past." She will protect her subjects. She

will maintain her neutrality in the internal affairs of Morocco. On the other hand, there is one situation which she will not accept and that is "a Morocco more internationalized than it now is under the act of Algeciras." If that act has strengthened the position of France in one sense by giving a new conventional basis to her rights, it has made her task, just now, difficult indeed. She does not mean to have it complicated by any further internationalization. To this effect the authorized spokesmen of the Paris government have expressed themselves in the chamber of deputies. The careful Paris *Temps* has firmly told the German chancellery that this declaration is final. Berlin apparently thinks otherwise.

GERMANY has not been less categorical than has France in outlining her position in Morocco. In a journal so directly inspired as the Berlin *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* and upon authority no less official than that of the foreign office at Berlin and almost in the authorized words of the German Imperial Chancellor, the subject is finally elucidated. Did the German Empire wish to wage war on account of Morocco? No, replies this authority, not on account of Morocco. Germany has in Morocco no political interests nor has she any political aspirations. She has neither, like Spain, a Moorish past of centuries nor, like France, a frontier hundreds of miles long. In Morocco Germany

has, she concedes, no historic rights acquired by many sacrifices, as have Spain and France. But she does possess economic interests in that country, an independent land, hitherto little opened up, but full of promise for the future. She took part in an international conference which through the act of Algeciras promised equal rights for all. Germany possessed through a commercial treaty the right to most favored nation treatment. It concerned the prestige of German policy and the dignity of the German Empire that official Berlin should not permit German rights to be invaded. Germany does not wish to gain a firm footing in Morocco for herself, because that would weaken rather than strengthen her position. Neither does she wish to offer a vexatious opposition to the politically or historically established rights of Spain or France so long as German rights are respected.

GERMANY does not desire to "get a hit at England," says the officially inspired organ of the Wilhelmstrasse, by a vexatious policy in Morocco. It is the practice of some London dailies to hint that Germany is annoyed by the understanding between France and Great Britain. The officially inspired Berlin daily denies that. In the treaty between Paris and London concluded some seven years ago and referred to as the entente, Great Britain, says the German daily, disposed only of her own interests in Morocco, while as regarded Egypt Great Britain obtained Berlin's subsequent assent with respect to the questions affecting Germany. What official Berlin desires is to show that Germany will not allow herself to be treated as a negligible quantity, that the basis of an international agreement or treaty could not be reached or displaced without consent of the signatory powers and that in an independent economic territory of such importance, situated on two roads of the world's trade, the door must be kept open for the freedom of foreign competition. Thus is the point of view of Germany set forth with the highest authority. "We are not petty," to close with a citation from the official language of the Berlin foreign office, following the words of Prince von Bülow, "we are not petty, we give way on many points of detail, but we unswervingly adhere to the great principle of the open door, which principle, together with the preservation of German prestige, has guided us and will not fail to guide us in our whole Moroccan action."

NOTHING less sensational than an intervention of the powers in Turkey is threatened by London organs so cautious as *The Spectator*, if the horrors of Mohammedan militarism in such regions as Albania be not disproved or abated. Organized slaughter of whole populations after a systematic mutilation of children and a ruthless violation of women, that suggested the worst under Abdul Hamid, filled European despatches all last month. Vehement denials of these charges upon the authority of Torgut Shevket Pasha, the Sultan's commander-in-chief in Albania, seem to carry little weight with such papers as the well-informed London *Times*, the Vienna *Vaterland* and the Rome *Tribuna*. Reliable American and British travelers, returning from recent trips through Montenegro and Albania, confirm the worst. "Under cover of an apparent amnesty and armistice, the Turkish troops are systematically destroying every human habitation and every crop and all other means of sustenance in the territory of the Albanian highlanders." The work of devastation is proceeding pitilessly, according to a despatch in the London *Times*. No lives are spared. "Such of the old men, women and children as have not made good their escape to Montenegro are butchered—the women after having suffered outrage. At the present moment some hundreds of women and children are cut off from Montenegro and encircled by the troops. Their escape is regarded as impossible." Despite the efforts of exalted officials in Constantinople to put a different light upon the details, a suspicion grew in Europe last month that the veil is to be lifted upon a tragedy, indicating that the new Turk is no better than the old.

DIFFICULTIES have beset those newspaper correspondents who during the past year have striven to tell the world just why the Turks prosecute their sanguinary operations in Albania. The Albanians, no doubt, observes the London *Post*, in the course of one of its many elucidations of the subject, want to be let alone. "There has always been a tradition of loyalty to the Sultan, coupled with a habit of obeying his local representatives no further than suited the temper of the people." The land of the Albanians is difficult of access and has never been systematically incorporated into any Ottoman administration. The Albanian mountaineers do not understand or appreciate the constitution

which went into effect with the disappearance of Abdul Hamid. The Albanians have no notion of becoming Ottomans. Apparently the new government at Constantinople is eager to introduce some of the reforms which have become part of the system of the reigning Sultan. These reforms savor of centralization. The Albanians fail to grasp the Constantinopolitan point of view, nor, in the opinion of European dailies generally, have these simple people been tactfully treated by the agent of the new dispensation.

ALBANIANS, say those who know them, are accustomed to fighting in the fashion of the highland clans. "The blood feud is part of their social system." The Turkish emissaries in the land have taken sides in some of the local feuds. They have striven to enforce some fresh schemes of taxation. They sought to make modifications in the status of certain clans. A modification of the national language as written in the school texts figures in the rather complex accounts of what the war is all about. The government of the Turkish Sultan came to the conclusion that the will of Constantinople would have to be enforced by the military and for more than a year newspaper despatches have given unintelligible accounts of skirmishes in the mountains, descents upon villages and the capture of whole populations. There were, some accounts said last month, nearly twenty thousand Albanians in arms, altho the military odds are in favor of the Turks, whose troops poured into the country when the campaign opened and have been recruited steadily ever since. Nevertheless, the Albanians have held their own with unexpected stubbornness.

THE mere fact that there is any war at all in Albania is, as the *London Post* says, a thorn in the side of the Sultan. There are in the Turkish parliament some eloquent Albanians who from the very first began impassioned harangues. These have been circulated among the mountaineers with a bad effect upon the Turkish temper. The nature and object of the Sultan's military campaign in Albania was not set forth by any of his responsible ministers when last the subject was before the deputies at Constantinople. They obtained only a message from the Grand Vizier, according to the *London* daily's correspondent, to the effect that he must consult the minister of war before making any state-

ment, whereupon the session was adjourned and the Albanians in the parliament grew more furious than before.

EVER since the success of the revolution at Constantinople the Young Turks, or those of them who have most influence, says the *London Post*, appear to apply to Turkey and her various races the idea that the Magyars are trying to apply in Hungary—"there is one nation with one national language which all must learn." If that is to be the interpretation of the new constitutional theory of an Ottoman nationality, it is bound, in the opinion of cautious foreign dailies, to produce something very different from the unity and the harmony of which so much was heard when Abdul Hamid fell. There is a sinister explanation of the crisis, however, which to the *London Post* seems plausible. The mere fact of military operations in the region in which the Young Turkish movement had its rise—Albania—is sure to strengthen the influence of the army officers who had the principal share both in starting and in carrying out the changes which have taken place. It was the officers of the army in Macedonia who forced Abdul Hamid to revive the constitution. It was officers from Macedonia who carried out the occupation of Constantinople, which was the prelude to Abdul Hamid's fall.

APOINT of supreme importance arising out of the war in Albania has to do with its effect upon the foreign relations of Turkey. A situation that renders intervention inevitable threatens to call for concerted actions by the powers. No well informed foreign daily thinks the Turkish army can cope with the crisis that now exists. The Albanian, we read in the *London Standard*, is a born fighter. He has been fighting since the dawn of history and he is fighting still. When there are no Turks or Greeks or Slave to kill, the Albanians kill one another. "No conqueror has ever been able, save for a brief period, to cure them of this taste, neither the Romans, the Serbs, the Venetians nor the Turks." The Turks, it is true, did succeed in forcing Mohammedanism upon some of the Albanian tribes, but this only added to the martial habits of the country. It created an age-long feud between the tribesmen who were Moslem, the tribesmen who were Orthodox and the tribesmen who believed themselves to be Latins and acknowledged a vague spiritual allegiance to the Pope.



Photograph by Brown Bro

THE OTHER JOHN D.

It was chance that placed John D. Archbold, in his adolescent days, at the center of the excitement when oil was discovered in western Pennsylvania, but it was daring, quick judgment and thrift that enabled him to profit by that fact. For thirty-five years he has wrought with Rockefeller to build up the Standard Oil. Now he (and his associates) are given six months to dissolve the company. Don't ask him to play golf just now. He is busy.

Persons in the Foreground

A DISSOLVING VIEW OF JOHN D. ARCHBOLD

TWO John D's have been foremost in building up the Standard Oil Company—John D. Rockefeller and John D. Archbold. To one of them—the latter—falls the major part of the task of directing the operations of dissolution as ordered by the Supreme Court of the United States. These dissolving operations call for skill of the first order. Ordinarily they are painfully easy. But this is not a simple case of tearing down an old structure and rebuilding. It is rather a case very similar to that of the historic board of supervizors who met and adopted four resolutions, namely: (1) to build a new jail; (2) to build it on the site of the old jail; (3) to use the material of the old structure for the new; (4) to let the old structure stand until the new one should be ready for occupancy. Mr. Archbold and his associates *must* tear down the old structure. They must build their new business structure out of the material of the present Standard Oil Company. And no one supposes that they are going to suspend business in the meantime. They must use the old structure until the new one is ready. And they must accomplish their task in six months' time. They will get it done, too; nobody has any doubt of that. When it is accomplished, Syracuse University ought to confer on Mr. Archbold the degree of D.D., letting the letters stand for *Dissolutionis Doctor*. It will be necessary to inaugurate a new degree, of course, but from the way things are now going before the Supreme Court there will be plenty of candidates for such a degree in the near future. Specialists on artistic dissolution are already in demand. The universities might well add not only a new degree to their list of honors, but a new department to their curriculum.

John D. Archbold is almost as much identified with the early history of the Standard Oil as John D. Rockefeller himself; and far more actively identified with its later history. Almost alone of the first nine trustees of the "trust" formed in 1882, he has stayed "on the job" until the present. "In the early fall of 1875," so runs a passage in Ida Tarbell's history of the corporation, "there appeared John D. Archbold, an energetic young refiner and oil buyer well known in Titusville as the rep-

resentative of a new company, the Acme Oil Company, a concern which everybody believed to be an offshoot of the Standard, tho nobody could prove it. As a matter of fact the Acme was capitalized and controlled entirely by Standard men, its stockholders being, in addition to Mr. Archbold, William Rockefeller, W. G. Worden, F. Q. Barstow and Charles Pratt." In three years, through Mr. Archbold's shrewd diplomacy, all but two of the independent refiners of Titusville, Penn., "had retired from business gloriously," to use Mr. Archbold's phrase before an investigating committee. He has been longer in the service of the Standard Oil than any other man now actively identified with it, and while he has recently testified that "there is no master mind" in the company at the present time, it is safe to assume that his is the voice that carries most weight in the conferences. John D. Rockefeller is called in only at long intervals to act as a sort of arbiter.

"It is not always possible," says Mr. Rockefeller at the beginning of his "Random Reminiscences," "to remember just how one first met an old friend or what one's impressions were; but I shall never forget my first meeting with Mr. John D. Archbold." It was back in the early seventies. Mr. Rockefeller, then a little over forty, was traveling about in the oil region getting acquainted with people, and on registering at a hotel saw on the register, written in large characters, this inscription:

"JOHN D. ARCHBOLD, \$4.00 A BBL."

That was Mr. Archbold's battlecry—"four dollars a barrel." Crude oil was selling at a much lower price, and while Mr. Archbold's youthful enthusiasm never succeeded in putting it up to the figure he named, it did succeed in attracting the attention of the other John D., and led to a business association destined to last during all the years that followed. In the "Random Reminiscences" Archbold is the first man among his associates to whom Mr. Rockefeller pays tribute. Among other things said we get this:

"He [Mr. Archbold] has always had a well-developed sense of humor, and on one serious

occasion, when he was on the witness stand, he was asked by the opposing lawyer:

"Mr. Archbold, are you a director of this company?"

"I am."

"What is your occupation in this company?"

"To clamor for dividends."

Archbold was born in Leesburg, Ohio, sixty-three years ago, and began his business career as a clerk in a country store in Titusville, Penn. His parents were poor but thrifty, as Scotch parents seem to have been as far back as history goes. When oil was discovered and all the people in western Pennsylvania promptly went mad, young Archbold, having saved a few dollars out of his meager wages, promptly invested it all and borrowed more for the same purpose. He won and kept on investing and winning. There was thus some luck—a good deal of luck—in his success; but shrewd judgment, quick observation, prompt action and a daring spirit were an important factor. The "tide in the affairs of men" was not created by him; but he knew enough to take it at its flood and it led on to fortune. He stuck close to that particular tide. He has been an oil man from first to last. Other things have allured him as an investor, of course; but his personal activity has not been drawn away from the one line of business. Rockefeller might withdraw to found a university, Flagler might retire to build up Florida resorts, Rogers might turn aside to copper and gas and railroad enterprises; but Archbold remained an oil-man.

And now he has his reward. He can direct the dissolution proceedings of the company! "Tis a droll God, Monsieur!"

He has other rewards. He has been the target for almost as much invective as has been aimed at Mr. Rockefeller. The muck-raker, if you ask us, is a necessary factor in our political organization and will always remain such. But muck-raking in journalism is like the use of the knife in medicine. When a man becomes very skilful at it and very fond of it, he may readily become something of a pest. The secret correspondence between John D. Archbold and Senator Foraker a few years ago furnished, heaven knows, sufficient occasion for the exercise of the muck-rakes. It was about the clearest proof ever dragged into light of the abominable way in which legislation has been influenced, even in our highest legislative body, by the combination of an astute political leader possessing a low standard of public honor with

a great corporation able and willing to take advantage of the weaknesses of legislators to grind its own axes at the expense of our national reputation and the honor of the American flag. Mr. Archbold, in that correspondence, played the rôle of a man willing to connive in secret with a faithless public servant to balk the will of the people. Large money payments were made to Senator Foraker—as high as \$40,000 at a single payment—ostensibly for services as an attorney. Even if a dual relation of this kind could be honorably sustained, the secrecy of it all in this case put it beyond the pale of things defensible.

But indiscriminate abuse may create sympathy even for an assassin or a horse-thief. Shortly after the publication in the Hearst papers of the Archbold-Foraker correspondence, Alfred Henry Lewis, writing for *Human Life*, proceeded to pillory Mr. Archbold in a way that illustrates the excesses to which the skilled muck-raker can resort when his fountain pen is flowing freely. Mr. Archbold is represented as the spider and Senator Foraker as the fly caught in the cruel monster's web! Mr. Archbold, who is quite a pleasant-looking gentleman, is described as having "an expression of coarse arrogance, more vulgar than awe-inspiring." For years Mr. Archbold has been a generous donor to the Syracuse University, and for many years successfully maintained the anonymity of his gifts. He is now president of its board of trustees. Yet we are told that "of but two things Mr. Archbold thinks—only and always of money and oil." In the early days of the oil industry it used to be said that Mr. Archbold "laughed his way to success," and he has been described by one hostile newspaper writer in the following words: "No grim joker he, like Rogers, whose smile is a frown, but possessed of jolly, roly-poly, side-shaking laughter when the story is good or the situation is ludicrous." But Mr. Lewis's picture of him is in marked contrast to this:

"None of the clerks laugh at 26 Broadway. The most daring among them would no more laugh than he'd set fire to Trinity Church. Mr. Archbold, now and then, laughs a loud, hard, rasping laugh, a cross between the screech of a hen-hawk and the chuckle of a cat-owl. It is not a good laugh, not a hearty laugh; it suggests no sense of humor as its source. Altogether it is not the laugh of one who commemorates a joke. Rather it is meant to mark the arrogant difference between Mr. Archbold and those laughless

clerkish ones—to whom so much as a broad grin would mean the loss of their jobs."

But the most lurid bit of color in Mr. Lewis's impressionistic portrait is this: "While Mr. Archbold may be said to have done something for the Syracuse University, the church, and Chancellor Day, I find no evidence of his having done anything for his country. He had a chance, too, in the beginning of the 60's when Civil War broke out. He might have made a splendid soldier; for he was big enough to shoot at the enemy, while small enough to make slim his chance of being shot." As Mr. Archbold was born in 1848, he was just thirteen when the Civil war broke out! Mr. Lewis goes on to say: "Mr. Archbold, however, felt not the slightest inclination to become a soldier. This was but natural." We are inclined to think so ourselves!

Mr. Archbold is a short man, inclined to pudginess, and has a rather large head. His physical appearance has caused his associates to speak of him as the Napoleon of the oil business. He is still an active man and a hard worker. "I can never cease," Mr. Rockefeller writes, "to wonder at his capacity for hard work." He has usually represented the Standard Oil in its legal fights and legislative inquiries whenever an official was called upon to take the witness stand. Says a newspaper writer: "No subpoena ever had terrors for him. Process servers never have had to trail his footsteps to hiding places. His lawyers stand ready to accept service for him any time. 'Telephone when you want him to go on the witness stand,' is the message given to trust-busters gunning for the Standard. Then from the very first question the battle is on. Sharp of tongue, ready with response, fearing no man nor law, always on the aggressive instead of the defensive, Mr. Archbold's battles with legal examiners have sometimes been like rounds of a prize fight—a feather-weight meeting the heavy-weights, giving blow for blow."

Describing his office a year or two ago, a writer in *The World's Work* remarked the absence of luxury: "There are no Oriental rugs, no big mahogany desks, no precious chairs and cases, such as one may find in almost any mining company or broker's office over in Wall Street. Instead, the place has plain oak desks, flat tables of severe design, useful if not beautiful chairs." Further: "Up in the top story is a big lunch room, where daily the big and little gather together to eat.

Here is democracy at its simplest. Here are no ironclad conventions; the veterans of the trade and the men who are working their way from the ranks as the veterans worked before them sit down together to the same fare." The loyalty of its employees is one of the boasts of the company. It has pointed with pride to its freedom from strikes and industrial warfare even when strikes were epidemic in all forms of trade.

Mr. Archbold has never cut a conspicuous figure as a benefactor. So far as the public knows, his benefactions are limited to the Syracuse University, the Post-Graduate Hospital and Training School in New York (of which he is a director), and the St. Christopher's Home and Orphanage (of which also he is a director). He is identified also with the Racquet and Tennis Club, a Whist Club, the American Fine Arts Society, the American Geographical Society and the Ohio Society of New York, being a not infrequent attendant at the annual banquets of the latter. He is also a life-member of the National Arts Club.

His views on the subject of trusts and their relation to the public have been set forth at various times quite frankly. Here is one of his statements: "Trusts or, to speak more correctly, large corporations, are a necessary evolution of the time. The outcry against trusts does not come from the industrial classes, but from the sentimentalists, yellow journalists and political demagogues—the last the most of all. The talk of monopoly will soon be done away with. The remedy for the unrest on this question undoubtedly lies in the direction of national and federal corporations. Our present system of state corporations is vexatious alike to the business community and to the authorities." We are, he holds, but at the beginning of a sort of industrial evolution in the direction of coöperation and away from unrestrained competition, in which respect he seems to share the views taken by the Socialists. Mr. Archbold is not, however, needless to say, a Socialist, tho he admits the possibility of something like Socialism in the far future. "I believe," he has said, "that the large corporations of the present day represent more nearly this coöperation than any other system yet undertaken. Possibly there may be accomplished in the eventual evolution of the race universal coöperation or community of living, but the accomplishment of such a dream is so far in the future as to put it out of the question for serious consideration in this era."

THE SERIOUS-MINDED SENATOR BRISTOW

FROM a political point of view, the reciprocity agreement with Canada has been one of the most embarrassing moves ever made by a President of the United States. To the high protection Republicans it has been embarrassing because their political power at home depends upon their service to the highly protected industries, and their power at Washington depends upon coöperation with President Taft. This is peculiarly an administration measure and at the same time is peculiarly hazardous to the old-style system of protection, secured by log-rolling and bargaining. The agreement has been less embarrassing to the Democrats, tho they also have had many hours of uncertainty as to where partisan advantage lay. It has been in their power to defeat the measure or to bring it to victory. Its defeat would injure Mr. Taft's chances next year, but it would also injure the Democrats in the low-tariff campaign they expect to make. Its success would add to their popularity, but at the same time it would add to Mr. Taft's prestige. Should they put Mr. Taft in a hole and pull his party out or put his party in a hole and pull Mr. Taft out?

But the greatest amount of embarrassment has come to the insurgent Republicans, especially to those of them like Bristow and Cummins, whose chief reason for being insurgent has been the alleged failure of the Payne-Aldrich bill to scale down the tariff rates to any appreciable degree. Mr. La Follette stands in a somewhat different situation. His insurgency dates back years before the Payne-Aldrich bill and rests upon a broader basis than the tariff. After their conspicuous fight for a lower tariff, the insurgents, confronted with the reciprocity bill, which gives them a considerable dose of their own medicine, were undoubtedly flurried and flustered for a time at least. They have met the situation by again demanding a general revision downward. Senator Bristow declares, for instance, that the reciprocity bill shall not pass the Senate unless a general revision of the tariff schedule goes through also. He is prepared to fight it out all summer along this line.

There never was a first-class fighting man who looked more scared than Bristow looks. He always appears to be scared and just ready to run away. The staring eyes give him that appearance. They may be due to an impaired vision left uncorrected too long, or

they may be the result of prenatal influences. For Bristow was born in Kentucky in a family which was mixed up in one of the feuds. Those frightened eyes may be a legacy from a tragedy enacted before he was born.

However that may be, this man who always looks as tho he had just seen a ghost, never ran away from anything or anybody. He has physical as well as moral and intellectual courage. Eighteen years ago he proved that to the satisfaction of an infuriated Kansas mob. The members of that mob had a negro who was suspected of committing a crime and they already had a noose around his neck and were making for the nearest telegraph pole. It was no time for kind words that never die. Bristow and a few other law-loving citizens formed themselves into a flying wedge and went into that mob like a football squad on its twenty-yard line. They got the negro, dragged him into a stairway, removed the rope, and, while he hunted for a hiding place, they faced the mob and cowed it. The negro was saved and it soon after developed that the supposed crime was a myth.

Senator Bristow comes up out of the same sort of humble beginnings that marked the early life of Lincoln.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things.

A Kentucky log-house first shielded him from the elements. His father was a country school teacher who became, after Bristow's birth, a Methodist circuit-rider. His grandfather was a Methodist minister and young Bristow fully expected to follow in the footsteps of his two ancestors. When twenty years of age he started for Baker University in Baldwin, Kansas, to prepare for the calling for which he felt destined. In the meantime he had already been married to a Kansas girl and thus not only had to work his way through college—beg pardon! the University—but support a wife in the meantime. "There wasn't much fun in his college life," says Cleo C. Hardy, writing in the *Twentieth Century Magazine*; "indeed there has never been time for fun in Bristow's life." By acting as a book agent part of the time and editor of the local paper part of the time and doing odd jobs between times he managed to get through. If he had no time for fun he did find time even then for politics and for fierce parliamen-



Photograph by Brown Bros.

THE MOST DECEPTIVE EYES IN WASHINGTON

Senator Joseph Little Bristow, of Kansas, who is frightened by nothing, looks as if he were frightened by everything. Just now he is challenging the administration by his determination to hold up the reciprocity bill until another general tariff revision shall be agreed on.

tary contests in the literary society, in which "Roberts' Rules of Order" was so thoroly digested that he could almost have rewritten it in the dark.

In the stirring campaign of 1884, with Blaine and Cleveland and St. John and Ben Butler making things interesting as candidates, young Bristow formed a Blaine club and enrolled fifty-one of the fifty-two voters in the college. He was no insurgent then, nor later on when he stumped the state for Harrison, nor still later when he became secretary of the Republican state committee, then private secretary to Governor Morrill and still later a candidate for Congress on the regular Republican ticket, missing election by a narrow margin. In the meantime he was devoting a large part of his time editing the *Salina Daily Journal* and making himself an influential factor in the state. He was never a very good mixer. He was altogether too serious-minded a man for that. But he made himself indispensable by his mastery of the details of politics. It was that that attracted President McKinley's attention. Against the protests of many Kansas politicians, McKinley appointed him fourth assistant postmaster-general, and almost at once Bristow jumped with both feet into a big kettle of hot water. Signs of irregularity and corruption in our management of postal affairs in Cuba developed, and Bristow started in on the trail with that deceitful scared expression in his eyes. It deceived the corruptionists and their influential friends and they tried to head him off with threats and abuse. He kept looking more and more scared, but the coils kept tightening. Even Mark Hanna's friendship for the chief malefactor didn't avail. Bristow went through to the end, and the ring was broken up and the ringleaders found jobs in the penitentiary. The first essay of the United States in the government of dependencies was thus redeemed from disgraceful failure. Says Frank C. Lockwood, writing in *The Outlook*:

"Had President McKinley been less honest; had he been less discreet in the selection of a man to undertake the correction of the abuses in Cuba; less firm in his purpose to give Bristow a free hand; or if Bristow had been less competent, less conscientious, less remorseless, less stout-hearted and unyielding in the midst of persuasion, threats, and abuse from evil men high in party favor and authority, the investigation might have proven a farce and corruption might have been covered up, the whole matter quashed; with the result that the entire administration of our new possessions and dependencies would have become so dishonest and

shameless as to bring us into contempt before the world, and into the gravest national dangers."

By this time Bristow, being rather a cold-blooded individual anyhow, had grown fond of hot water. A still bigger kettle of it was waiting for him, and he plunged in again. This time it was an investigation of our own postal department. McKinley had in the meantime succumbed to Czolgosz's bullet and Roosevelt was in the White House. The Cuban investigation had exposed trails leading to Washington and thence to all parts of the nation. Roosevelt told Bristow to follow them up and he did. Says Mr. Lockwood:

"Nothing that subsidized newspapers and dishonest accomplices in the House and Senate could do was left undone to modify the rigor of the inquiry and to discredit Mr. Bristow in his simple, honest service for the people and his commendable desire to carry out the President's bidding. This second search of Bristow's into the condition of the Post-Office Department was perhaps the most gigantic investigation ever undertaken by any government. Almost fifty trained inspectors were employed for the greater part of a year; the records of more than a thousand offices were examined, the inquiry in some instances going back ten years. Mr. Bristow examined more than two hundred thousand typewritten pages of reports; analyzed the subject matter; collated it; and edited the result in a document of ten thousand words. In commenting upon the findings of his subordinate President Roosevelt said: 'Mr. Bristow's report is a record of as important a bit of investigating work as has ever been done under the Government.'"

This man Bristow, therefore, has come into prominence not through the easy path of facile speech and ingratiating manners, but through a rugged road where hard work, aggressive honesty and unflinching courage were in demand every step of the way. We get a neat bit of description of his personality from Mr. Lockwood. There is in him, we are told, a suggestion of the hardy virtues of the ancients. His simplicity and directness render him almost grotesque.

"He is gaunt, tall, and ungainly. His shoulders are somewhat stooped; he has a long, awkward stride, and, so far as I can remember, has always worn a frock coat. This last, I suppose, is a sort of rudimentary survival passed down through three generations of preachers. He has kindly hazel eyes, Kentucky hair, an enormous mouth, and a tumultuous voice that comes in puffs and billows. He has read much, particularly in the fields of history, biography, political economy and current politics; but he cares nothing for

fiction and little for poetry. Webster, Lincoln, Blaine and later McKinley are the men who have stamped their influence most deeply upon him."

McKinley was openly fond of him, Roosevelt trusted him and Taft is said to admire him. But he is not a man, it is admitted, with a

genius for friendships. "Those who have been nearest him of late years think him cold, remote and self-centered." But no friend once formed ever had occasion to accuse him of betrayal. He will fight for his friends as well as for his principles.

THE EFFICIENT RASCALITY OF PRINCE CHING

SOLELY through the thrills of an Orientally artistic temperament has Prince Ching, at the age of seventy-three, crowned his career of crime with the attainment of the post of Prime Minister of the Chinese Empire. To this extent all European dailies agree in their appraisals of the personality of one who has somewhat suddenly become the most powerful statesman in Peking. The unanimity ceases only when efforts are made to account for the selection as the head of China's new constitutional system of one whose fame as an artist, a thief, a scholar and a blackguard renders him easily the most interesting Chinaman alive. Was he made Prime Minister because his long career of successful crime would overawe the diplomatic corps? The Paris *Figaro* inclines to that idea, altho to the London *Times* Prince Ching's appointment is but fresh evidence of the juvenility of China's regent. Official Peking is so bewitched by Prince Ching's courtesy, his wonderful gifts as an artist and his irresistible magnetism that his unspeakable wickedness had, like his unblushing venality, to be set down to temperament. Prince Ching simply can not, as one Paris paper pleads, help poisoning people he hates. He plunders, not because he is avaricious, but as a relief from the monotony of being bribed. Even his excessive polygamy is the expression of a nature less sensual than susceptible. He marries again and again, not because he wants concubines, but from an artist's appreciation of pretty faces. His viciousness is always refined.

Wily, deceitful, sanguinary and successful as he is, however, it can not be affirmed that Prince Ching's rise from a mere princedom of the fourth rank, bestowed upon him over fifty years ago, to the responsibilities of a grand mandarin under the late Empress Dowager has won him merely infamy and wealth. He has, the Paris *Figaro* declares, a host of admirers. The London *Times* is not among these. It indicts him as a voluntary, as the

author of his country's present woes, as a robber of the widow and the orphan, as the archcorruptor of the Chinese. He is inefficient in all but his rascality, the British organ complains. Prince Ching can neither administer a province without disorder nor conduct diplomatic negotiations without discord; but he can rob the coolies with completeness and ravage a district to extinction. Wherever his sway extends, opium is smoked, sloth is rewarded and the honest man goes to prison. Prince Ching has made misrule an art.

Altho born an imperial clansman within the precincts of the forbidden city itself, the newly chosen head of China's first constitutional government was very short of funds in his youth. His one source of revenue was the artistic temperament which, with his wickedness, seems to the London *Times* his enduring claim to the attention of posterity. Prince Ching at an unusually immature age attempted every genre recognized in the art of his native land. It was in landscape that he excelled. Nor was he a mere amateur. The monochrome effects so dear to the Chinese connoisseur caught from his brush a magical intensity. The late Empress Dowager stood, it is related, entranced before the paintings of Prince Ching and wept at her own incapacity to convey the value of a branch or of a flower with his perfection. He painted the lady as the goddess of spring with wonderful results upon his own political influence. It was always characteristic of Prince Ching to retain whatever he won. Mandarins rose and fell. They acquired buttons and they lost them. Prince Ching alone was never deprived of anything. He painted too divinely.

Another Chinese accomplishment, that of handwriting, has long been his. He taught the mysteries of it in his impecunious youth. His comprehension of the native etiquette was likewise so subtle as to make his precepts precious to every well-born or well-trained clansman who sought distinction within the forbidden city. His robe was invariably decorated

with an accurate symbolism. His queue, oiled until it glistened, was coiled at just the appropriate angle. His finger nails were of exactly the right length. He quoted only the correct texts. His button sported the courtly color and it was of a conspicuous size always. His walk was true. The metaphors of his conversation were derived from the authentic texts. So far as the forbidden city boasted a glass of fashion, Prince Ching was that. There was no mystery of etiquette that could baffle him. He was the supreme artist, the finished scholar, the perfect gentleman.

For the first half of his long life the rise of Prince Ching was, notwithstanding his innumerable elegant accomplishments or perhaps because of them, purely social. He was petted very much and trusted very little. From a prince of the fourth rank he ascended through the grades to the very first rapidly enough. But he was given no official capacity. That seems to our contemporary very odd. He had the accepted qualifications for office inasmuch as deception had become Prince Ching's study—not the business of his life merely, but the meditation of his leisure. In a palace dedicated to amours, his dalliance had become notorious. His clear but darting eye, the modulation of his voice, the slenderness of his frame, the delicacy of the perfumes he loved, had made him irresistible, yet he was past forty before leave was given him to preside over the Tsung-li Yamen. Therein he conducted himself with so profound a fatuity that China was plunged into war with France and ultimately lost all semblance of her old authority over Annam and Tonking. But Prince Ching saved his face.

Herein is afforded to the Paris *Figaro* some vague clew to the survival of Prince Ching. He has an incredible facility for the salvation of the mysterious thing known to his countrymen as "face." He was enabled to display this subtlety in all its power at the time of the crisis over the audiences to members of the diplomatic corps in Peking. Those gentlemen insisted upon personal access to the son of Heaven. That was a profanation of divinity itself which must inevitably have degraded the throne in the native mind. But there is in the Chinese capital a so-called "Hall of Tributary Nations" whither Prince Ching bade the diplomatists repair and wherein the Emperor received the representatives of the foreign devil. The prestige of the dynasty in the eyes of all subjects was saved by what seemed an acknowledgment that the greatest

European potentate is after all but a Chinese vassal. Ching became a prince of the first order. His influence at court was boundless. His splendid palace at Peking, we read in the London *Times*, became a place of pilgrimage to all who wished to purchase a place or procure the torture of an enemy. Prince Ching's flagrant venality led to the saying among the Chinese: "His door is a market place." To this day, our contemporary reports, every official who enters the precincts of Prince Ching's magnificent domicile pays toll to the gate man.

Perhaps the aptitude of Prince Ching for making matches profitable to his innumerable clansmen has facilitated his own unceasing promotion. "His record," to quote the London *Times*, "is always associated with disaster." As a statesman he is not constructive. As a patriot he is never masterful. "He has lived his seventy-three years with no act of glory attached to his name." Yet he remains irresistible. "Censors have vainly impeached him. The press never mentions his name but with execration." He outlives his critics and he survives all detraction. Daily his star waxes. The explanation may be, as noted by our London contemporary, that through judicious marriages he is related to an extraordinary number of the highest officials and the most exalted princes. Prince Ching's eldest son, a courtly personage who went as Chinese ambassador to the coronation of King George, is the husband of En Shou's daughter—En Shou being the powerful governor of Shen Si. Another son of Prince Ching wedded the daughter of the ruler of Shan Tung, one Sun Pao-chi. That union afforded the first instance in history of a Manchu Prince marrying the daughter of a Chinese.

The daughters of Prince Ching have married with no less keen a prevision of their father's political prospects. One of these numerous young ladies espoused the eldest son of the wily Yulu, viceroy in Peking itself when the Boxers arose. Yulu committed suicide in consequence of the military catastrophes of those distracted days. The son followed the father's example and Prince Ching's daughter became a widow. She was immediately appointed lady-in-waiting to the Jezebel of China, the late Empress-Dowager, whose devotion to Prince Ching's political interests no disaster could affect. Prince Ching's widowed daughter was the companion of the late Empress-Dowager's spectacular flight to Singan-fu, returning with that wonderful old woman to Peking and clinging to her until death. This



THE HEAVY VILLAIN IN THE CHINESE MELODRAMAS

Prince Ching, the newly selected Prime Minister of China, has so firmly established a reputation for evil that all the ruling monsters of past or present can not, it is hinted, equal his wickedness.

same daughter of Prince Ching is now as great a favorite with the present Empress-Dowager. Another daughter allied herself matrimonially with the powerful family of Prince Su, himself at the head of a bureau controlling immense patronage. Not that these are the only daughters highly connected by marriage. Prince Na, one of the most exalted of the Mongol royalties, wedded a daughter of Prince Ching. So did Prince Poti-Su, whose functions at court are of a sacrosanct character affording him special access to the royal presence. Thus has the excessive polygamy of Prince Ching, by rendering his family unprecedentedly numerous, conduced to his official importance.

The salient trait of Prince Ching as a functionary is the evasion of everything that goes by the name of work. A policy of complete idleness is forced upon him because every position of dignity that could be thrust upon an official has long been his. He therefore need make no pretense of doing anything whatever except by deputy. Having been placed at the head of the Wai-wu-Pu because he had never attended its sittings, he sedulously avoided concerning himself with its business thereafter. He dwells in a seclusion well-nigh impenetrable by the most influential ambassador in the whole diplomatic corps. Petitions for an audience are declined upon the ground either that his Highness is in bed or in the bath or praying to his ancestors or indisposed. "Royalty itself could hardly be more exclusive."

Precisely how Prince Ching dissipates the luxury of his leisure within the recesses of his gorgeous Peking palace remains a mystery to all Europeans. His collection of Chinese landscapes by native artists is deemed priceless by a writer in the *Figaro*. He has porcelains so precious that the destruction of a single specimen is said to have cost the life of a hapless eunuch who shattered one at afternoon tea. His library is enriched by parchments in the ancient Chinese calligraphy taught in his own youth by the Prince himself. He affects the native music, seemingly, for the halls of the palace resound with the outlandish harmonies deemed sacred in China. The feature of the domestic life of the Prince, however, is the pervasiveness of its feminine atmosphere. Exactly how many wives and concubines the new Prime Minister of the Empire possesses has long been a moot point; but if the purchases of articles of luxury for his household in the bazars—silks, laces, slip-

pers, veilings, confectionery, perfumes—be any indication, the household must be crowded with females. Some of them spring from the noblest families in the whole empire.

In the pursuit of idleness Prince Ching has sacrificed everything but wealth and health. He has a genius for doing nothing, as already hinted, but his sloth is that of the artist. His theory seems to be that only Chinese should do anything. Being himself a Manchu, he contemplates all Chinese with disdain, nor is he afraid to manifest the prejudice. He deems it, in fact, an evidence of culture and the whole court of Peking is said now to be infected with this spirit. The Prince Regent, inspired by Ching, emphasizes the distinction between Manchu and Chinese with an approach to asperity. The ladies of the court circle within the forbidden city shrink with an almost instinctive delicacy from all that is not Manchu. Chinese groan beneath a sway so stimulating to caste, but the Manchu regards Prince Ching with an accentuated veneration because of this exclusiveness. The breath of progress chills the whole imperial circle with impressions of a world of foreign devils and brutalized coolies. Such is the cue caught from Prince Ching.

At rare intervals the new Premier of the Chinese condescends to manifest himself to a western public. Those European ladies who see him of a rare afternoon imbibing tea with bevies of imperial princesses succumb to the fascination of his manner. For such a very old man he is what we would call spry. Prince Ching uses no English on these occasions, altho some newspaper correspondents insist that he has picked up enough of the language to comprehend whatever is said in his presence. He has a habit of showering gifts. A lady who attracts his errant admiration gets a chest of the rarest tea or a roll of exquisite silk. He has a charming trick, our French contemporary says, of bowing backward with his arms akimbo, a propensity causing young ladies in the diplomatic corps to characterize him as just lovely. No European unacquainted with Peking, seeing him at a reception, would hesitate to pronounce Prince Ching the most angelically playful of Manchus. On the hottest afternoon he seems serenely cool. His facial expression is described as one of inexpressible delicacy and innocence. He looks taller than he is, owing to the peculiar shoes he loves.

The vast fortune of Prince Ching is ascribed to the directness and simplicity of his

thefts. For years prior to the outbreak of the war with Japan he stole everything appropriated to preparation for that crisis. His thoroness caused complaints that he was the only thief in responsible office who could gain access to the immense plunder available. To do Prince Ching justice, he shares his booty. The effete ministers at whose head he sits in corrupt conspicuity never die poor. When he was charged with reorganization of the Chinese navy his liberality to venal friends filled the court circle with admiration. Now that he has attained a dignity loftier than any post in which peculation has enriched him, he will, predicts the London *Times*, prove a more colossal scandal than ever before. "Whether," says our contemporary, "constitutional development can be guided satisfactorily by a degenerate old man, irresolute, wily, corrupt and inefficient, is a question which may be disputed. To create a Senate whose deliberations

were marked by a reasonableness, dignity and ability worthy of all praise was a wise step. To elect as its President an intelligent Prince like Pu-lun was a laudable act. Then to remove the prince and substitute for him an old Manchu conservative was an impolitic act. Now the people clamoring for a cabinet are given one which is only the Grand Council under another name, and Prince Ching, the President of the Grand Council, becomes the first Prime Minister." Like the youth in the comic opera, he will be eloquent in praise of the very dull old days that have long since passed away. He will idle away the time in sloth. Peculation will become the business of his administration. Already Prince Ching's official utterances are likened at Peking to the bombastic declaration of war against Japan with which that unconscious humorist Wen Tung-ho surpassed the finest effects of the late W. S. Gilbert.

THE OBSCURITY OF

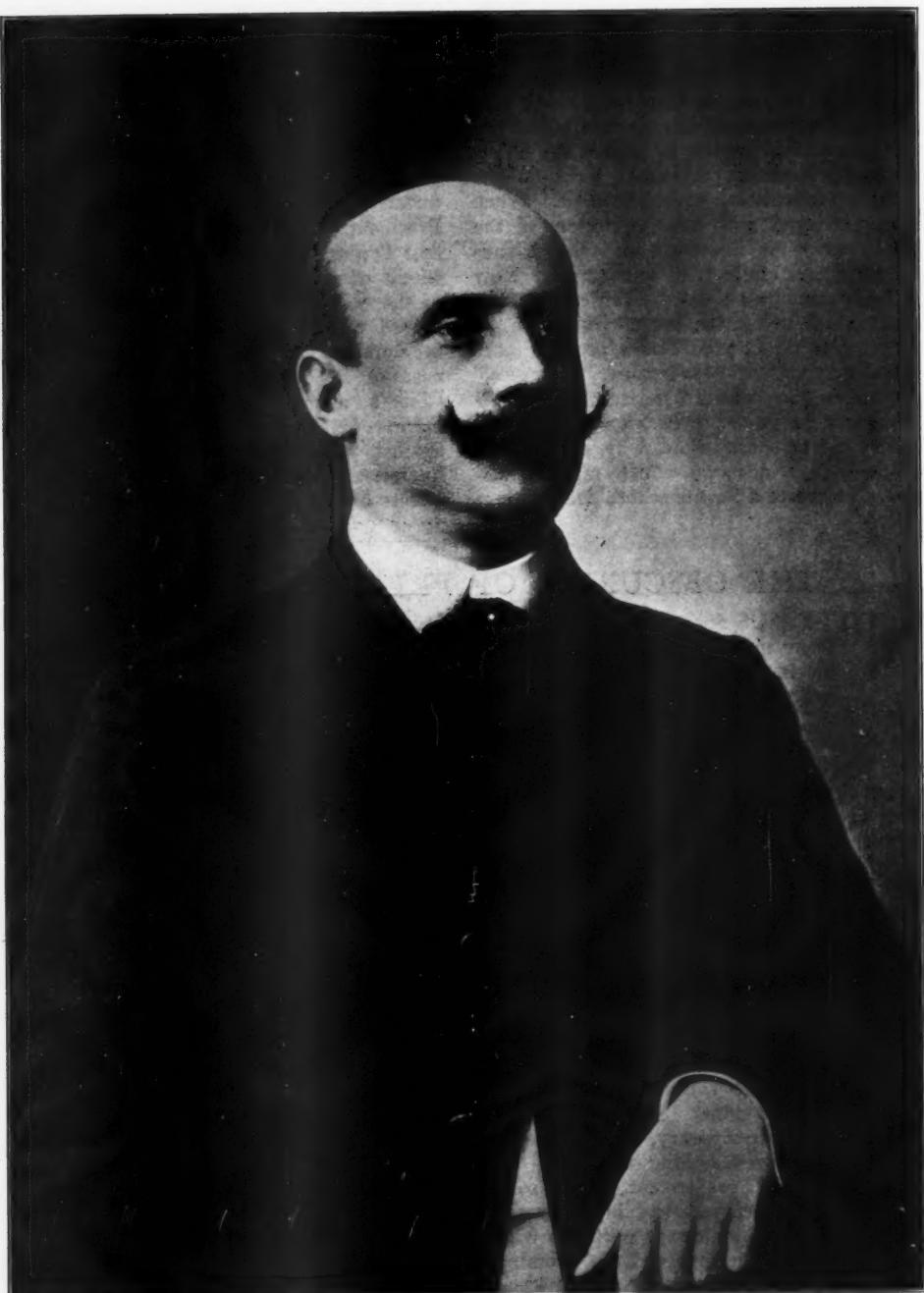
NO GENIUS for self-effacement could seem more complete than that of the inconspicuous and retiring politician who has just risen so silently to the head of the French government—Joseph Caillaux. Most French politicians, observes the Paris *Figaro*, attain distinction through the aid of some quality of the shining order; but it is the peculiar glory of Premier Caillaux that he has won the highest honors by remaining unknown. He was unknown when first he appeared in the chamber of deputies thirteen or fourteen years ago and unknown he has remained in spite of long cabinet service under Waldeck-Rousseau and other leaders. The obscurity of Caillaux has been deliberately sought. Everything connected with him is vague and indefinite except his shyness among his colleagues, his reticence in the chamber, the solitude he affects and the reserve of his manner. Monsieur Caillaux, explains our contemporary, has an almost morbid dread of everything associated with the idea of political preferment. He is so extremely timid by temperament in this respect that he refused an important portfolio a few years ago because it involved too prominent an appearance before the public. He is known by sight to so few Frenchmen that he could not cash a money order in Paris recently because there was no one to identify him. It is sarcastically observed of Monsieur Caillaux,

PREMIER CAILLAUX

indeed, by the Paris *Action*, that he is an ideal Premier because he has never been anywhere, he has never said anything and nobody knows just who he is.

The lack of any striking or spectacular characteristic has facilitated in Joseph Caillaux that genius for making himself inconspicuous which, in the opinion of the Paris *Débats*, has been the foundation of his political success. He seeks, amid the wildest sessions of the chamber, the obscure and solitary position. He impresses nobody and charms never. Even when his own department of the government, finance, is in question, he prefers to have his arguments made for him by others. Thus, slowly and step by step, has Monsieur Caillaux risen to power and influence by the novel expedient of keeping in the background. Nobody knows exactly what he thinks of anything, but everybody gives him credit for an unremitting industry. This is due to the readiness he displays upon all occasions to overwhelm the deputies with statistics relative to the credit and resources of the nation. His hobby is figures. He can perform prodigies of arithmetical calculation in his head. He is said never to pay the slightest attention to any political policy unconnected with figures. That is lucky for Joseph Caillaux, French dailies think, as otherwise his conservatism would shock his radical supporters.

Altho Premier Caillaux is what would be



THE LATEST ARRIVAL IN SUPREME POWER AT PARIS

Joseph Caillaux, Premier of the Republic of France, is, besides a financier of renown, a lover of music and a distinguished student of agriculture. His politics are of the radical sort, but far from revolutionary.

called radical he seems more favorable to centralized and strong administration than most of the Bonapartists or Bourbons. This general impression seems due to his sententiousness of manner and brevity of phrase. There is no trace of Briand's Gallicism in the oratory of Caillaux. The new Premier has no gestures, no facility in modulating his tone to the emotion of the moment, no grandeur of aspect. He can not dissolve the deputies in laughter with a caustic witticism, as Clemenceau can. He can not move the legislative body to tears with a recital of some poor working woman's wretchedness, as Jean Jaurès does. He never stirs the patriotic French heart after the fashion of Delcassé. He can not hurl invective as Emile Combes can. Neither can he stand immovable facing the Chamber and looking his indignation at his political opponents like the irresistible Brisson. In a word Caillaux has none of the parliamentary mannerisms which seem so absurd when described in cold print and which carry crucial divisions when a ministry must be saved.

One would have to travel to the department of the Sarthe and live at Mamers, which Premier Caillaux represents in the chamber, according to the *Aurore*, before finding any Frenchman really in touch with the statesman. He is very well known to his constituents because of the furious fights he has had to make to retain his seat. At the last election the Premier was rescued from defeat by barely a hundred votes. The region from which Joseph Caillaux hails is a stronghold of what the French call legitimacy. Piety and tradition, church and the king are honored as they were in England during the reign of Anne. To be anticlerical is to lose caste and to display shocking ill breeding. The bishop's palace and the château symbolize the sublime realities of society. To be prominent in the official life of Paris, to display modernity of mind and to succeed conspicuously in affairs are so many proofs of treason to the cherished ideals of the place. Yet Joseph Caillaux, a man of large affairs, a financier, a champion of the principles of 1789 and a pillar of the third republic, has faced the constituency and defeated the local aristocrat for his seat in the chamber.

Monsieur Caillaux has retained the fidelity of his constituents—by slim majorities—for some dozen years, despite clerical efforts to dislodge him. His spare figure, his quiet gravity of manner and the readiness he manifests to procure public posts for his constituents do not suggest the fame he has achieved all over

Europe as a fiscal genius. Some of the most serious organs of finance in Europe—papers like the London *Statist* and the Paris *Economiste Français*—rank him with the great Colbert. He resembles that illustrious figure of the reign of Louis XIV. in his intimate acquaintance with the commercial life of France. Joseph Caillaux knows every detail connected with the fortunes of rich Frenchmen, the size of those fortunes, the source of them and the nature of the assets of which they are composed. This knowledge and the schemes of taxation he is continually introducing into the chamber at Paris have made his name synonymous to rich men in the republic with what they deem confiscation. He has again and again confronted a deputation of Parisian bankers with firm refusals to modify a single provision of some drastic measure of taxation.

As the reserved and impassive Caillaux dismisses his petitioners curtly the personal traits which render him unpopular become, the *Action* thinks, too manifest. The Premier listens like a man being bored to extinction. His large round head, totally destitute of hair, is pallid and his steel gray eyes glare "with an impassive hostility." Monsieur Caillaux avoids shaking hands with visitors. "He has no talent for cordiality and perhaps no time." Good government to him, if we may credit the disgruntled Socialist *Humanité*, is the science of getting money out of the French by taxation with as little trouble as possible. His one idea, when any scheme of social amelioration is brought forward, takes the form of the query: "Who is to pay?"

Among his constituents in the Sarthe, Premier Caillaux dwells in a somewhat rustic simplicity. Even the peasants who go about in wooden shoes are well acquainted with him, for his holidays are spent in walking tours among the farms and along the country roads. He has been forced by the necessities of his political position to cultivate his constituents upon a very personal basis. He corresponds with hundreds of them when the session brings him to Paris, employing for the purpose no less than three clerks. His domestic life is of the simplest. Joseph Caillaux is not of the type of financier who can keep a nation from bankruptcy while plunging into it himself. Altho the son of parents in very moderate circumstances, who sent him with difficulty to the local academy and thence to the institute, he has accumulated a considerable competence. He is a cultivator, like his immediate predecessor in the post of Premier, the unlucky

Monis. Caillaux knows much about the vine and he plants his own little estate with the typical vines of the Sarthe. He has a pretty little home on a pretty little estate and he whiles away his leisure with music, light reading and bucolic pastimes. In this he resembles the President of the Republic. The temperaments of Premier Caillaux and of President Fallières were sweetened with an identical flavor and the result is honey. Even so fierce an opponent of some of Caillaux's policies as the *Débats* has never hinted that he has once in his whole career used his official position to foster his own enterprizes. No political scandal has ever sullied his fame.

The indifference of the radical and socialist groups in France to sound finance has given Joseph Caillaux a peculiar eminence among them. Many European dailies deem him the highest living authority upon such themes as balance of trade, income taxation and the rate of interest. He has made finance so careful a study that no standard work upon the subject has escaped his perusal. His private library is wonderfully rich in such literature. When he ascends the tribune in the chamber and gives the conclusions at which he has arrived with reference to the revenue possible under any scheme of taxation, few are bold enough to challenge his judgment. His appearance and his manner upon such rare occasions illustrate the *Action's* remark that Joseph Caillaux has principles, but no ideas. He is not an intellectual, as that term is used among radicals. Yet he has fundamental principles. They are all, he avers himself, taken from the men who made the great French Revolution of 1789. Joseph Caillaux varies his study of figures by study of the works and careers of Robespierre, Marat, Danton and Mirabeau. This means no more than that he is orthodox from a French political point of view.

His devotion to their principles is the one bond between him and such Socialists as Briand. He lacks, as the *Lanterne* complains, the fiery indignation that could make Gambetta cry that clericalism is "the enemy." In truth, Joseph Caillaux is suspected of a sneaking affection for Christianity as a divinely inspired religion and it has been noticed that his wife goes regularly to mass, altho he never does unless there be some special occasion for it, like the first communion of one of his nieces or the wedding of a constituent's daughter. If he has religious tendencies at all, they are, we read in our contemporary, Calvinistic. Yet he is on good terms with

many distinguished French clergymen, including the Archbishop of Paris. Unlike the furious Jaurès, Caillaux never carries his political animosities into social life and he has often been welcomed into the homes of his most vehement opponents in the chamber.

The fundamental defect in the temperament of Premier Caillaux, as stated in the more rabid anticlerical press of Paris, is his lack of enthusiasm. He is the type of the born financier. To have weight with him a political consideration would have to be practical. He has, complains the *Action*, vehemently anticlerical, no "emotional hostility to the Vatican." His bosom never heaves, according to the monarchical *Gaulois*, at the thought of Alsace in the hands of the Berlin bureaucrat. Thus might one run through all the political groups represented in the Chamber of Deputies at Paris and find each in possession of some particular grievance against Joseph Caillaux. Yet all agree that his judgment is sound, his mind far-seeing, his principles strict. Shrewdness is his greatest asset. His judgment of subordinates is said to be so true that not once in his long career has Monsieur Caillaux foisted an incompetent upon the government service. He is what they call in the French departmental bureaus at Paris "a hospitable and indulgent administrator"—one who prefers to give his subordinates complete freedom and full credit for work done.

To sum the new Prime Minister up in a phrase from the Paris *Figaro*, the French may not love Joseph Caillaux, but they trust him. His extreme cautiousness in expenditure in his own home, prompting him to enter into a little memorandum book every sou he spends, is carried into the political sphere. He once contemplated a trip to Russia, but abandoned the idea upon learning that the passport would involve an outlay of five dollars. He could well have afforded the money and Joseph Caillaux is in no sense miserly; but he resented the unreasonableness of the imposition. One of his little hobbies, indeed, is the abolition of small taxes like the imposts on salt, oils and deeds. One by one he has done away with these things because when a little boy he could not afford soap. The tax upon each cake made it too effete a luxury. That, says one of his biographers, started him upon that long series of fiscal reflections which in the end made him one of the ablest experts on the proper sources of a government revenue. The best of all sources for such revenue is, he insists, the rich man's income.

Science and Discovery

AN ENGLISH PHYSICIAN'S DENUNCIATION OF AMERICAN DENTISTRY

THE world has been wofully misled for many years regarding American dentistry, in the opinion of the illustrious pathologist to the London Charing Cross Hospital, Dr. William Hunter. It is his matured conviction that dentistry as practiced in this country is a curse to the world, the fruitful source of one of the most terrible scourges afflicting the physical frame of man—sepsis. In other words, dentistry, as practiced by even the ablest men in the American profession, is spreading deadly maladies not only among the moderately well off, but among the very rich. Indeed, the rich are the worst sufferers because they can afford the high price of the most skilled work.

An illustration of Doctor Hunter's meaning is given by himself in the London *Lancet*. One of the worst cases of sepsis he ever saw was brought him by a doctor who said that the patient's mouth had been "carefully seen to and was in good order." The patient was a tall, handsome man in the prime of life. His case was the severest pernicious idiopathic anemia imaginable. His mouth was to all appearance clean, for it was one solid mass of gold caps, bridges, crowns, fillings, false teeth and the like, so ingeniously built up that one could hardly tell what was false and what was real. To free that man from his poisoned state involved in consequence what was really equivalent to a major operation in surgery. The condition of necrosis, sepsis and the like revealed on removal of the golden architecture of his mouth was perfectly appalling. Doctor Hunter proceeds:

"No one has probably had more reason than I have had to admire the sheer ingenuity and mechanical skill constantly displayed by the dental surgeon. And no one has had more reason to appreciate the ghastly tragedies of oral sepsis which his misplaced ingenuity so often carries in its train. Gold fillings, gold caps, gold bridges, gold crowns, fixed dentures, built in, on, and around diseased teeth, form a veritable mausoleum of gold over a mass of sepsis to which there is no parallel in the whole realm of medicine or surgery. The whole constitutes a perfect gold trap of sepsis of which the patient is proud and which no persuasion will induce him to part

with. For has it not cost him much money, and has he not been proud to have his black roots elegantly covered with beaten gold, altho no ingenuity in the world can incorporate the gold edge of the cap or crown with the underlying surfaces of the root beneath the edges of the gums? There is no rank of society free from the fatal effects on health of this surgical malpractice.

"I speak from experience. The worst cases of anemia, gastritis, colitis of all kinds and degrees, of obscure fever of unknown origin, or purpura, or nervous disturbances of all kinds ranging from mental depression up to actual lesions of the cord, of chronic rheumatic affections, of kidney disease, are those which owe their origin to, or are gravely complicated by, the oral sepsis produced in private patients by these gold traps of sepsis. Time and again I have traced the very first onset of the whole trouble of which they complained to a period within a month or two of their insertion. The sepsis hereby produced is particularly severe and hurtful in its effects. For it is dammed up in the bone and in the periosteum, and cannot be got rid of by any antiseptic measures which the patient or the doctor can carry out. Moreover, it is painless, and its septic effects therefore go on steadily accumulating in intensity without drawing attention to their seat of origin.

"Such are the fruits of this baneful so-called 'conservative dentistry.' The title would be a fitting one if the teeth were a series of ivory pegs planted in stone sockets. But the teeth being what they are—namely, highly developed pieces of bone tissue, possessing, I would point out, a richer blood and nerve-supply than any piece of tissue of the same size in the whole body—and planted in sockets of bone with the closest vascular relations to the bone and the soft tissues of the periosteum and the gums, the title that would best describe the dentistry here referred to would be that of 'septic dentistry.' Conservative it is, but only in one sense. It conserves the sepsis which it produces by the gold work it places over and around the teeth, by the satisfaction which it gives the patient, by the pride which the dentist responsible for it feels in his 'high-class American' work, and by his inability or unwillingness to recognize the septic effects which it produces."

After ten years' experience of the nature of these dental effects and of the difficulty in

removing them from the mouth of the unfortunate wealthy people best able to afford them, Doctor Hunter feels that the only solution of the difficulty is a spread among dentists of a knowledge of sepsis. The problem is a pressing one for the dental profession, its solution being of importance in the interests of public health. The civilized world beholds one branch of the healing profession struggling with might and main to prevent a poisonous condition of the human system, known as sepsis. There is in the world another great department of the therapeutic world, that of dentistry, industriously engaged in promoting the evil of sepsis. Dentistry, that is to say, ignores the fundamental truths of anatomy, physiology, pathology and the tissues generally. "To gold-cap a healthy or diseased tooth in order to beautify or preserve it is the negation of every one of these truths [of physiology]—a veritable apotheosis of septic surgery and of surgical and medical malpractice." It is a horror of the age:

"The medical ill-effects of this septic surgery are to be seen every day in those who are the victims of this gilded dentistry—in their dirty-gray, sallow, pale, wax-like complexions, and in the chronic dyspepsias, intestinal disorders, ill-health, anemias, and nervous ('neurotic') complaints from which they suffer. In no class of patients and in no country are these, in my observation, more common than among Americans and in America, the original home of this class of work.

"The chief feature of this particular oral sepsis is that the whole of it is swallowed or absorbed into the lymphatics and blood. Unlike the sepsis of open wounds on the outside of the body, none of it is got rid of by free discharge on the surface. The effects of it, therefore, fall in the first place upon the whole of the alimentary tract from the tonsils downwards. These effects include every degree and variety of tonsillitis and pharyngitis; of gastric trouble from functional dyspepsia up to gastritis and gastric ulcer; and every degree and variety of enteritis and colitis, and troubles in adjacent parts—e. g., appendicitis. The effects fall in the second place upon the glands (adenitis); on the blood (septic anemia, purpura, fever, septicemia); on the joints (arthritis); on the kidneys (nephritis); and on the nervous system. . . .

"The sepsis here had in view is all swallowed or absorbed, and that infection with staphylococcal and streptococcal organisms carries with it certain definite and deleterious effects wherever it is found. These effects vary, naturally, with the site of the infection and the degree of resistance offered by the tissues which are the seat of the invasion.

"In the case of the mouth the mere presence of staphylococci and streptococci on the surface of the mucosa, or on the tongue, or in the mouth secretions, or in the saprophytic flora which abounds in the mouth, does not of itself cause disease, any more than their presence on the uninjured skin. But the matter is totally different when they become seated in open wounds in the edges of the gums adjacent to carious teeth; or extend from this, their first site, downwards along the periosteum (periodontal membrane) of the teeth socket. The infection is then no longer a superficial one—it is in connection with the soft tissues, periosteum, and bone. The resistance of these tissues, especially the gums, is fortunately very great; hence a degree of infection which anywhere else in the body would certainly draw attention to itself by its redness, swelling, heat and pain, may indeed cause redness and swelling, but does not necessarily cause any pain. This is the more to be regretted, for a feature of the septic infection in the gums, the teeth, or in the sockets of the teeth is that it is infection in contact with diseased bone, and its virulence is intensely aggravated by this fact."

The patient whose mouth is a veritable mausoleum of gold work is likely to present himself in a highly poisoned condition to his physician. The victim labors under the delusion that his mouth is well cared for when, as a matter of fact, the degree of sepsis and necrosis covered and hidden by the gold is perfectly appalling. Doctor Hunter speaks from experience. He has had many such cases and he describes them in the *London Lancet* as "the most trying and pitiable cases with which one has to deal," for they are produced by dentists. The worst cases of septic gastritis, enteritis and colitis, of ill health, anemia, obscure septic fever and other manifestations of medical sepsis, are in Doctor Hunter's experience—so he avers—those in which the greatest amount of "American skill," in the shape of gold work, has been bestowed upon the mouth.

There seems only too good reason to infer, moreover, that the professional education of dentists is often of the most superficial sort. The profession is recruited in some American communities almost at haphazard. The training is frequently of the manual kind. Provided the student displays a digital dexterity in manipulation, he is not questioned too closely sometimes regarding his scientific knowledge. He goes about his work in the densest ignorance of such things as therapeutics and infection. He is no scholar and in no sense a man of science.

"THE FASTING CURE" FOUND WANTING BY A GASTRONOMIC AUTHORITY

MANY a sufferer from some of the ordinary ills of humanity has been brought to the brink of the grave by following the advice given in Upton Sinclair's book on the fasting cure. This assertion is categorically made in *The Monthly Cyclopaedia and Medical Bulletin* by the distinguished writer on diseases of the stomach, Dr. Anthony Bassler. He has seen patients brought to death's door, he says, by what he deems insane teachings to the effect that the fast is an infallible means of therapeutic alleviation. One could hardly be human, declares Dr. Bassler, and stand silent amid the accumulating evidence that Upton Sinclair is promoting the miseries of mankind by his theory of food. As a means of illustrating his point, Dr. Bassler gives cases with which he has had to deal, typical of which is this:

"Some months ago a woman was referred to me by her physician for diagnosis and treatment. On her arrival, the nurse rushed into my office, upsetting the routine of consultations by appointment on that morning with the words 'a very ill woman, who has been assisted into the hall by two men, one her physician, and she looks as if she was dying.' I went out and saw a frail, cadaverous-looking person unconscious on the chair. Her pulse was hardly perceptible in the cold, clammy wrists and stimulating restoratives were in order and used. After some minutes her senses returned, but she was unable to stand or raise her arms from sheer physical weakness. After being assisted into a conveyance she was taken home and put to bed. In consultation that afternoon I learned that she had just passed through nine days of fasting, two days of fruit juices, and was then on the fifth day of a régime comprising five quarts of milk a day—the cure for all disorders that human flesh is heir to, as recommended by Upton Sinclair. Upon physical examination, the case proved to be one of marked visceral prolapse in which the history of a secretodynamic syndrome with attendant general debility had run over years of time, reducing her to a state of emaciation and chronic invalidism. At the end of some two years of more marked digestive distress than she had had before, and after she had eliminated from her diet practically all of the foods essential to body-tissue sustenance and vital functions, she had read Sinclair's articles in the *Contemporary Review* and *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, and fixedly carried out the directions given, thereby adding an acute debility upon a chronic one. When seen by me she was suffering from an acute dilatation of the stomach, brought on by absti-



A STOMACH EXPERT WHO INDICTS UPTON SINCLAIR'S FASTS

Dr. Anthony Bassler, a student of the digestive functions for years and a writer on medical themes, declares that the practices suggested by the author of "The Jungle" have brought many to the verge of the grave.

nence from food, the organ practically filling her pelvis and being intolerant to nutriment of all kinds, even peptonized fluids. After some days of stimulation by hypodermic, saline infusions, and proctoclysis with albumin water, and then high caloric feeding, her life was despaired of. Under steady nursing, however, she slowly recovered, having spent over six weeks in bed as a result of her experiment."

The simple explanation of Upton Sinclair and his fasts is that the brilliant young author of "The Jungle" and "Love's Pilgrimage" is a faddist pure and simple, one whose mind is obsessed by a series of notions one after another, none resting upon any basis that can be called scientific or even sensible. For there are, explains Dr. Bassler, certain people in this world who are born faddists. One wears a monocle in public, or perhaps an inch-wide silk tape to his eye-glasses,—both of which are discarded when the wearer is alone. Another makes a specialty of fancy waistcoats,

and the next of some peculiar mode of talking to attract the public. But there is a type, prevalent mainly among people of the so-called literary class, though common enough among others, which is mentally warped on the subject of health fads. It is largely among these persons that the cults, -isms, -pathies, etc., have their sway. Regarding these people it has been stated that they are the ones in whom "brains are cheap," but the great majority of them sail through life with their heads in the clouds and their feet rarely touching the earth. As a rule, they are as impractical a group of individuals for the substantial advance of the world's problems as can be seen, and as far as their own physical welfare is concerned they are lucky to have God's grace and the accommodations of nature to assist them. The author of "The Fasting Cure" is one of these, as the following shows: "I had discovered Horace Fletcher a couple of years before," and his "idea was very wonderful to me." He next went through the books of Metchnikoff and Chittenden and tried the diets advanced; then came to Dr. Salisbury's "The Relation of Alimentation to Disease" after having been a vegetarian for three years. He now became a convert to beefsteaks and water (a fallacy long ago exposed and discarded by scientific physicians), and there was "one less vegetarian in the world." Koch's discovery of the tubercle bacillus seemed sufficient to him to put "Dr. Salisbury's theory out of court altogether, as we physical culturists are inclined to suspect"—showing that he was the latter too. Upton Sinclair is, and probably always will be, a follower of anything and everything on the health-cure order.

"From what the author details in his book of the symptomatology of his condition, the diagnosis of chronic excessive putrefaction in the intestine of the indolic form is apparent at a glance. He was the child, loosely brought up in a dietetic way, of a family in which a child with eating whims would have full sway and ready gratification. Altho he probably developed the condition in those days, the food in his family being of good quality and in abundance he 'was an active and fairly healthy boy' until the twentieth year of his life. The seeds of the condition having been sown, he wrote his first novel, 'working sixteen or eighteen hours a day for several months, camping out, and living mostly out of a frying pan. At the end I found that I was seriously troubled with dyspepsia; and it was worse the next year, after the second book.' To the trained clinician it is perfectly evident that the mental strain, with its depressing effects

on the digestive system, due to the writing of two novels at the break-health pace which he set for himself, with the products of the frying-pan added, broke the frail pole under the hollow tent, and down came his low degree of physical and nervous energy, leaving him a frank dyspeptic. After that, the history continues, 'I worked under heavy pressure all the time, and ate very irregularly, and ate unwholesome food.' Then there begins a description of various minor symptoms, all indicative of low general body resistance and toxemia, with some due directly to the latter condition. He then developed a continuous summer sneezing, 'a kind of hay fever,' and this, with other symptoms, gave evidence of a neurasthenia. The diagnosis at this time was chronic excessive putrefaction in the intestine of the indolic form begun in childhood, and the low stock of vital, nervous and reserve energy he possessed previous to the novel-writing days, broken down further by his life thereafter, finally led to the development of his temperamental neurosis into a marked neurasthenia."

Against the allegation that fasting was the cause of his improvement, Dr. Bassler presents the following statement of Upton Sinclair's: "I went out of doors and lay in the sun all day, reading." Here were rest with fresh air and mental diversion to help him recuperate. When he broke the fast, he "took a glassful of warm milk every hour the first day, every three-quarters of an hour the next day, and finally every half-hour—or eight quarts a day." From clinical experience, long before the reason therefor was understood, physicians had learned that fresh milk was the food *par excellence* for the ill. To-day we know the reason of the value of an exclusive milk diet, viz., that because of the ready digestibility of milk it is practically all absorbed before reaching the colon, thus leaving but little chance for the organisms in the colon to act upon it; in a word, those on a milk diet harbor less bacteria in the intestines than do those on a mixed diet, and this is the basis of the improvement in cases on the Metchnikoff milk diet (not because of the lactic acid or the bacteria contained in it). The ridiculous part of this is that he claims to have discovered the milk diet. If Sinclair, instead of fasting first, had from a mixed diet suddenly changed to a milk diet of about three quarts a day and rested in the sun, with mental diversions, he would have accomplished the same results in the space of time he mentions, and, just as truly, he would not have run the danger of an acute dilatation of the stomach from the large amounts of milk he took. Taking every

three-quarters of an hour in glassfuls milk which takes three hours to leave the stomach, almost a quart must have been in his stomach at every minute of the day—a ridiculous and dangerous amount, as one of my cases proved it to be.

Added to these facts comes physical exercise, a most wholesome thing for one afflicted with his disorder to engage in. "Whenever I had a spare minute or two I would begin to stand on my head, or to 'chin' myself, or do some other 'stunt.'" Then again, he took daily enemata of water for his constipation, thus clearing out the bacteria and putrefying foods in his colon and thereby helping his local and general condition; but, like the other good measures employed in his cure, they are not given much credit for his improvement in health.

"An accurate diagnosis of his condition being made from the history and clinical symptoms, with a careful study of what and how much food he was taking, an exhaustive quantitative chemical examination of the urine and an investigation of the stools, as to their quantity, the character of food and detritus, and the amounts and character of the contained bacteria,

would have suggested the proper diet for him and how much of each of the foods he should take, the hygienic measures to be instituted, and the proper vaccine to raise his opsonic index against the infecting organisms at work in his intestine. In his case, as well as in practically all of the same conditions as they are being handled by practitioners to-day, deep enough scientific study has not been given to the phenomena present. When we know exactly what materials are going into these people in the way of food and drink, and how these are coming out, their utilization, their losses, and their perversions, most valuable clinical data for the basis of treatment are obtained. Sulphate partitions of the urine, estimations of albumin-loss and the percentages and differential counts of bacteria of the stools, all made under known conditions of diet, are most essential for both diagnosis and treatment, yet are seldom carried out. Mild cases can be diagnosed by inference or exclusion, and simple measures of treatment answer for the majority of these, but by far the larger proportion are chronic in nature, and these cannot be cured unless they are studied most scientifically and exhaustively. In these, in addition to the diet and other measures, the working up of the body resistance against the infection by vaccine methods forms the most valuable point of treatment."

PHOTOGRAPHY WITH

THE possibility of making new scientific discoveries by means of photography, employing light which the human eye is incapable of seeing was considered in a lecture at the Royal Institution in London recently by Professor R. W. Wood of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. As an example, Professor Wood showed photographs made with a quartz lens, which transmits the very short invisible ultra-violet rays (that are completely absorbed by glass). These proved, in the words of Professor Wood, which we quote from *The Illustrated London News*, that the electric spark gives off some form of radiant emission which makes the air around it glow with a light invisible to the eye.

"The spark passed between a rod of metal and a metal plate placed above it, perforated with a small hole. The emission passed through this hole, and if the quite dark (to the eye) region above were photographed with a glass lens, nothing appeared upon the photographic plate. If, however, the camera was fitted with a lens of quartz, an image was secured resembling the tail of a comet, and the spectroscope showed that the light which the air above the hole was

ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS

giving out was of the same nature as that given out by a flame of hydrogen gas burning in oxygen, minus the visible light, however. In one photograph, which was reproduced, the round circle of light is the image of the circular hole in the plate, and the long streamer extending up from it, the luminosity of the air, excited by the emission from the spark. The nature of the emission has not yet been scientifically determined, but I suspect that it is ultra-violet light of shorter wave-length than any hitherto observed. The light from the sun and artificial sources is in part made up of invisible ultra-violet rays, and if we photograph objects with a quartz lens, coated with a thin film of metallic silver, which is quite opaque to visible rays, but highly transparent to the invisible ultra-violet, we obtain pictures of objects as they would appear to beings capable of seeing by means of ultra-violet light. Many objects which appear white to the eye appear black, or nearly so, when photographed in this way. Common white garden flowers are a striking example. In one photograph we have two views of a bed of phlox in bloom—the left-hand view made with an ordinary glass lens, the right with a lens of silvered quartz. In the latter the white flowers have disappeared, and can be distinguished from the leaves only by close inspec-

tion. It is clear from this that, if the white flowers were placed upon white paper they would be much more conspicuous if photographed with ultra-violet light. It has been found that many other white substances show this peculiarity, and by applying the same principle to astronomical photography I discovered a vast deposit of some material on the moon surrounding the crater Aristarchus. Two photographs of this crater and the surrounding region were reproduced, the crater in question being indicated by an arrow. By making parallel experiments in the laboratory it may even be possible to determine the probable nature of some of the substances of which the lunar surface is composed.

"A study has also been made of the nature of flames by ultra-violet light. It has long been known that flames owe their light to minute particles of carbon which, heated to a high temperature in the flame, emit light. I have been studying the amount of carbon present in the most luminous part of the flame, by photographing the shadow of the flame cast by ultra-violet light. A quartz plate, covered with silver, was placed between the candle-flame and the sensitive photographic plate. The candle gives out little or no light capable of passing through the silver, consequently the plate was practically in the dark.



Courtesy *Illustrated London News*

DARK AS LIGHT

The infra-red region is that region of the spectrum which extends beyond the red. Landscapes photographed through a screen or ray filter capable of transmitting these rays only present a remarkable appearance. If the sky is clear blue without haze it comes out black in the picture.



Courtesy *Illustrated London News*

BLACK SKY—WHITE FOLIAGE

There are more colors in the spectrum than the old physicists suspected. Beyond the violet, for instance, is a region the human eye can not see. It will leave an impression on a photographic plate: this is the ultra-violet region.

If now an electric spark, which gives off much ultra-violet light, was placed in such a position as to cause the candle to cast a shadow upon the silvered quartz, the photographic plate, when developed, showed a very conspicuous shadow of the flame, and the shadow was blackest in the region where the flame was brightest—that is, just a little below the tip."

Professor Wood also made a number of experiments with rays at the other end of the spectrum, the so-called infra-red light. Landscapes photographed through a screen or ray-filter capable of transmitting these rays only, present a most remarkable appearance. If the sky is a clear blue, without haze, it comes out as black as midnight in the pictures, since it reflects little or no infra-red light. Green foliage reflects these rays very powerfully, however, and consequently comes out snow-white in the pictures. Professor Wood made a large collection of views in this way during a recent trip through Sicily and Italy, a number of which were reproduced with great ease. One of the most striking was made in the old Latomia, or quarries, at Syracuse, in which the Athenian prisoners were confined. With its black sky and glistening foliage it suggests one of Well's views of lunar vegetation.

RECENT RESEARCHES INTO THE POWER OF DIGESTION IN PLANTS

WHAT is it that causes the seed in its cold wet bed to start growing? The query is propounded in the *London Times* by an authority on botany, stimulated by the results of recent discoveries and experiments with reference to the mystery of growth in the awakening of plant activity. The seed, we are reminded by this authority, contains a frail germ of the plant that is to be—we must suppose with all its peculiarities potentially defined—together with the store of food required for its development up to the point at which the mechanism is elaborated whereby it is enabled to utilize sunshine and live by its own labor. This food, like our food, is mainly of two kinds—non-nitrogenous and nitrogenous; like ourselves, the young plant must have starch and flesh food, though like some men, such as the Esquimaux, some plants can utilize fat in place of starch; all need albuminous (white-of-egg-like) materials such as are contained in our flesh food. The food of the plant has to be digested just as our food has to be, and the digestive agents are closely akin to and in many cases identical with those at our disposal. The digestive agents or enzymes are usually laid down apart from the food materials which it is their function to convert into assimilable forms. The process of germination in some way involves the occurrence of changes whereby the enzymes are rendered operative. Our contemporary proceeds as follows:

"Seeds will absorb a considerable proportion of water, at least nearly their own weight. It is a property of solids to condense water on their surfaces; each tiny granule of starch or other solid material within the seed becomes coated with a liquid film; as the surface exposed by the granules is enormous in the aggregate, the power possessed by the seeds of attracting water is very great. Usually, only water passes in, as there is a layer near the surface of the seed which has the power of preventing the entry of most salts; it is on this account possible before sowing them to dress seeds with highly poisonous salts, such as sulphate of copper, in order to prevent the growth of moulds on their surfaces; the actual function of the layer in question, however, clearly is to prevent the escape from the seed of sugar and other substances of nutritive value to the plant during the earliest stages of growth. Of the few substances in soil-water that can pass into the seed one of the most noteworthy is am-

monia, the well-known powerful stimulant; and it is furthermore a noteworthy fact that not only will this pass into the seed from a weak solution, but it also hastens the rate at which water enters.

"Recent observations have shown that leaves are protected by a membrane, similar to that covering seeds, which prevents the escape of soluble substances, such as sugar, into water resting on the leaf surface; this membrane is permeable by ammonia, ether, chloroform, and many other substances which have only a slight affinity for water. When such substances pass into the leaf, they at once affect the changes going on within the cells; if the dose be a minute one, they merely stimulate changes in the direction which there is reason to believe is followed normally, especially during the period when the plant is not exposed to light—changes which may be referred to as downgrade, similar to those attending the digestion of food in the stomach and its conversion into soluble, assimilable forms that can pass into the circulation. If more than a minute dose be introduced into the leaf the effect is one of over-stimulation and lethal—usually the leaf turns brown. The effect may be observed most easily, perhaps, in leaves of the common spotted Japanese laurel (*Aucuba japonica*), which rapidly turns almost black under the influence of ammonia or the vapor of ether, chloroform, etc. The leaf of the common laurel turns brown; but the browning is attended by the escape of prussic acid, a circumstance from which it is possible to infer the nature of the change that is produced in the leaf."

The prussic acid is liberated from a glucoside, a compound of the sugar glucose, the breakdown of the glucoside being effected by the action of an enzyme. The glucoside is present in solution in the leaf sap; the enzyme is located apart from it in a definite layer in the cell walls. Apparently, as the stimulant penetrates the leaf surface, it determines a flow of solution towards the enzyme, and a certain amount of glucoside is changed in consequence. But there is reason to believe that the stimulant does much more than this—in fact, that it to some extent causes the disintegration of the protoplasmic mass in which the enzyme is normally locked up, so rendering the enzyme effective by bringing it more generally into contact with the liquid contents of the cell. It is an interesting fact that many of the shrubs and flowering trees which blossom early in the season contain glucosides of which prussic acid is a constituent; it is probable that growth is stimu-

lated by the liberation and circulation of this substance within their tissues.

Changes such as have been referred to appear to accompany plant growth during all its stages. It is to be supposed that, in the case of the seed, germination cannot take place until the enzymes are let loose by which certain changes are initiated and that some stimulant is operative in setting the enzymes in action. Seeds often contain such stimulants in a readily available form—mustard seed, for example, owes its extreme pungency to the presence in it of a glucoside together with the corresponding enzyme; these at once interact when brought into contact, giving rise to oil of mustard, one of the most intensely active stimulants known; the mustard plaster owes its efficiency to this substance. The mustard oil probably plays an all-important part in determining growth in the young plant, and is effective in the way in which it is effective as a condiment.

It is highly probable that the germination of seeds in ordinary soil is largely if not entirely determined by the traces of ammonia normally present in the soil and that the carbonic acid in soil also acts as a stimulant.

"Recent researches carried out at the Lawes Agricultural Trust Experiment Station at Rothamsted by Dr. Russell and his co-workers have brought to light the remarkable fact that of the

large number of organisms within the soil, some—the bacteria—are effective in breaking down the organic matter in the soil until it becomes available as plant food; these are chiefly concerned in producing ammonia from complex nitrogenous materials. Other larger organisms known as protozoa are present, but these appear to fatten on the bacteria and to diminish their activity by reducing their numbers. Dr. Russell has shown that when the protozoa are killed off and only the bacteria are allowed to survive, these latter can multiply undisturbed; the changes to which they give rise can then take place to a greater extent than in ordinary soil, and, consequently, the fertility of the soil is greatly increased. The discovery is one that promises to be of the greatest practical utility—especially in connection with cultivation under glass.

"Attention has been called recently in these columns to the increased growth observed in some cases when growing crops are subjected to the influence of electric discharges. Should the results be confirmed, it will be important to ascertain why such discharges are effective; they might well give rise to the production of small amounts of ammonia within the soil; and, if this prove to be the case, an explanation will have been given of the stimulative effect of electric discharges which would be in harmony with general agricultural experience. Enough will have been said to show that the effect of stimulants on plant growth is one that should be taken into consideration; that plants, in fact, do not lead an entirely humdrum existence, but, like ourselves, require and enjoy condiments."

THE ARTIFICIAL GEM DELUSION

COMMERCIALLY, we are as far from being able to produce artificial diamonds as in the days of the alchemists. Many persons, misled by current ideas on the subject, think the artificial diamond a thing calculated to deceive even the experienced in gems. That is denied by Mr. Noel Heaton. In a paper published by London *Nature*, he says at the outset that the most important point to remember about paste is its lack of durability; it is not only too soft to stand much wear, but its composition is so unstable that it rapidly deteriorates and loses its brilliancy on exposure. Therefore, altho there is a certain legitimate scope for such paste imitations, they are very unsatisfactory substitutes for the genuine article. This being the case, as scientific knowledge has advanced, attention has been more and more concentrated on the problem of producing by artificial means the actual minerals found in nature,

and thus obtaining what is defined as artificial in contradistinction to imitation jewels, having both the beauty and durability of the natural article without the objectional concomitant of enormous cost.

"The first point to be considered in attacking this problem is the composition of the stone, as it is obvious that, other things being equal, the possibilities of success are greater with a stone of simple than one of comparatively complicated composition. The economic aspect has also to be considered—it is not much use devoting time and ingenuity to the production of an artificial stone when the natural one is so common that the cost of the two would be practically identical.

"It is, perhaps, a bold thing to say that no such thing as an artificial diamond will ever be placed on the market, but one can safely assert that, so far as our knowledge stands at present, it is impracticable. In saying this, I am quite aware that statements as to the commercial production of synthetic diamonds being an accom-

plished fact have quite recently appeared broadcast in the public press, but those who are responsible for such statements are (shall we say?) under a misapprehension as to the meaning generally conveyed by the term 'synthetic,' and are unable to follow the distinction between an artificial gem and an imitation.

"The chief problem to be faced is that of attaining the necessary temperature and it is not surprising that crystalline alumina was produced as a scientific curiosity so far back as the commencement of the nineteenth century. It is at this time that we first begin to hear of the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe (or the gas blowpipe, as it was then called). The process of producing reconstructed rubies by means of the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe is, roughly, as follows:—The residue from cutting rubies and small worthless stones is broken into coarse sand, a small quantity of which is placed on the center of a disc of platinum; this is then carefully brought to the fusion point, care being taken at this stage not to raise the temperature to such an extent as to melt the platinum support. So soon as this mass is fused it serves to protect the platinum, and the reconstructed ruby can be built up on it by adding the fragments of ruby one at a time by means of small platinum forceps. These pieces have to be dropped on with great care in order to secure incorporation with the mass and prevent, so far as possible, the formation of air bubbles. It will be readily understood that this process is a tedious and laborious one, and, in fact, the formation of masses of sufficient size to yield large stones on cutting is a matter of such difficulty that the cost of production is very high."

Just about seven years ago, however, Verneuil overcame this restriction when he hit on the extremely ingenious idea of introducing the raw material through the blowpipe, and thus placing it on the support automatically. The blowpipe is arranged vertically over a small insulated chamber containing the support on which the mass is to be built up. The oxygen tube communicates at its upper extremity with a funnel-shaped hopper, in which is suspended a small sieve filled with the raw material, which is rhythmically shaken by means of a small hammer actuated by an electromagnet or cam. Each time the hammer taps the support of the sieve, causing it to vibrate, a small quantity of the powder falls through into the tube below, and, carried along by the gas, passes out at its lower extremity into the zone of flame, where it is immediately raised to the fusion point, and falls as a melted globule on to the support below.

"For a long time all attempts to reproduce the fine blue of the sapphire failed. A year or so ago, however, the problem of producing synthetic

sapphire was finally solved by the use of titanium oxide, a very unexpected result considering the chemical position of this element. The artificial production of the corundum gem-stone may be considered to be completely solved, and cut stones can now be obtained in every variety of color, from pure white to ruby and sapphire, at prices ranging from four to ten shillings a carat, according to color, quality, and size.

"Whatever may be their economic importance, a very much debated question, there can be no doubt as to the scientific interest of this group of artificial gems. In the first place, it is a matter of some interest that a mass of fused material formed in this way should not only be crystalline, but possess all the characteristics of a single crystal. Crystallographers are agreed that each boule is a single crystalline individual, with the axis roughly perpendicular to the plane of formation—that is to say, running from the point of attachment of the pedestal to the top of the mass.

"Then there is the matter of coloration. One would like very much to know what is the state of combination of the chromium in a ruby, and whether the color is produced by chromium aluminate in solution or metallic chromium in molecular suspension.

"A point of more practical interest is the fact that although the artificial corundum is a true crystal, it possesses the shape and formation of a congealed liquid or glass. The practical interest of this lies in the fact that it affords the only means of distinction between this artificial corundum and the naturally formed gem-stone. For all practical purposes, the artificial ruby is a ruby, and one can only deny that it is a 'genuine ruby' if this word is held to connote essentially a product found in the earth and not made by man.

"Reconstructed emeralds have been made by the Verneuil process, but these are, of course, amorphous, and do not possess the double refraction and other properties consequent upon the crystalline structure of the natural stone. The problem of producing this stone artificially has not as yet been solved.

"The opal ranks with the diamond in resisting attempts at artificial production, and is even superior to it in that it cannot be really successfully imitated.

"The peculiar lustre of the pearl, like the color of the opal, is due rather to its structure than its composition. It is formed in the oyster by the deposition of successive layers of calcium carbonate round some central object, and consists of an innumerable number of thin overlapping laminae of the crystalline variety of this substance known as aragonite. These layers being semi-transparent, the light falling on the surface is partially reflected from the surface and partially transmitted into the stone, where it suffers reflection from the surface of lower layers."

THE CURSE OF EDUCATION AS IT IS LAID ON AMERICAN YOUTH

BY way of preface to an indictment of the entire school and college training of the land, Doctor Boris Sidis, one of the most renowned of living psychologists, observes that the education of a child should begin between the second and third years. It is then that the child begins to form his interests. It is at that period that we must seize the opportunity to guide the formative energies of childhood in right channels. To delay is a mistake, a wrong to the child. It is the idlest nonsense, writes Doctor Sidis, to be afraid of forcing the child's mind. We can not strain the brain prematurely. If we fail to direct the energies in the right direction, the child will waste them in the wrong direction. For the same amount of mental energy used in those silly games which we think specially adapted to the childish mind can be directed with lasting benefit to the development of interest in intellectual activity and love of knowledge. The child will learn to play at "the game of knowledge acquisition" with the same ease now revealed in its nursery games and physical exercises.*

"What is more of a truism than the axioms of geometry and mechanics—that the whole is greater than the part, that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, or that a body remains in the same state unless an external force changes it? And yet the whole of Mathematics and Mechanics is built on those simple axioms.

"The elements of science are just such obvious platitudes. What is needed is to use them as efficient tools and by their means draw the consequent effects. The same holds true in the science of education. The axiom or the law of early training is not new, it is well known, but it is unfortunately too often neglected and forgotten, and its significance is almost completely lost.

"It is certainly surprising how this law of early training is so disregarded, so totally ignored in the education of the child. Not only do we neglect to lay the necessary solid basis in the early life of the child, a solid basis ready for the future structure, we do not even take care to clear the ground. In fact, we even make the child's soul a dunghill, full of vermin, of superstitions, fears and prejudices,—a hideous heap saturated with the spirit of credulity.

"We regard the child's mind as a *tabula rasa*, a vacant lot, and empty on it all our rubbish and

refuse. We labor under the delusion that stories and fairy tales, myths and deceptions about life and man are good for the child's mind. Is it a wonder that on such a foundation men can only put up shacks and shanties? We forget the simple fact that what is harmful for the adult is still more harmful to the child. Surely what is poisonous to the grown-up mind cannot be useful food to the young. If credulity in old wives' tales, lack of individuality, sheepish submissiveness, barrack-discipline, unquestioned and uncritical belief in authority, meaningless imitation of jingles and gibberish, memorization of Mother Goose wisdom, repetition of incomprehensible prayers and articles of creed, unintelligent aping of good manners, silly games, prejudices and superstitions and fears of the supernormal and supernatural are censured in adults, why should we approve of their cultivation in the young?"

We press our children into the triumphant march of our industrial Juggernaut, says Dr. Sidis. Over 1,700,000 children under 15 years of age toil in fields, factories, mines and workshops. The slums and the factory cripple the energies of our young generation. The slaughter of the innocents and the sacrifice of our children to the insatiable Moloch of industry exclude us from the rank of civilized society and place us on the level of barbaric nations.

Our educators are narrow-minded pedants. They are occupied with the dry bones of textbooks, the sawdust of pedagogics and the would-be scientific experiments of educational psychology; they are ignorant of the real vital problems of human interests, a knowledge of which goes to make the truly educated man.

"It is certainly unfortunate that the favored type of superintendent of our public education should be such a hopeless philistine, possessed of all the conceit of the mediocre business man. Routine is his ideal. Originality and genius are spurned and suppressed. Our school-superintendent with his well-organized training-shop is proud of the fact that there is no place for genius in our schools.

"Unfortunate and degraded is the nation that has handed over its childhood and youth to guidance and control by hide-bound mediocrity. Our school-managers are respected by the laity as great educators and are looked up to by the teachers as able business men. Their merit is routine, discipline and the hiring of cheap teaching-employees. . . . They stifle talent, they stupefy the intellect, they paralyze the will, they

* PHILISTINE AND GENIUS. By Boris Sidis. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

suppress genius, they benumb the faculties of our children. The educator, with his pseudo-scientific, pseudo-psychological pseudagogics, can only bring up a set of philistines with firm, set habits,—marionettes,—dolls.

"Business is put above learning, administration above education, discipline and order above cultivation of genius and talent. Our schools and colleges are controlled by business men. The school-boards, the boards of trustees of almost every school and college in the country consist mainly of manufacturers, store-keepers, tradesmen, bulls and bears of Wall Street and the market-place. What wonder that they bring with them the ideals and methods of the factory, the store, the bank and the saloon."

From time to time the "educational" methods of our philistine teachers are brought to light. A girl is forced by a schoolma'am of one of our large cities to stay in a corner for hours, because she unintentionally transgressed against the barrack-discipline of the school regulations. When the parents became afraid of the girl's health and naturally took her out of school, the little girl was dragged before the court by the truant officer. Fortunately "the judge turned to the truant officer and asked him how the girl could be a truant, if she had been suspended. He didn't believe in breaking children's wills." In another city a pupil of genius was excluded from school because "he did not fall in with the system" laid out by the "very able business-superintendent."

"Our schools brand their pupils by a system of marks, while our foremost colleges measure the knowledge and education of their students by the number of 'points' passed. The student may pass either in Logic or Blacksmithing. It does not matter which, provided he makes up a certain number of 'points'!"

"College-committees refuse admission to young students of genius, because 'it is against the policy and principles of the university.' College-professors expel promising students from the lecture-room for 'the good of the class as a whole,' because the students 'happen to handle their hats in the middle of a lecture.' This, you see, interferes with class discipline. *Fiat justitia, pereat mundus.* Let genius perish, provided the system lives. Why not suppress all genius, as a disturbing element, for 'the good of the classes,' for the weal of the commonwealth? Education of man and cultivation of genius, indeed! This is not school policy.

"We school and drill our children and youth in schoolma'am mannerism, schoolmaster mind-ankylosis, school superintendent stiff-joint ceremonialism, factory regulations and office discipline. We give our students and pupils artisan inspiration and business spirituality. Originality

is suppressed. Individuality is crushed. Mediocrity is at a premium. That is why our country has such clever business men, such cunning artisans, such resourceful politicians, such adroit leaders of new cults, but no scientists, no artists, no philosophers, no statesmen, no genuine talent, and no true genius."

The red tape of officialdom, like a poisonous weed, grows luxuriantly in our schools and chokes the life of our young generation. Instead of growing into a people of great independent thinkers, the nation is in danger of fast becoming a crowd of well-drilled, well-disciplined, commonplace individuals, with strong philistine habits and notions of hopeless mediocrity.

In leveling education to mediocrity we imagine that we uphold the democratic spirit of our institutions. Our American sensibilities are shocked when the president of one of our leading colleges dares to recommend to his college that it should cease catering to the average student.

"Awaken in early childhood the critical spirit of man; awaken, early in the child's life, love of knowledge, love of truth, of art and literature for their own sake, and you arouse man's genius. We have average mediocre students, because we have mediocre teachers, department-store superintendents, clerky principals and deans with bookkeepers' souls, because our schools and colleges deliberately aim at mediocrity.

"Robot in describing the degenerated Byzantine Greeks tells us that their leaders were mediocrities and their great men commonplace personalities. Is the American nation drifting in the same direction? It was the system of cultivation of independent thought that awakened the Greek mind to its highest achievement in arts, science and philosophy; it was the deadly Byzantine bureaucratic red tape with its cut-and-dried theological discipline that dried up the sources of Greek genius. We are in danger of building up a Byzantine empire with large institutions and big corporations, but with small minds and dwarfed individualities. Like the Byzantines we begin to value administration above individuality and official, red-tape ceremonialism above originality.

"We wish even to turn our schools into practical school-shops. We shall in time become a nation of well-trained clerks and clever artisans. The time is at hand when we shall be justified in writing over the gates of our school-shops 'mediocrity made here!'"

To make matters worse, the country is filled with a smug self-satisfaction on the subject. The Americans think they are educated.

THE TRULY SCIENTIFIC ATTITUDE TO THE OCCULT

EVERY now and then one reads an outcry by some ill-informed scribe or has to deal with the peevish remarks of a philosophic poet, notes Sir Ray Lankester, the upshot of which is in the first case that "science" does not at once undertake the investigation of what the complainant is pleased to call the "unknown"; and in the second that science is unable to solve the great riddle of the universe, "Why are we here?" There is a notion among such people that some definitely accredited body of thinkers and teachers, whom they suppose, and declare to be, authoritative exponents of "science," has undertaken to solve all the doubts and difficulties of human beings, and that because this is not done without more delay, science (as they use the word) is a disappointment, and, in fact, a fraud. There are two main causes of misunderstanding in this matter. The first is that, in reality, there is no church of science. There is no authorized doctrine, no one entitled by others to make promises in the name of science. Science is no more the special possession or province of any section or body of men than is common-sense. All sorts and conditions of men can, and do, prophesy in its name without credentials and without responsibility or consequence.

The second misunderstanding in this matter which still prevails is due to the mistake which is frequently made of confusing science—the knowledge of the order of Nature and the causes of things—with those conceptions as to the ultimate origin and nature of existence which have led mankind in the past into a variety of fancies and a belief in more or less significant fables. To quote further the words of the distinguished Sir Ray Lankester, who writes in the London *Telegraph*:

"All that the cultivators of science have to do with such speculations is to compare them with one another and account for their particular forms by what is known of the working of the mind in ancient races and the 'savages' of to-day. They also point out from time to time either where and how certain of these speculations are contradictory of scientific knowledge, or that others of them do not receive the direct confirmation or direct refutation from science which is sometimes claimed or somewhat angrily demanded for them by those who will not recognize the obvious limitations of human knowledge. The late Professor Clifford cited in illustration of this limitation the fact that the moon shows only one side of its surface to the earth, and

that no one has ever seen the other side. If a man should say that there is a sky-blue peacock on the other side of the moon, we could not positively assert that there is not such a peacock there, nor that it is impossible that there should be. All we can say is that it is in the highest degree improbable. Although we can guess in a general way with probable correctness, yet we really do not 'know' what there is on the other side of the moon! And, moreover, so far as we can judge, it is not likely that we ever shall.

"A gifted writer in whose company I found myself the other evening lay back with an air of hopeless dejection on the comfortable sofa from which he was discoursing, and with an expression of profound melancholy tinged with resentment said: 'I have studied science, and it is a disappointment! It is a fraud! It does not tell me why I am here. Why are we here? That is what I want to know.' I ventured to tell him that it was an entire misconception of science to suppose or pretend that it could answer that question, or that its inability to do so was in any sense a failure or a diminution of its value. I pointed out to him that he would probably be very much more disappointed than he is at present if he did know the ultimate purpose of his presence on this earth—assuming that an ultimate power resembling human purpose has determined it. In what way would it render any of us happier, could we have scientific knowledge of it? What science can and does do for us is to tell us what 'here' is and how it is. We can see that it is man's inevitable lot, his destiny, to know more and more of Nature, and of himself as a part of Nature, to control and adapt the ways of Nature so as to make human life happier and, as we say, 'better.' But 'why' is that man's destiny? 'Why' are there millions of stars and planets beyond our powers of imagination? 'Why' is there and how is there a limit to the universe? Or, if there is no limit, 'why' and how does an unlimited universe exist?—these are not questions which are within the range of knowledge. Some of us may venture on suppositions and dreams of splendid possibilities, but they are apart from what is called 'science'; where it ends they begin."

Science is a name which, though often misapplied, and, in accordance with the legitimized looseness of our language, also correctly applied, to many different things, yet has a simple meaning. In the last century they used to speak of the "science" of the prize-fighter, and although "art" and "science" were contrasted in the saying, "Every science gives origin to an art in practice, and every art is dependent on a related science" (which is not a true or enlightening statement), yet

the words "science" and "scientific" were and are frequently used, not as contrasted with, but as equivalent to, "art" and "artful" in a sense which is more satisfactorily given by the words "skill" and "skilful." The use of the word "science" in the complaints and regrets to which I have referred is based on a more ancient application of the word, but undoubtedly has been pushed beyond what is conducive to clear understanding. The ancient use of the word "science" is as a comprehensive term for what were called by the French, when academies were founded three centuries ago, "les sciences." The French followed the classical usage of the Romans, who distinguished and named a number of sciences (*scientiae*), and a number of arts (*artes*). The significance of these two terms is seen by the matters which they respectively comprised. The "sciences" were said by Cicero to be "the arts of the mind," implying that the arts proper were connected with bodily skill.

"The word 'sciences' is now used for all branches of knowledge which have attained to a certain completeness and logical coherence. The word was not used by the founders of the Royal Society in the seventeenth century. They declared their purpose to be 'the promotion of natural knowledge'; that is to say, 'of the knowledge of Nature.' The term 'science' has been gradually adopted in this country to signify more especially this 'knowledge of Nature'—a usage which at first seems to involve undue limitation, but has been justified by the recognition in the last century that man is included as an outcome of Nature, and must be studied by the same methods and with reference to the same ultimate facts as that wider 'Nature' of which he is a part. In the attempt to gain a trustworthy and accurate knowledge of Nature those who devote themselves to this purpose, and have been termed 'men of science,' have in these past two centuries found it essential to progress that they should insist on a certain method, which has been called 'the scientific method,' but is, after all, only the conscious application of principles which guide all intelligent men in ordinary affairs. Those principles are, first, accuracy in the observation and statement of a fact, and secondly, the formation of often far-reaching guesses in explanation of the fact (or merely with a view to more complete history and understanding of it), suggested by a knowledge of other well-ascertained facts, the guess being then tested, and so either established or discarded by means of experiment, or by further observation, or by logical reference to ascertained facts. No guess is accepted without convincing test and trial."

The founders of the Royal Society made it a rule that at their meetings no one should occupy the time of the society by mere narrations of marvelous occurrences or reports of the prodigies of witchcraft and magic. The members of the society were directed to "bring in" (that is to say, "exhibit") an experiment or a specimen. The motto adopted by the society was, and remains, "Nullius in verba"—"on no man's report"—in order to assert its distrust of mere prejudice and opinion, in the absence of "test." This primary demand on the part of the Royal Society for some definite tangible thing to be placed on the table as the starting-point of scientific inquiry, led to the immediate breakdown of all sorts of baseless fancies and beliefs, and this demand remains the touchstone of scientific method, as we understand that term, at the present day. Examples of its importance are seen in two questions submitted by the King to the scientific men of those days. One was, "How is it that, living goldfish, being placed in a bowl of water, they do not increase the weight of the bowl and its contents?" Instead of discussing as to how this might be accounted for, or whether reasons could be stated why it should not be so—the scientific men balanced a bowl containing water in a pair of scales and then placed two goldfish, previously weighed, in the water. They found that the weight of the bowl and its contents was increased by precisely the weight of the added fish; and there was an end of the matter! The thing they were asked to explain had no existence!

"Another question asked by the King was, 'Why the humble and sensitive plant stirs, or draws back, at the touching of it.' A committee was appointed, specimens of the Sensitive Plant (*Mimosa sensitiva*), a native of tropical America, then lately brought to this country, were obtained, and the movement of the plant when touched observed. In this case the alleged fact was found to be true, and there the plant was ready for investigation! A report was presented to the society by one of the Fellows (Dr. Clarke), in August, 1661; but a satisfactory demonstration of the nature of the mechanism of the 'stirring, or drawing back,' of the sensitive plant, when touched (by no means an easy thing to make out), was not arrived at until 200 years later. The 'divining' experiment, with fresh hazel-sticks, the poison-arresting properties of the unicorn's (*rhinoceros*) horn, the reputed properties of sympathetic powders, and magnetic cures, were tested in the presence of the Fellows of the society, and, in the language of the register-book of the society, 'were found faulty.'"

Religion and Ethics

RIDER HAGGARD'S TRIBUTE TO THE SALVATION ARMY

IN A book* which ex-President Roosevelt hails as "absorbingly interesting," Rider Haggard, the English novelist, has published a detailed account of the social work of the Salvation Army in Great Britain. He was led to write the book, he tells us, in connection with the sociological researches in which he has been engaged for several years past. His "Rural England," a study of depopulation, brought him into touch with General Booth, and when, in 1909, he was appointed by the British Government a commissioner to investigate and report upon the land colonies of the Salvation Army in the United States, he came into contact with many of its officers, and learned much of its systems and methods. Something over a year ago he was asked, on behalf of General Booth, whether he would write of the Salvation Army in England. By this time he had become so keenly interested in the Army that he assented to the request, the plan agreed upon being that he should visit the various institutions and record what he actually saw, neither more nor less, together with his resulting impressions. He has ended by dedicating his pages "to the Officers and Soldiers of the Salvation Army, in token of my admiration of the self-sacrificing work by which it is their privilege to aid the poor and wretched throughout the world."

If the ordinary person of fashion or leisure, says Rider Haggard, were asked the question, What is the Salvation Army? he would probably reply in some such terms as these: "The Salvation Army is a body of people dressed up in a semi-military uniform, or those of them who are women, in unbecoming poke bonnets, who go about the streets making a noise in the name of God and frightening horses with brass bands. It is under the rule of an arbitrary old gentleman named Booth, who calls himself a General, and whose principal trade assets consist in a handsome and unusual face, and an inexhaustible flow of language, which he generally delivers from a white motor-car wherever he finds that he can attract the most attention. He is a clever actor in his way, who has got a great number of people under his thumb, and I am told that he has made a large

fortune out of the business, like the late prophet Dowie, and others of the same sort." If the same person, continues Mr. Haggard, were by chance intelligent and fair-minded, and willing to make inquiry into the actual facts concerning the Salvation Army, what would he discover? Mr. Haggard answers:

"He would discover that about five and forty years ago some impulse, wherever it may have come from, moved a Dissenting minister, gifted with a mind of power and originality, and a body of great strength and endurance, gifted, also, with an able wife who shared his views, to try, if not to cure, at least to ameliorate the lot of the fallen or distressed millions that are one of the natural products of high civilization, by ministering to their creature wants and regenerating their spirits upon the plain and simple lines laid down in the New Testament. He would find, also, that this humble effort, at first quite unaided, has been so successful that the results seem to partake of the nature of the miraculous.

"Thus he would learn that the religious organization founded by this man and his wife is now established and, in most instances, firmly rooted in 56 countries and colonies, where it preaches the Gospel in 33 separate languages; that it has over 16,000 officers wholly employed in its service, and publishes 74 periodicals in 20 tongues, with a total circulation of nearly 1,000,000 copies per issue; that it accommodates over 28,000 poor people nightly in its institutions, maintaining 229 food depots and shelters for men, women, and children, and 157 labor factories where destitute or characterless people are employed; that it has 17 homes for ex-criminals, 37 homes for children, 116 industrial homes for the rescue of women, 16 land colonies, 149 slum stations for the visitation and assistance of the poor, 60 labor bureaus for helping the unemployed, and 521 day schools for children; that, in addition to all these, it has criminal and general investigation departments, inebriate homes for men and women, inquiry offices for tracing lost and missing people, maternity hospitals, 37 homes for training officers, prison-visitation staffs, and so on almost *ad infinitum*.

"He would find, also, that it collects and dispenses an enormous revenue, mostly from among the poorer classes, and that its system is run with remarkable business ability; that General Booth, often supposed to be so opulent, lives upon a pittance which most country clergymen would refuse, taking nothing, and never having taken anything, from the funds of the Army.

* *REGENERATION*. By H. Rider Haggard. Longmans, Green & Company.

And lastly, not to weary the reader, that whatever may be thought of its methods and of the noise made by the 23,000 or so of voluntary bandsmen who belong to it, it is undoubtedly for good or evil one of the world forces of our age."

Passing on to a description of his visits to Salvation Army institutions, Mr. Haggard tells, first of all, of the "Middlesex Street Shelter and Workingmen's Home" in London. The building consists of six floors and contains sleeping accommodations for 462 men, most of whom pay threepence for their night's lodging. The object of this and similar shelters is to afford to men upon the verge of destitution the choice between such accommodations as is here provided and the common lodging house or the casual ward of a workhouse. Mr. Haggard found everything "scrupulously neat and clean," and was touched by the worthy character of many of the lodgers with whom he talked.

The next institution he visited was that of a paper-sorting works at Spa Road, Bermondsey, where all sorts of waste paper are dealt with in enormous quantities. These works stand upon two acres of land. Its employees are picked up on the street. "I asked the officer in charge," says Mr. Haggard, "what he had to say as to the charges of sweating and underselling which have been brought against the Salvation Army in connection with this and its other productive institutions. He replied that they neither sweated nor undersold. The men whom they picked up had no value in the labor market, and could get nothing to do because no one would employ them, many of them being the victims of drink or entirely unskilled. Such people they overlooked, housed, fed, and instructed, whether they did or did not earn their food and lodging, and after the first week paid them upon a rising scale. The results were eminently satisfactory, as even allowing for the drunkards they found that but few cases, not more than 10 per cent., were hopeless."

Perhaps the strangest of all the institutions investigated by Mr. Haggard is that known as "The Nest," in Clapton. He says that he cannot describe it plainly. There are some things that cannot be described in print. "The house itself is charming, with a good garden adorned by beautiful trees. It has every arrangement and comfort possible for the welfare of its child inmates, including an open-air bedroom, cleverly contrived from an old greenhouse for the use of those among them whose lungs are

weakly. But these inmates, these sixty-two children whose ages varied from about four to about sixteen! What can I say of their histories? Only in general language, that more than one-half of them have been subject to outrages too terrible to repeat, often enough at the hands of their own fathers!" Mr. Haggard proceeds:

"Here, however, is a case that I can mention, as altho it is dreadful enough, it belongs to a different class. Seeing a child of ten, whose name was Betty, playing about quite happily with the others, I spoke to her, and afterwards asked for the particulars of her story. They were brief. It appears that this poor little thing had actually seen her father murder her mother. I am glad to be able to add that to all appearance she has recovered from the shock of this awful experience.

"Indeed, all these little girls, notwithstanding their hideous pasts, seemed, so far as I could judge, to be extremely happy at their childish games in the garden. Except that some were of stunted growth, I noted nothing abnormal about any of them. I was told, however, by the Officer in charge, that occasionally, when they grow older, propensities originally induced in them through no fault of their own will assert themselves."

On a Sunday in June Mr. Haggard attended a "Free Breakfast Service" at the Blackfriars' Shelter in London. He tells us:

"I entered the great hall, in which were gathered nearly 600 men seated upon benches, every one of which was filled. The faces and general aspect of these men were eloquent of want and sorrow. Some of them appeared to be intent upon the religious service that was going on, attendance at this service being the condition on which the free breakfast is given to all who need food and have passed the previous night in the street. Others were gazing about them vacantly, and others, sufferers from the effects of drink, debauchery, or fatigue, seemed to be half comatose or asleep.

"This congregation, the strangest that I have ever seen, comprised men of all classes. Some might once have belonged to the learned professions, while others had fallen so low that they looked scarcely human. Every grade of rag-clad misery was represented here, and every stage of life from the lad of sixteen up to the aged man whose allotted span was almost at an end. Rank upon rank of them, there they sat in their infinite variety, linked only by the common bond of utter wretchedness, the most melancholy sight, I think, that ever my eyes beheld."

Mr. Haggard listened to the exhortations of the officers; then witnessed a fitful procession to the "penitent-bench." The experience left

him chastened and sobered. He comments in the following words:

"The age of miracles is past, we are told; but I confess that while watching this strange sight I wondered more than once that if this were so, what that age of miracles had been like. Of one thing I was sure, that it must have been to such as these that He who is acknowledged even by sceptics to have been the very Master of mankind would have chosen to preach, had this been the age of His appearance, He who came to call sinners to repentance. Probably, too, it was to such as these that He did preach, for folk of this character are common to the generations. Doubtless Judea had its knaves and drunkards, as we know it had its victims of sickness and misfortune. The devils that were cast out in Jerusalem did not die; they reappear in London and elsewhere to-day, and, it would seem, can still be cast out.

"I confess another thing, also; namely, that I found all this drama curiously exciting. Most of us who have passed middle age and led a full and varied life will be familiar with the great human emotions. Yet I discovered here a new emotion, one quite foreign to a somewhat extended experience, one that I cannot even attempt to define. The contagion of revivalism! again it will be said. This may be so, or it may not. But at least, so far as this branch of the Salvation Army work is concerned, those engaged in it may fairly claim that the tree should be judged by its fruits. Without doubt, in the main these fruits are good and wholesome."

So the record proceeds. Mr. Haggard visited in all some forty institutions organized under the wing of the Salvation Army. He studied their plans for curing drunkards; he watched their women go out on the Piccadilly pavement at midnight to hand literature to prostitutes; he entered the maternity homes where illegitimate children are brought into the world; he learned their methods of reclaiming criminals. And he came to the conclusion that the Salvation Army, whatever its limitations, is using the methods best suited to the people with whom it has to deal. He declares:

"The Salvation Army is unique, if only on account of the colossal scale of its operations. Its fertilizing stream flows on steadily from land to land, till it bids fair to irrigate the whole earth. What I have written about is but one little segment of a work which flourishes everywhere, and even lifts its head in Roman Catholic countries, altho in these, as yet, it makes no very great progress.

"How potent then, and how generally suited to the needs of stained and suffering mankind, must be that religion which appeals both to the West

and to the East, which is as much at home in Java and Korea as it is in Copenhagen or Glasgow. For it should be borne in mind that the basis of the Salvation Army is religious, that it aims, above everything, at the conversion of men to an active and lively faith in the plain, uncomplicated tenets of Christianity to the benefit of their souls in some future state of existence and, incidentally, to the reformation of their characters while on earth.

"The social work of which I have been treating is a mere by-product or consequence of its main idea. Experience has shown, that it is of little use to talk about his soul to a man with an empty stomach. First, he must be fed and cleansed and given some other habitation than the street. Also the Army has learned that Christ still walks the earth in the shape of Charity; and that religion, after all, is best preached by putting its maxims into practice; that the poor are always with us; and that the first duty of the Christian is to bind their wounds and soothe their sorrows. Afterwards, he may hope to cure them of their sins, for he knows that unless such a cure is effected, temporal assistance avails but little. Except in cases of pure misfortune which stand upon another, and so far as the Army work is concerned upon an outside footing, the causes of the fall must be removed, or that fall will be repeated. The man or woman must be born again, must be regenerated.

"Such, as I understand it, is at once the belief of the Salvation Army and the object of all its efforts. Therefore, I give to this book its title of 'Regeneration.'

Ex-President Roosevelt, in commenting on the book in *The Outlook*, compares the Salvation Army with the Franciscan Order of the Middle Ages. He says:

"No history of the thirteenth century pretends to be complete unless it deals with the wonderful religious revival associated with the rise of the Franciscans, and no history of the nineteenth century, and probably no history of the twentieth century, will be complete that does not deal with the work of the Salvation Army.

"For many years the general attitude of cultivated people towards this work was one either of contemptuous indifference or of jeering derision. At last it has won its way to recognition, and there are few serious thinkers nowadays who do not recognize in the Salvation Army an invaluable social asset, a force for good which works effectively in those dark regions where, save for this force, only evil is powerful. . . .

"I wish it were in my power to convey to others the vivid impression which this book on the Salvation Army has made on me; and perhaps I may be allowed to add that my own limited experience with the Salvation Army has in every respect borne out what Mr. Rider Haggard writes of it."

PROFESSOR JAMES'S LAST WORD

APATHETIC interest attaches to the publication of Prof. William James's book "Some Problems in Philosophy."* He was at work upon it when he died, and he described it, with characteristic modesty, as "a beginning of an introduction to philosophy." In a memorandum to a friend who survives him, he wrote: "Say that I hoped by it to round out my system, which now is too much like an arch built only on one side." The book has all the charm and lucidity associated with William James. It is being widely read and discussed as the last will and testament, so to speak, of the man who is generally conceded to have been the foremost American philosopher of our time.

The volume starts with a vindication of the usefulness of philosophy. Some have argued that philosophy is too tenuous and impractical to have much value for humanity. Professor James replies: "To know the chief rival attitudes towards life, as the history of human thinking has developed them, and to have heard some of the reasons they can give for themselves, ought to be considered an essential part of liberal education. Philosophy, indeed, in one sense of the term is only a compendious name for the spirit in education which the word 'college' stands for in America." He continues, very finely:

"Philosophy, beginning in wonder, as Plato and Aristotle said, is able to fancy everything different from what it is. It sees the familiar as if it were strange, and the strange as if it were familiar. It can take things up and lay them down again. Its mind is full of air that plays round every subject. It rouses us from our native dogmatic slumber and breaks up our caked prejudices. Historically it has always been a sort of fecundation of four different human interests, science, poetry, religion, and logic, by one another. It has sought by hard reasoning for results emotionally valuable. To have some contact with it, to catch its influence, is thus good for both literary and scientific students. By its poetry it appeals to literary minds; but its logic stiffens them up and remedies their softness. By its logic it appeals to the scientific; but softens them by its other aspects, and saves them from too dry a technicality. Both types of student ought to get from philosophy a livelier spirit, more air, more mental background. 'Hast any philosophy in thee, Shepherd?'—this question of Touchstone's is the one with which men should always meet one another. A man with no philosophy in him is

the most inauspicious and unprofitable of all possible social mates."

Etymologically speaking, philosophy means "the love of wisdom." In the full sense, says Professor James, it is only *man thinking*, thinking about generalities rather than about particulars. The earliest philosophers in every land were encyclopedic sages, lovers of wisdom, sometimes with and sometimes without a dominantly ethical or religious interest. They were just men curious beyond immediate practical needs, and no particular problems, but rather the problematic generally, was their specialty. China, Persia, Egypt, India had such wise men, but those of Greece are the only sages who, until very recently, have influenced the course of western thinking. Professor James selects Saint Thomas Aquinas as typical of both what was great and what was limited in medieval philosophy; and he speaks of Galileo and Descartes as men who may be said to have founded modern science, as well as modern philosophy.

Proceeding to a consideration of the root problems of philosophy, Professor James devotes an interesting chapter to the most difficult problem of all—the problem of being. Why is there anything at all? He has a short way with the "mystery of fact." He accepts it. What is more, he accepts it at its face value, and brushes aside as a pious prejudice "the orthodox opinion that the waxing and waning of our phenomenal experiences must be treated as surface appearances which leave the deep untouched." He adds: "The question of being is the darkest in all philosophy. All of us are beggars here, and no school can speak disdainfully of another or give itself superior airs. For all of us alike, Fact forms a datum, gift, or *Vorgefundenes*, which we cannot burrow under, explain or get behind. It makes itself somehow, and our business is far more with its What than with its Whence or Why."

This discussion leads on to the problem of the connection between what for James are the two fundamental constituents of being, namely, things and thoughts, or, as he generally prefers to call them, percepts and concepts. He finds that thought proper must have had at first an exclusively practical use. Its function was to substitute a conceptual order for the perceptual order in which experience originally comes. As it has developed, it has created a map of life, and has enabled men to *revalue*

* Longmans, Green & Company.

life. As Professor James puts it: "The relation of concepts to percepts is like that of sight to touch. Sight, indeed, helps us by preparing us for contacts while they are yet far off, but it endows us in addition with a new world of optical splendor, interesting enough all by itself to occupy a busy life. Just so do concepts bring their proper splendor. The mere possession of such vast and simple pictures is an inspiring good: they arouse new feelings of sublimity, power, and admiration, new interests and motivations." Where concepts fail is in their detachment from life, in their tendency to make us feel that the better part is to understand life without entering into it—to take refuge, like Plato's philosopher, under the lee of the wall, and watch the crowd drift along caught in the work-a-day welter of onrushing life. There is a fuller understanding that only concrete life—only the flux itself—can yield.

So far the argument proceeds on somewhat negative or critical lines. We reach the more constructive side of James's philosophy when he defends "pluralism" as against "monism." He calls this issue "the most pregnant of all the dilemmas of philosophy," and he formulates it in these words: "Does reality exist distributively or collectively?—in the shape of *eaches, everys, anys, eitherys?* or only in the shape of an *all or whole?*" He indicts the monistic theory on the ground that it does not meet the facts. How, under it, he asks, shall we account for the problem of evil? "How—if Perfection be the source, should there be Imperfection? If the world as known to the Absolute be perfect, why should it be known otherwise, in myriads of inferior finite editions also? The perfect edition surely was enough. How do the breakage and dispersion and ignorance get in?" Or, again, asks Professor James, how, under it, shall we account for the character of reality as perceptually experienced? "Of our world, change seems an essential ingredient. There is history. There are novelties, struggles, losses, gains. But the world of the Absolute is represented as unchanging, eternal, or 'out of time,' and is foreign to our powers either of apprehension or of appreciation." The argument proceeds:

"Pluralism, taking perceptual experience at its face-value, is free from all these difficulties. It protests against working our ideas in a vacuum made of conceptual abstractions. Some parts of our world, it admits, cannot exist out of their wholes; but others, it says, can. To some extent the world *seems* genuinely additive: it may really be so. . . . The common-sense view of life,

as something really dramatic, with work done, and things decided here and now, is acceptable to pluralism. 'Free will' means nothing but real novelty; so pluralism accepts the notion of free will.

"Pluralism is neither optimistic nor pessimistic, but melioristic rather. The world, it thinks, may be saved, on condition that its parts shall do their best. But shipwreck in detail, or even on the whole, is among the open possibilities."

Enlarging on this last thought, toward the end of the volume, Professor James declares:

"The melioristic universe is conceived after a *social* analogy, as a pluralism of independent powers. It will succeed just in proportion as more of these work for its success. If none work, it will fail. If each does his best, it will not fail. Its destiny thus hangs on an *if*, or on a lot of *ifs*—which amounts to saying (in the technical language of logic) that, the world being as yet unfinished, its total character can be expressed only by *hypothetical* and not by *ategorical* propositions. . . .

"As individual members of a pluralistic universe, we must recognize that, even tho we do *our* best, the other factors also will have a voice in the result. If they refuse to conspire, our good-will and labor may be thrown away. No insurance company can here cover us or save us from the risks we run in being part of such a world.

"We must take one of four attitudes in regard to the other powers: either

"1. Follow intellectualist advice: wait for evidence; and while waiting, do nothing; or

"2. *Mistrust* the other powers and, sure that the universe will fail, *let it fail*; or

"3. *Trust* them; and at any rate do *our* best, in spite of the *if*; or, finally,

"4. *Flounder*, spending one day in one attitude, another day in another.

"This fourth way is no systematic solution. The second way spells faith in failure. The first way may in practice be indistinguishable from the second way. The third way seems the only wise way."

To face facts, and be brave and loyal—such is the philosophy of William James as epitomized in a leading article in the London *Athenaeum*. "And if ever a man lived his philosophy," says the same paper, "it was he." *The Athenaeum* comments further:

"As William James speaks to us in this unfinished sketch—for we have it on his own authority that it is 'fragmentary and unrevised'—we listen to the accustomed voice, vibrant as ever, with its force and freshness and lyric passion in no wise impaired or abated, until suddenly there is a break in the music, and silence. Not otherwise should the philosopher cease, the body failing, not the mind. Better if Plato had not survived to write the 'Laws.'"

MARGARET FULLER—A PURITAN DISCIPLE OF GOETHE

MARGARET FULLER was a strange apparition in the intellectual world of Puritan New England. A certain demoniacal quality, for which one may search almost in vain through the high-flown paragraphs and stilted phrases of her printed works, seems to have been the secret of her extraordinary personal and conversational power. "I found myself in a new world of thought," wrote one of the Boston women who listened to her famous "Conversations"; "a flood of light irradiated all that I had seen in nature, observed in life, or read in books. Whatever she spoke of revealed a hidden meaning, and everything seemed to be put into true relation." As editor of *The Dial* (1840-42), Margaret Fuller was "the organizer and executive force of the first thoroly American literary enterprise," to quote Thomas Wentworth Higginson. And he says further: "To know what Emerson individually was, we can go to his books; it is the same with Parker, Thoreau, Alcott. But what it was that united these diverse elements, what was their central spirit, what their collective strength or weakness, their maximum and minimum, their high and low water mark, this must be sought in *The Dial*. That was the alembic within which they were all distilled, and the priestess who superintended this intellectual chemic process . . . Margaret Fuller."

Later, as literary and art critic of the New York *Tribune*, under Greeley, Margaret Fuller had a more wide-spread influence on American thought and letters. She encountered the critical hostility of Lowell, Hawthorne and Poe; but won the enduring friendship and admiration of such men as Emerson, Greeley, James Freeman Clarke and W. H. Channing. Even the cautious Emerson, among others, was moved to write a memoir of her personality. Thomas Wentworth Higginson contributed her romantic biography to the "American Men of Letters" series; and now comes an interesting study—"Margaret Fuller and Goethe"—by Professor Frederick A. Braun, of her religion and philosophy.

Margaret Fuller was the first translator, interpreter and critical defender of Goethe in America; and Professor Braun claims that far from being a leader in the Transcendental Movement of New England, as is generally accepted, she was, to use her own phrase,

"Germanico, not Transcendental." Nor was she "Germanico" only; this student of her philosophy asserts that from the time she began to read German, at the age of twenty-two, her whole life and thought were dominated by Goethe. She called him "Parent," "Master," "The Great Sage." She defended him morally against the attacks of Emerson and Longfellow; and thus, in Professor Braun's opinion, it was through the influence of this vital high-souled Puritan that Goethe became a liberating power in the "storm and stress" period of American literature. Whether or not, in his enthusiasm, Professor Braun over-emphasizes what was, after all, only an important phase in Margaret Fuller's development (she died at the age of forty), his book is of very special interest. It comes, moreover, as a centenary tribute; for Margaret Fuller was born a little over a hundred years ago, May 23, 1810.

Her early environment in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was Puritanical in the extreme. Her father, a lawyer and politician—"a man of business even in literature," to quote the daughter—was her instructor. He put his prodigy through an intellectual forcing process which seriously impaired her health and resulted in such priggishness that her true life, as she expressed it, was always more or less "secluded and veiled over by a thick curtain of available intellect."

At the age of six, she was studying Latin; and by twenty-two had covered "more or less thoroly," says Professor Braun, "the whole field of English, Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian literatures, besides dipping somewhat into Greek and philosophy." Then she took up German, self-taught except in pronunciation; and three months later, we are told, she was reading with ease the masterpieces of German literature. It was a time of awakening enthusiasm for German scholarship in Harvard College, and Margaret Fuller came in close contact with the distinguished men who were doing most to rouse the new spirit. They regarded Goethe particularly "as a liberator of the soul from the tyranny of intellectual knowledge." Even Emerson acknowledged that his was "the pivotal mind in modern literature." As for Margaret Fuller, "she was practically re-educated, mind and soul," writes Professor Braun. "Her feelings and inner life were awakened and called out; and finally she emerged from these years of the study of 'Our Master Goethe,' as she con-

* Henry Holt & Company.

fidently calls him, an altered being and a strong, fully developed personality." He admits, of course, the evidences throughout her works of an inevitable life-long residue of Puritanism.

Margaret Fuller was handicapped by poverty throughout her short career. She was obliged to work for little pay as teacher, lecturer and journalist. In 1846, she went to England, meeting Carlyle with a friendly clash. Thence to Italy, where all her faculties were soon employed in the Revolution of '48. She married a friend of Mazzini's, the Marquis d'Ossoli; and, returning to America in the fulness of life and achievement, with the manuscript of a work on the Italian Revolution among her papers, and a beloved child in her arms, she was lost in a wreck, with husband and son, off Fire Island, July 19, 1850. Only the body of her child and her Italian love-letters were washed ashore. What was probably the most important writing of her life—the History of the Italian Revolution, perished with her.

"Nowhere," writes Professor Braun, "was the influence of the study of Goethe upon Margaret Fuller greater than upon her religious life and doctrines." Her "Credo," here published in full for the first time, is, he asserts, fundamentally Goethean. His chief task is to separate the name of Margaret Fuller from the Transcendental Movement, with which it has become almost inextricably entangled; but to which, he claims, in reality she did not belong at all. She did not design *The Dial* as an organ of Transcendentalism, nor consider seriously the experiment at Brook Farm; she only regarded with sympathetic interest the ideas of her Transcendental friends and associates.

Professor Braun makes a very interesting analysis of Transcendentalism, contrasting its vague spirituality with the vital Goethean principle of life, for which, almost alone amongst her New England contemporaries, Margaret Fuller stood. He uses the term "transcendental" not in a literary sense, but, strictly speaking, as that "particular and tolerably well-defined philosophical and religious doctrine" which originated with Kant; "who replied," to quote Emerson's precise definition, "to the skeptical philosophy of Locke, which insisted that there was nothing in the intellect which was not previously in the experience of the senses, by showing that there was a very important class of ideas or imperative forms, which did not come by experience, but through which experience was acquired; that these

were intuitions of the mind itself; and he denominated them *Transcendental forms*."

But with the New Englander, Professor Braun points out, this doctrine did not long remain a purely philosophical one; the vital question to the Puritan being: "What relation did this philosophy bear to religion; what was its significance to the moral world, to life itself?" Other elements were added, he continues, philosophical and literary, until all combined were "grafted on the stock" of the Unitarian Church. New England Transcendentalism, "in its full development and complexity," is thus defined by its high priest, W. H. Channing: "Transcendentalism was an assertion of the inalienable integrity of man, of the immanence of Divinity in instinct. In part, it was a reaction against Puritan Orthodoxy. . . . As viewed by its disciples it was a pilgrimage from the idolatrous world of creeds and rituals to the temple of the Living God in the soul. . . . Amidst materialists, zealots, and skeptics, the Transcendentalist believed in perpetual inspiration, the miraculous power of will, and a birth-right to universal good."

Nevertheless, Professor Braun comments, "there was in Transcendentalism an element of moral rigorism and hidden asceticism, the legacy of Puritanism, which looked with disdain, or at least with distrust, upon the sensual nature of man. It was this same element in Kant's philosophy which so strongly appealed to the Puritan Transcendentalists. Despite their declamations about art and poetry, it never occurred to them that true art and true poetry pre-suppose an ideal of man which presents the harmonious unity of both the sensual and the spiritual side of human nature. We must consider it one of the greatest achievements of Schiller, that, feeling the defect in Kant's attitude and doctrine, he presented in his great esthetic essays a conception of beauty, and, with it, a new ideal of man far superior to that of Kant, an ideal the embodiment of which he recognized in the genius and personality of Goethe." It is precisely on this fundamental Goethean principle, Professor Braun declares, that Margaret Fuller differed most widely from her Transcendental associates, particularly Emerson.

Her definition of life, as reported from her "Conversations," is in perfect agreement with Goethe's conception of man as creator. "She began with God as spirit, Life," says the reporter, "so full as to create and love eternally, yet capable of pause. Love and creativeness are dynamic forces, out of which we individu-

ally, as creatures, go forth bearing his image, that is, having within our being the same dynamic forces, by which we also add constantly to the total sum of existence, and shaking off ignorance, and its effects, and by becoming more ourselves, i. e., *more divine*; destroying sin in its principle, *we attain to absolute freedom*, we return to God, conscious like himself. . . . In short *we become gods and able to give the life* which we now feel ourselves able only to receive."

"Evil (obstruction), Margaret Fuller believed, is as necessary in the grand scheme of creation and in the development of character, as good (accomplishment)." This unpuritanical, untranscendental and fundamentally Goethean doctrine appears in her "Credo," and elsewhere, again and again, throughout her writings. "In one word," says Caroline H. Dall [in "Margaret and Her Friends"], "she would not accept the world—for she felt within herself the power to reject it—did she not believe evil working in it for good!"

Margaret Fuller was a believer in demonology. She thought herself, like Rousseau, Goethe and Napoleon, moved by a mysterious, fateful power. "This propensity," wrote Emerson, "Margaret held with certain tenets of fate, which always swayed her, and which Goethe, who had found room and fine names for all this in his system, had encouraged; and I may add, which her own experiences, early and late, seemed strangely to justify." She once expressed herself very frankly on this subject:

"As to the DemoniacaL I know not that I can say to you anything more precise than you find from Goethe. There are no precise terms for such thoughts. The word *instinctive* indicates their existence. . . . When conscious, self-asserting, it becomes (as power working for its own sake, unwilling to acknowledge love for its superior, must) the devil. That is the legend of Lucifer, the star that would not own its center. Yet, while it is unconscious, it is not devilish, only demoniac. In nature, we trace it in all volcanic workings, in a boding position of lights, in whispers of the wind, . . . in deceitful invitations of the water, . . . and in the shapes of all those beings who go about seeking what they may devour. We speak of a mystery, a dread; we shudder, but we approach still nearer, and a part of our nature listens, sometimes answers to this influence, which if not indestructible, is at least indissolubly linked with the existence of matter. . . . In genius, and in character, it works, as you say, instinctively; it refuses to be analyzed by the understanding, and is most of all inaccessible to the person who

possesses it. We can only say, I have it, he has it."

Margaret Fuller criticized keenly the doctrines of Fourier which the Brook Farmers adopted. "The mind of Fourier," she wrote, "tho grand and clear, was in some respects superficial. He was a stranger to the highest experiences. His eye was fixed on the outward more than on the inward needs of Man. . . . On the opposite side of the advancing army leads the great apostle of individual culture, Goethe. Swedenborg makes organization and union the necessary results of solitary thought. Fourier, whose nature was, above all, constructive, looked to them too exclusively. Better institutions, he thought, will make better men. Goethe expressed, in every way, the other side. If one man could present better forms, the rest could not use them till ripe for them."

While favoring in every way a wise social action, and assisting personally in one revolution, Margaret Fuller yet expressed her satisfaction with the Goethean doctrine. "Goethe's book ['Wilhelm Meister'], she wrote, 'bodes an era of freedom like its own of 'extraordinary, generous-seeking,' and new revelations."

Margaret Fuller's most important work, according to Horace Greeley, was her "Woman in the Nineteenth Century." Herein she devotes much thought to a consideration of Goethe's heroines, finding: "In all these expressions of woman, the aim of Goethe is satisfactory to me. He aims at a pure self-subsistence, and a free development of any powers with which they may be gifted by nature as much for them as for men. They are units, addressed as souls." "The very fact," says Professor Braun, "that Margaret Fuller takes over from Goethe, in one of her most important and influential books, this succession of female character as representatives of the highest ideals of womanhood, ideals which she wished her American sisters to make real in our country,—all this is proof that she looked upon Goethe not merely as a great poet-artist, who entertains and delights us, but as an ethical leader, whose doctrines of life and whose ideal types of character are to be lived out in every-day life."

To continue the assertion that Margaret Fuller was a Transcendentalist, after examining all the evidence to the contrary in her own writings and those of her chief biographers, Professor Braun concludes, "would be almost to claim that Goethe, too, was a New England Transcendentalist."

THE NEW CONCEPTION OF GOD AS CREATIVE EVOLUTION

THE idea of God as Omnipotent, Omniscient, Changeless, Absolute, so firmly held by millions of believers in the past, is being modified to-day by a new conception. We are asked to regard God as a vast experimenter working in the cosmic laboratory, as a creative force struggling against the intractability of inert matter and triumphing by subtlety and persistence. In one of his essays, John Burroughs pictures the Supreme Intelligence as "experimenting endlessly, taking a forward step only when compelled by necessity"; experimenting with eyes, with ears, with teeth, with limbs, with wings, with bladders and lungs, with scales and armors—until, at last, man is attained. Maeterlinck, in a recent paper, says: "It is probable that the universe is seeking and finding itself every day, that it has not become entirely conscious and does not yet know what it wants. It is almost certain that its ideal is still veiled by the shadow of its immensity, and almost evident that the experiments and chances are following one upon the other in unimaginable worlds, compared with which all those which we see on starry nights are but a pinch of gold-dust in the ocean depths." Even more vividly, Henri Bergson, the French philosopher who at the present time is challenging the attention of thinkers in all lands, crystallizes the same idea in the title of his greatest book, "Creative Evolution." The philosophy of Bergson, as Edwin E. Slossen points out in the *New York Independent*, would apparently lead to a conception of God more Arminian than Calvinistic, "a God perhaps conscious, personal and anthropomorphic, but not omnipotent and unchangeable." The motto of Louis XI., "*Divide et impera*," applies here in a different sense:

"God, thus defined, has nothing of the already made. He is unceasing life, action, freedom. Creation, so conceived, is not a mystery; we experience it in ourselves when we act freely. . . .

"It is as if a vague and formless being whom we may call as we will, man or superman, had sought to realize himself, and had succeeded only by abandoning part of himself on the way. The losses are represented by the rest of the animal world and even by the vegetable world."—"Creative Evolution," pp. 248, 266.

According to this view, the world is gradually coming to life and acquiring a consciousness. "Matter," says Mr. Slossen, "is an Un-

dine in search of a soul. A Rodin statue with human forms emerging from the unhewn stone is Bergson's philosophy in marble. We see again Milton's 'tawny lion pawing to get free his hinder parts.' We hear again Faust's translation of the Logos: 'In the beginning was the Act.'

This conception of God may not be new. In fact, Mr. Slossen reminds us, it is strikingly similar to the conception of the Alexandrian Gnostics of the early Christian centuries. But coming as it does at this particular juncture to crown the Darwinian theory of evolution, it has a freshness for our age that it could not possibly have had for any previous period. For many it has the full force of a revelation. "We need to recognize as we never have," remarks Prof. William E. Ritter in *Science* (New York), "that evolution means indeed something new coming on every moment; and that since the new grows out of the old it can be neither wholly different from nor wholly alike that from which it came." He continues:

"We need further to see the vital meaning of the extreme probability, in the light of myriad facts now constituting our biological knowledge, that evolution is truly a universal principle; that is, that there is not a trait, physical or spiritual, of ours, that is wholly finished off and at a standstill. We are every one of us in every atom of our existence and at every instant on the move to some extent, up or down, forward or backward."

In the eyes of Professor Ritter, the new theory of Bergson illuminates vistas of thought that have hitherto been dark, and affords a basis for the reconciliation of century-old antinomies. He says:

"The sophisticated thinker and the untutored savage are alike in recognizing the mystery inherent in the universe; and they are further alike in their attempted explanations.

"Just the fact that the universe is perpetually in the throes of 'creative evolution' makes this mystery all-pervasive and unending. It is of the very essence of a living world. The wise man takes due account of this element of the incalculable, the unpredictable, as a characteristic of the universe, particularly of animate nature; he is not driven thereby to despair of ever knowing anything, but on the other hand is preserved from the obsession of finding a 'sufficient cause' for everything under the sun.

"He recognizes that the whole process is the one great, sufficient, and final cause of all its

phases, and with that conviction puts an end to all futile search for 'complete explanation' and 'absolute causes.' The proximal causes, the workings of the great process, are, however, of absorbing interest to him. And they are of interest down to the smallest detail; nothing is insignificant, negligible, just because every minutest fragment is an integral and therefore influential part of the whole.

"From this point of view, it can be readily seen how futile is the attempt of materialism to find the 'cause' of life in any one set of material elements, and how equally futile is the attempt

of vitalism to find the significance of the whole in some intangible 'force.'

"Both fail to see that any set of processes taken as a whole and in its organic relation to the rest of the universe is its own final and only adequate explanation. Each attributes to natural objects qualities which no single object or set of objects possesses—qualities which afford a complete 'explanation' of another object. Both attempt to explain everything in terms of 'something else,' and this in essence amounts to a denial of the reality of the organic beings which we actually see and deal with."

THE ETHICAL VALUE OF CLASS-CONSCIOUSNESS

JANE ADDAMS, in "Twenty Years at Hull House," implies that the doctrine of "class-consciousness" has done much to alienate her from Socialism. Many others would doubtless have the same confession to make, and some go so far as to argue that class-consciousness is a distinctly anti-social force. But in a keenly reasoned paper in *The Atlantic Monthly*, Miss Vida D. Scudder, a Christian Socialist, tries to show that the notions of most outsiders in regard to the subject are short-sighted and inadequate, and that class-consciousness, rightly understood, is a humanizing and even spiritualizing element in social progress.

The term class-consciousness is usually restricted to the working people. In accurate speech, Miss Scudder contends, it should not be so limited, for it describes quite as truly the stubborn struggle of the employing class to maintain supremacy. The persistence of this class in defending its prerogative, she points out, is as natural a product of the industrial situation as the pressure of the proletariat. There is a strong distinction, however, to be drawn between the motives on each side. "The capitalist movement has avowedly no aim beyond self-protection and the maintenance of a new type of benevolent feudalism. The working-class movement, on the other hand, is probably the only form of group-consciousness yet evolved in history to look beyond its own corporate aim."

Two main objections have been offered to the doctrine of class-consciousness, first, that it is a call to battle; secondly, that it menaces the older devotions. The inspiration of the class-conscious attitude is Karl Marx's utterance, "Workingmen of all countries, unite! You have a world to gain and nothing but your chains to lose," and the tendency of

Marxist teaching has been to lead the workers to set their class-interest before everything else.

The obvious rejoinder to both objections is that militancy in behalf of a great purpose helps to stiffen the fiber of humanity, and that loyalty to class does not necessarily preclude other loyalties. Abraham Lincoln had probably never heard the famous phrase of Marx just quoted, but he had his own version of it. "The strongest bond of human sympathy outside the family," said he, "should be one uniting all working people of all nations and tongues and kindreds." On what ground, asks Miss Scudder, rests this surprising and deliberate statement of our greatest American? She replies: "On his intuition of the sanctity of labor, and probably also on his perception of a vast liberating power in this feeling for class."

Wordsworth found in Nature the over-ruling power "to kindle and restrain," and in Miss Scudder's eyes it is not farfetched to say that this same double function, so essential to the shaping of character, is performed for working people by the trade union. "It kindles sacrifice, endurance, and vision; it restrains violent and individualistic impulse, and fits the man or woman to play due part in corporate and guided action." To quote further:

"Those who have stood shoulder to shoulder with the women during one of the garment-workers' strikes that have marked the last two years, have watched with reverence the moral awakening among the girls, born of loyalty to a collective cause. It was the typical employer, defending the American fetish of the Open Shop, who remarked,—when his clever Italian forewoman asked him, 'Ain't you sorry to make those people work an hour and a half for twelve cents?' —'Don't you care. You don't understand America. Why do you worry about those peoples?

Here the foolish people pay the smart.' And it was the spirited girl who replied to him, 'Well, now the smart people will teach the foolish,— and led her shop out on strike.

"Which better understood America and its needs? There is no question which had learned the truth that freedom consists not in separateness, but in fellowship, not in self-assertion, but in self-effacement."

In the Socialist movement Miss Scudder sees the same sort of spiritual power emerging:

"Memory rises of illumined eyes belonging to a young Italian. Brought up, or rather kicked up, in a stable at Naples, a young animal when twenty, unable to read, careless of all except the gratification of desire, he found himself errand-boy in a restaurant frequented by a small Socialist group. Then came the awakening: 'How behave longer like a beast, Signora? I could not disgrace the comrades! How should Luigi get drunk? There was the Cause to serve. I served it there, I serve it here. I now live clean. Life is holy.' Luigi had experienced that purifying, that rare, that liberating good, allegiance to an idea! Thinking goes on in all class-conscious groups: and while we feebly try to moralize and educate the poor, forces are rising from their very heart, generated by the grim realities of the industrial situation, competent to check self-absorption and widen horizons."

But the questions are bound to arise, Does not loyalty to class threaten bonds rightly and jealously cherished? Will it not dull the allegiance of men to family, nation and church? Miss Scudder admits that the fear is real and to a certain point justified. "The conflict of loyalties," she feels, "is the persistent tragedy of civilization." She goes on to say:

"We cannot wonder if the movement, entranced with its new vision of a universal brotherhood of workers, has for the time disparaged other ties. That is human nature. On account of the narrowness of our capacities, loyalties, as we have seen, conflict, and the large tragedies of history go on. We in our blindness would again and again meet the situation by suppressing one of the rival forces. That is not Nature's way: wiser than we, who would destroy life in the saving it, she goes on adding system to system, claim to claim, till, through the very anguish of adjustment and coördination, life deepens and unfolds. The complexity of the physical systems which control us does but correspond to the complexity of the body. The lungs breathe all the better because at the same time the heart is beating, the hair growing, and digestion going on. Progress consists in the addition of new functions. The delicate apparatus may easily get out of gear; one system may interfere with another. This is not health, but disease, equally dangerous whether it affect the body physical or

the body politic. But it cannot be cured by retrogression in the scale of being. Health, physical, mental, or social, consists in the harmonious interaction of a number of activities practically undefined and constantly on the increase. We find it hard to realize the full wealth of our own nature, but there is no more limit to the loyalties a man may profess than to the corporate activities he may share. As Chesterton remarks, he can be at once an Englishman, a collector of beetles, a Roman Catholic, and an enthusiast for cricket. He may also without difficulty, when once adjustment is completed, be class-conscious, nation-conscious, and religion-conscious."

Everything depends, Miss Scudder concludes, on the *end* proposed by the class-conscious movement, and the fact that the end is holy purges the movement, in her estimation, of the dross which inevitably attaches to everything human. She observes:

"The popular movement marches to the tune of Burns:—

It 's coming yet for a' that
That man to man the wairld o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that.

L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain,—

is the rallying cry of the people. What they seek is not the transfer of privilege, but the abolition of privilege; and while they work first for the emancipation of their own class, they believe not only that this class comprises the majority of mankind, but that its freedom will enable all men alike to breathe a more liberal air. With the disappearance of privilege, all possibility of the class-war would of course vanish, for the very sense of class as based on distinction in industrial assets and opportunities would be replaced by new groupings founded, one would suppose, on more subtle and intimate affinities of pursuit, capacity, and taste. In all history-creating movements, the urge of life has been the impelling force; nor can we deny that it has on the whole worked for good to the whole as well as to the part. But it is the great distinction of Socialism that, while frankly accepting and fostering such primal passion, it is at the same time more or less clearly aware of a more disinterested aim. Class will never become to our minds a permanent factor in social life, on a level with nation or country. In this fact we may find a legitimate reason for the distrust of class-consciousness that prevails. But, thinking more deeply, in the same fact is the indorsement and justification for the only movement which is to-day setting its face toward the destruction of class distinctions, and which has thus for its very object the annihilation of that sense of separateness which as a weapon it must temporarily use."

Music and Drama

"GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD"—A RACY SATIRE OF AMERICAN COMMERCIALISM

WHEN P. T. Barnum uttered his famous remark that the American public likes to be humbugged, he might have added with equal fidelity to the truth that the one thing it likes better is seeing the other fellow humbugged. And the second of these truisms lends zest to George M. Cohan's "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," now enjoying a phenomenal run at the Gaiety Theater. A more entertaining production New York has not held for many seasons. The basis of the farce is George Randolph Chester's "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" stories.

"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," the play, has a foundation not only in the brilliant exploits of one exceptionally adroit manipulator of other people's money, but in that very prevalent human passion to get something for nothing, which places almost everybody on the "gullible list" at some time or other. When the bright young man in the play, with the significant name "Lamb," who desires a good investment, is asked if 75 per cent. on his money will suit him, and answers, "I'd like to get *all* I could," the audience recognizes and enjoys a common frailty. "Mr. Cohan's farce," observes Acton Davies, of the New York *Sun*, "moves with the unfailing Cohan swiftness. It is crowded with somewhat rude, but none the less honest sketches of American character. It is well supplied with smart and amusing lines. It abounds in rough, yet effective action. It treats with point a phase of life in this material age. In other words, it fills the requirements of a good comedy in that it 'chastises manners with a laugh.'"

Mr. Cohan has lately been called the legitimate successor of Edward Harrigan and Charles Hoyt; he does for the present-day stage something of what they did for their own generation. Like Harrigan and Hoyt, he is humorous and realistic, finding his material in the every-day types that crowd our cities. His successes hitherto have been mostly in the field of musical comedy. In "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" he shows that he knows how to write an effective play.

The scene of the farce and of J. Rufus Wallingford's financial operations is Battles-

burg, Iowa. The chief characters, apart from the great man himself, are his lieutenants, Horace, or "Blackie," Daw; Eddie Lamb, a clerk in the Palace Hotel; and the local magnates—Dempsey, the hotel proprietor; Harkins, the newspaper man; "G. W." Battles, who boasts that his grandfather founded the town; Timothy Battles, the mayor; Richard Welles, the real estate man; "Judge" Lampton; and Henry Quig. Abe Gunther, the bus driver, also has a part to play. The love interest is supplied mainly by Fanny, the hotel stenographer, who is at first suspicious of Wallingford, but who later becomes his wife; by Gertie Dempsey, Eddie Lamb's sweetheart; and by Dorothy Welles, who wins the affections of Blackie Daw.

The opening scene takes place in the office of the Palace Hotel. Blackie Daw, who has been in town for some days, is creating an impression as an emissary with a secret and important mission. He "talks big" about the financial interests he represents. He is pulling the wires and preparing the scene for the entry, at the proper psychological moment, of his chief, whom he refers to as "the Colonel." Incidentally, we get glimpses of the antediluvian conservatism of the town. Mr. Battles, heralded as "the President of the Battles Bank, of the Battles Wagon Works, of the Battles Plow Factory, and owner of the Iowa Cream and Cheese Concern," expresses the prevailing spirit in the community when he says: "I contend that the so-called *stingy* men make the best citizens, after all. I don't believe in anything but saving money."

The Battlesburg folk are at first inclined to be utterly sceptical in regard to Blackie Daw and all that he represents. But both Daw and Wallingford are experienced confidence men. They know how to play a winning game, and, apart from their own scheming, the conditions in town are ripe for change. Everybody is tired of business stagnation and inertia. Battles, Welles, and the rest, have been systematically blocking progress and enterprise for years. Mrs. Dempsey, the hotel proprietor's wife, prying into Blackie's room, finds (as she is expected to) a telegram on his table from Wallingford

reading: "Will be in Battlesburg the latter part of the week. If it's all you say it is, will not only build the factory, but also an up-to-date hotel, a modern opera house, a large department store—and whatever else the town needs to give tone to our enterprise." She communicates the news to her husband. He exclaims, "A new hotel—the dream of my life," and sends gratuitous champagne to Blackie Daw. Bessie, the head waitress, becomes interested. The whole town is becoming interested. When Wallingford arrives, with his Japanese servant, he gets a royal reception. Harkins decides to "feature" his coming in the local paper. Welles begins to talk real estate with him. Later in the day, the village band serenades him.

After greeting all and sundry, calling ostentatiously for luxuries, and giving preliminary orders for a banquet to be held in the hotel, Wallingford retires to his room with his lieutenant. The vital problem now is: What particular "bluff" shall he make? What shall he invent as a manufacturing product in order to give a semblance of sincerity to his schemes and afford an excuse for taking the savings of the townspeople? The following scene takes place:

WALLINGFORD. What are we going to manufacture? What are we—*(Rises, looking at floor.)* I've got it.

BLACKIE. What?

WALLINGFORD. The idea.

BLACKIE. Where?

WALLINGFORD. *(Points to carpet.)* There, see it?

BLACKIE. *(Looks at carpet, then at Wallingford.)* I told you to let that juice alone.

WALLINGFORD. Look at that carpet.

BLACKIE. What for?

WALLINGFORD. Do you see the same thing I see?

BLACKIE. *(Takes his arm.)* Come on, Jimmie, lie down for an hour.

WALLINGFORD. *(Shakes Blackie off.)* On the square, look; see that swell carpet fastened down with rusty tacks?

BLACKIE. What about it?

WALLINGFORD. Suppose those tacks were covered with cloth to match that carpet?

BLACKIE. *(Thinks.)* That's not a bad idea.

WALLINGFORD. It's a great idea.

BLACKIE. Is it?

WALLINGFORD. Isn't it?

BLACKIE. You're the doctor.

WALLINGFORD. Yes, and I'll cure the rusty tack—I'm going to invent the covered carpet tack. *(Calls to Japanese servant.)* Yosi!

YOSI. *(Comes running on.)* Yes, Colonel.

WALLINGFORD. Come here. Get a paper of tacks and cover the tops of a few of them with that red necktie of mine. Cut the goods to fit the top and glue it on. Do you understand?

YOSI. *(Laughs.)* What you doing, fooling me?

WALLINGFORD. *(To Blackie.)* I'll have to poison this Jap. *(To Yosi.)* Listen, get a pair of scissors and—

BLACKIE. I know what you want. I'll show him. Yosi, come here. Get a paper of tacks and a bottle of glue. Hurry up. *(Pushes him to door.)*

YOSI. Paper of tacks—bottle of glue. *(Starts.)*

WALLINGFORD. Get the tacks in one store and the glue in another.

YOSI. Yes, sir. *(Goes out.)*

WALLINGFORD. Sounds good—covered carpet tacks.

BLACKIE. But maybe there are covered carpet tacks.

WALLINGFORD. What of it? A man can always get a patent—even if it's one you can jump through. You don't think I'm going to manufacture, do you?

BLACKIE. No. But what's the scheme?

WALLINGFORD. We'll organize a covered carpet tuck company—incorporate for, say, half a million.

BLACKIE. Do you think they'll fall?

WALLINGFORD. Fall? Why, my boy, when I've talked tuck around this town for forty-eight hours, I'll have these Gaspards on their knees just begging to be trimmed.

BLACKIE. If we only had a bank roll to work with till they start kneeling.

WALLINGFORD. *(Thinks.)* Yes, we do need a little pocket money. *(At this point there is a knock at door.)*

Eddie Lamb, the hotel clerk, enters. He has been vastly impressed by the financial schemes suggested by Daw and Wallingford; he comes to lay his money at their feet. Wallingford greets him suavely, and gives, in the ensuing scene, an illustration of the way in which he penetrates to the pocket-books of all his dupes:

WALLINGFORD. Oh, by the way, charming girl, your *fiancée*.

LAMB. Miss Dempsey. Yes, I think so.

WALLINGFORD. I hope you'll be able to work yourself up to a position of wealth and influence that will enable you to give her the many luxuries so sweet a girl deserves.

LAMB. Oh, I'm going to buy her a nice home all right.

WALLINGFORD. A home! Ah, what a beautiful thought! What a comforting word is home—what a melodious song is "Home, Sweet Home!" How does that go now? *(Thinking.)* Start it, will you?



"GENTLEMEN, LOOK AT THOSE TACKS"

At a culminating moment in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" the hero invites the astonished inhabitants of Battlesburg, Iowa, to examine the carpet. On this seemingly trivial incident depends most of the action of the play.

LAMB. "Home, Sweet Home?"

WALLINGFORD. (*Thinking.*) Yes, just start it; I'll get it.

LAMB. (*Sings.*)

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever—"

WALLINGFORD. (*Crying now.*) That's enough. The picture's too vivid. (*Wiping eyes.*)

LAMB. (*Clearing throat.*) I've got a cold, I guess.

WALLINGFORD. Oh, how I loved my home! I have but one regret; that is, that I never had a brother. Ah, if only I had a brother like you. (*Puts arm around Lamb and starts walking with him.*) Do you know, I've taken a great liking to you, my boy.

LAMB. Thanks, Colonel.

WALLINGFORD. I'd like to do something for you.

LAMB. I wish you would, Colonel.

WALLINGFORD. I'd like to make a whole lot of money for you.

LAMB. I was going to speak to you about that, Colonel. Gertie's anxious I should invest my money and—

WALLINGFORD. I understand; what you want is about seventy-five per cent. on your money.

LAMB. I'd like to get all I could.

WALLINGFORD. In other words, you'd like to get something for nothing.

LAMB. Yes, if I could.

WALLINGFORD. Oh, how I'd like to have a brother like you, with such desires and ambitions! What a great helpmate he would be to me! Do you like me?

LAMB. I certainly do, Colonel.

WALLINGFORD. Thanks. I'd just love to invest some money for you; but they'd hear about it around town, and small investors would come in droves. You see, I have so much surplus capital of my own that—

LAMB. Oh, I won't say anything about it, Colonel.

WALLINGFORD. It isn't that. You see, it's your check made out to me going through the bank. You know how things spread.

LAMB. I keep my money in a vault—I don't trust those bank cashiers.

WALLINGFORD. Oh, bright boy; that makes it easy. What's the amount?

LAMB. Eleven thousand.

WALLINGFORD. Better not invest it all at once. Ten thousand will be sufficient.

LAMB. Yes, I might need the other thousand.

WALLINGFORD. I'm sure of that. But understand your promise not to talk. This is to be our little secret.

LAMB. (*They shake hands.*) Honest.

WALLINGFORD. Would you swear to that on your bended knees?

LAMB. (*On both knees, and raises right hand.*) On my word of honor.

WALLINGFORD. (*Shakes his hand and raises him to his feet.*) I believe you, my boy. Of course, the quicker the money is placed, the quicker the returns.

LAMB. I'll go and get it right away.

WALLINGFORD. One more thing, my boy. I don't want you to keep thanking me for this. Once I've invested your money, forget it.



"WE'RE A COUPLE OF HONEST MEN!"

"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" (impersonated by Hale Hamilton) and "Blackie" Daw (who in real life is Edward Ellis) are transformed by a happy turn of events from champion crooks into pillars of the community.

LAMB. I'll try, Colonel.

WALLINGFORD. Do you promise?

LAMB. On my— (Just going to kneel again.)

WALLINGFORD. (Stops him from kneeling.) No, never mind kneeling again. I'll take your word. (Shakes his hand. At this point a knock on door.) Come in.

DEMPSEY. (Enters, followed by Judge Lampton.) Come right along, Judge.

WALLINGFORD. Ah, Mr. Dempsey. (Over to him.)

DEMPSEY. How are you, Colonel? This is Judge Lampton. Colonel Wallingford. He wants to see you about that automobile you spoke of. His son sells 'em.

WALLINGFORD. Ah, Judge Lampton? Of the Supreme Court?

JUDGE. No, not as good as that—just an ex-judge, that's all. Left the bench to go into politics years ago—practising law now.

WALLINGFORD. Ah, a lawyer. What motor car does your son handle?

JUDGE. Got the local agency for the Payhard. If you think of buying a car, why—

WALLINGFORD. Buying a car? Why, my dear

Judge, the Cataract people pay me a thousand dollars a month for driving their car. Any machine I operate becomes popular within a week. Of course you understand that.

JUDGE. No, I don't quite gather that.

WALLINGFORD. Why, don't you see, if I drove your son's car it would mean that he'd very likely dispose of a hundred or more of the same model before he knew it. Big sales, big profits. Have you any show cars at the place?

JUDGE. You mean samples?

WALLINGFORD. Exactly.

JUDGE. Two big tourers.

WALLINGFORD. Just a minute. (To Dempsey.) Is the Judge a friend of yours, Dempsey?

DEMPSEY. For a good many years.

WALLINGFORD. Enough said. (To Judge.) Have your son send one of his latest models around in the morning, and if it rides easily, I'll sacrifice the thousand dollars a month the Cataract people are paying me, and I'll drive his car for nothing.

JUDGE. (Scratching head.) Well, I can't quite figure out where—

WALLINGFORD. Just a minute. (To Dempsey.) You understand what I mean, Dempsey?

DEMPSEY. Perfectly.

WALLINGFORD. Explain it to the Judge.

DEMPSEY. Don't you see, Judge, that if the Colonel uses that car, Clarence will sell a couple hundred of 'em on the strength of it.

JUDGE. Do you think so?

DEMPSEY. Certainly. It's the best deal you ever made. Tell Clarence I said so. I'll guarantee he'll make a fortune.

JUDGE. Well, if you guarantee it—that's good enough.

DEMPSEY. (To Wallingford.) The Judge'll have the car around this afternoon, Colonel.

WALLINGFORD. Very good; I'll give it a trial. (At this point, another knock on door.) Come in.

BATTLES. (Enters.) Is Mr. Wallingford in?

WALLINGFORD. Come right in, Mr. Battles—welcome.

(Battles is followed by Timothy Battles and Henry Quig.)

BATTLES. I've got a couple of friends with me that I want you to meet. Come in, boys; shake hands with Colonel Wallingford. This is my youngest brother—Timothy Battles—the Mayor of the town.

WALLINGFORD. (Bowing extravagantly.) This is indeed an honor, Your Honor. (Shakes his hand.)

TIMOTHY. How de do, boys! (They salute him in pantomime and talk in dumb show.)

BATTLES. And this gentleman is Mr. Henry Quig—coal and ice magnate, and my partner in the Battlesburg Electric Light plant.

WALLINGFORD. Always pleased to know a man of affairs.

QUIG. I'm also a member of the City Council and Chamber of Commerce.

WALLINGFORD. I greet you, Mr. Quig.

QUIG. G. W.'s been telling us you're quite a fellow.

WALLINGFORD. Oh, say not so.

QUIG. I hope we get the manufacturing plant. (*Crossing over toward Timothy, with Battles.*) Hello, Judge—howdy, Dempsey.

HARKINS. (*Enters through open door.*) May I come in?

WALLINGFORD. Why, as I live, the jolly journalist.

HARKINS. Just want to get a list of those present, that's all. The town's hungry for Wallingford news.

WALLINGFORD. Ah, the power of the press. How mighty's the pen!

HARKINS. Consider the *Blade* your organ.

WALLINGFORD. I'll play the organ off the boards.

HARKINS. (*Laughs.*) Ha! ha! clever. I'll use that.

WELLES. (*Enters.*) Am I intruding?

WALLINGFORD. Not at all, Mr. Welles.

WELLES. (*To crowd.*) Hello, gentlemen! (*To Wallingford.*) I looked up that piece of property, Colonel. It's two hundred by two hundred and sixty.

WALLINGFORD. Ah, fine for manufacturing purposes.

WELLES. It's right opposite the depot, corner Grant and Ellsworth.

WALLINGFORD. The depot. Splendid location—great shipping position.

WELLES. It's the best spot I know of for your plant.

WALLINGFORD. Ah, gentlemen, I can almost see the smoke belching from the tall chimneys of the factory, the bright lights gleaming out from its myriad windows, where the night shift is working overtime, the thousands of workmen streaming in at its broad gates, the freight cars leaving the door of the plant, freight cars loaded with my magnificent tacks.

ALL. Tacks?

WALLINGFORD. Tacks. Ah, not the old-fashioned, time-worn, dull-edge, rusty-top, common steel tacks, but the child of my brain, gentlemen, the dream of my life—the covered carpet tack. Do you hear me, gentlemen—the covered carpet tack. Come over here, please. (*Go to left, followed by crowd.*) Look at those tacks. (*Points to carpet.*) Note their rusty heads. (*All get out eye-glasses and examine tacks.*) Imagine the difference, my friends, if they were replaced by tacks with heads to match that carpet. Just examine them closely, gentlemen. What do you think of the idea, gentlemen? (*No reply, as they rise.*) I say, what do you think of the idea? (*No reply, as they resume positions.*) Ah, ha! I knew the effect it would have. You're astounded—speechless—overwhelmed by the thought of this wonderful industry to be built in your city. Only too well do you appreciate



AN UP-TO-DATE EXPONENT OF BROADWAY COMEDY

George M. Cohan has scored the greatest success in his career as the author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford."

the absolute certainty of the grand business I am preparing to launch. Why didn't I think of this myself, says you. Ah, ha! how simple it is when it's all thought out. Just a moment, gentlemen. (*Opens door.*) Oh, Horace!

BLACKIE. Yes, Colonel.

WALLINGFORD. Have you a sample of my tack?

BLACKIE. (*Appears at door.*) Here we are—a dozen of them.

WALLINGFORD. Allow my friends to examine them, if you please.

BLACKIE. Certainly. (*Passes them to crowd.*)

WALLINGFORD. Study them carefully, gentlemen—you will see their value at a glance—and stop to think, the cost is comparatively nothing over the old steel tack, altho I expect to get ten cents a paper, as against five for the plain ones, leaving me a much wider margin of profit than the manufacturers of the old tacks obtain. There is no family so poor that will use the old rusty-trimmed or bronzed tack when these are made known to the trade, so you can easily compute for yourselves how many millions of packages will be used every year. The Eureka Tack Company, which controls the tack business of these great United States, operates a manufacturing plant covering twenty solid acres. A loaded

freight car leaves its warehouse doors on an average of every seven minutes. (*Wallingford snaps his fingers for Blackie to take up speech.*)

BLACKIE. You cannot buy a share of stock in the Eureka Tack Company at any price. It yields sixteen per cent. a year dividend, and something like eighteen million dollars of undivided surplus. And just think, my dear friends—that business was built on carpet tacks alone. (*As Blackie finishes, Wallingford pulls his coat-tail. Blackie goes up, and Wallingford finishes the speech.*)

WALLINGFORD. I am satisfied that when the first puff of smoke rises from my plant, at the first turn of the factory wheels, the Eureka Company will realize the hopelessness of their output, and offer millions for my invention. I have chosen your city on account of its manufacturing facilities and its splendid geographical position as a distributing center for the covered carpet tack; and now, gentlemen, you know one of the reasons why I have come to Battlesburg. (*No reply from crowd. They simply continue to look at tack without comment. Wallingford falls in chair exhausted.*)

BLACKIE. Take the tacks to your homes, gentlemen, and ask your wives and daughters if they have ever seen such a useful little article? (*At this point there is a knock on the door.*) Come in.

BESSIE. (*Enters and speaks directly.*) Mr. Dempsey wants to know how many plates you want at the banquet to-night.

WALLINGFORD. (*Jumps up.*) Gentlemen, before you stands a woman. (*Points to Bessie.*)

BESSIE. Why, was there any doubt of it?

WALLINGFORD. Ah, my good girl.

BESSIE. You can bet your sweet life I'm a good girl.

WALLINGFORD. (*Grabs her arm.*) Look at those rusty tacks in that carpet.

BESSIE. What are you blaming me for? I'm the head waitress.

WALLINGFORD. Ah, but suppose the heads of those tacks matched the carpet?

BESSIE. Well, if they leave the carpet down much longer they will.

WALLINGFORD. See this, my girl. (*Hands tack.*) Covered carpet tacks to match any carpet.

BESSIE. (*Looks at tack.*) Oh, what a gorgeous idea!

WALLINGFORD. Ah, ha! Do you hear that, my friends. Housewives will cry for them.

DEMSEY. I want Mrs. Dempsey to see one of these. I'll be back in a minute. (*Goes out.*)

BLACKIE. Come near the window, gentlemen. Get the light on the tack. (*They move up stage, Wallingford following them up to window.*)

WALLINGFORD. Yes, gentlemen, get the light on the tack. Give the little article every advantage.

BESSIE. (*To Wallingford.*) How many plates for the banquet?

WALLINGFORD. Prepare for a hundred.

BESSIE. A hundred plates? My God! (*Starts toward door.*) There ain't that much food in town. (*Goes out.*)

LAMB. (*To Wallingford.*) Can I get in on the tack proposition?

WALLINGFORD. I'll think it over.

LAMB. I'll get over to the vault before the bank closes and get that cash.

WALLINGFORD. (*Grabs him by the arm.*) Remember, mum's the word.

LAMB. May I never live to see— (*Starts to kneel.*)

WALLINGFORD. (*Stops him from kneeling.*) Don't kneel.

LAMB. I've got to hurry. It's nearly three o'clock. (*Goes out.*)

HARKINS. Excuse me, gentlemen. What's this, five minutes to three? I've got to get over to the *Blade* Building right away. (*Starts for door.*)

WALLINGFORD. (*Calls to Blackie.*) Oh, Horace!

BLACKIE. Yes, Colonel.

WALLINGFORD. Is there plenty of champagne on ice?

BLACKIE. I'll go and see, Colonel (*Goes out.*)

HARKINS. Perhaps I could outline my story right here. (*Goes over to table; starts writing.*)

WALLINGFORD. Well, gentlemen, can you understand now why I am willing to give my valuable time and expert attention to this marvelous little tack. (*To G. W.*) Wonderful thought, isn't it, Governor?

BATTLES. (*Undecided.*) Well, I don't know. (*To Tim.*) How does it strike you, Tim?

TIMOTHY. (*Scratches head.*) Oh, it might be all right. (*To Quig.*) What do you think, Henry?

QUIG. Lord, I don't know. (*To Judge.*) What's your idea of it, Judge?

JUDGE. Well, I'm not much of a judge of this sort of business. (*To Welles.*) Maybe Welles is.

WELLES. Don't ask me. My opinion wouldn't be worth two cents.

WALLINGFORD. Couldn't get a better criticism. Altho no foolish praise do you lavish, not one flaw, not a fault do you find with the article. This, gentlemen, I consider a compliment, coming as it does from five brilliant, active American minds.

BLACKIE. (*Enters.*) Plenty of wine, Colonel.

WALLINGFORD. Come, my friends, a glass of wine to cheer the heart. I insist upon your drinking success to the Covered Carpet Tack. This way, gentlemen. (*Wallingford holds door open, and they pass inside, one by one. Wallingford talks until they are all in. Blackie left alone on stage, laughing.*)

Wallingford's next move is to start the incorporation of a "Universal Covered Carpet Tack Company," electing himself president and owner of fifty-one per cent. of its stock, and appointing as board of directors G. W.

Battles, Timothy Battles, Richard Welles, Abe Gunther and Henry Quig. Eddie Lamb is sent out on the road to interest the hardware trade in the new tack. Meanwhile, Wallingford busies himself with a new traction line, the acquisition of all the real estate in sight and the selling of tack company stock. Of course, he has no idea that the carpet tack will be accepted as a marketable product nor that he can put through his electric traction line, or take up his options on the real estate. But now comes the charmingly improbable part of the play. The author takes a delicious flight from nature, but the play loses nothing of its fun or effect by reason of the improbability of this conclusion.

Wallingford, in the very process of trying to "get-rich-quick" by methods that are not countenanced by the law of the land, learns to become an honest man. All unconsciously he has stimulated the community in just the way that it needed stimulating. The biggest business boom of years is under way. His "fake" traction deal is turned into a genuine one because Battlesburg actually needs trolley-lines, and a traction magnate, from a neighboring city, E. B. Lott, is anxious to take hold of the job. Mr. Lott calls and offers Wallingford a million dollars for his franchise. Wallingford's life, speaking financially, is saved. "If I didn't have a strong heart," exclaims Blackie Daw, "I'd drop dead on the spot, old pal." Wallingford rejoins: "We're a couple of honest men."

In the midst of the excitement caused by the new turn of events, Eddie Lamb returns with the news that he has orders for more than 100,000 gross of the covered carpet tacks. By this time, Wallingford is enjoying thoroughly his new-found sensations of financial integrity. For the first time in their lives he and "Blackie" can look the world straight in the face. They see themselves settling down in Battlesburg, Iowa, real benefactors of the town, pillars of society, honorably married men.

The final act of the play shows the realization of their dreams. Wallingford has married Fanny. Blackie's love story is also brought to a happy termination. Amidst a perfect whirlwind of happiness, the rehabilitated town is shown ablaze with electric lights. Trolley cars are whizzing by to the accompaniment of clanging bells. The private residence of Wallingford is in the foreground.

A detective named Donahue, an old-time acquaintance, comes to visit Wallingford and Blackie. He has known them as "crooks," and

expresses his gratification at finding them now so well set up. "I've got to grab a confidence man up the way," he tells them; "I wouldn't have stopped off to-night, but I've heard so much about you for the last two years that I could hardly believe it was all true. I just wanted to see for myself, that's all." Wallingford replies, "It's all true, Tom," and points to the town in the distance in justification of his statement. When Donahue goes out, the two friends light up cigars, and settle down to a confidential chat.

WALLINGFORD. Say, Blackie, did you ever tell your wife the whole story?

BLACKIE. Did you?

WALLINGFORD. Yes.

BLACKIE. So did I.

(They puff a few whiffs of smoke.)

WALLINGFORD. It's a long time since we trimmed a boob, isn't it, old pal?

BLACKIE. Over two years.

WALLINGFORD. Do you ever feel the fever coming on?

BLACKIE. What do you ask for?

WALLINGFORD. Do you want me to tell you the truth?

BLACKIE. Certainly.

WALLINGFORD. Well, I've been worrying about you ever since we turned straight.

BLACKIE. Why?

WALLINGFORD. I kind of think you like the game.

BLACKIE. That's funny. I've been worrying about you the same way.

WALLINGFORD. (Laughs.) No fear of my ever going wrong again.

BLACKIE. Same here, Jimmy.

WALLINGFORD. Funny we haven't trusted each other, though, isn't it?

BLACKIE. Yes, isn't it. (More smoke.)

WALLINGFORD. I've got a great idea.

BLACKIE. What?

WALLINGFORD. Let's have a talk with Donahue in the morning and offer him a good salary to stay here and watch us. That'll make us both feel easy. What do you think of that idea?

BLACKIE. (Thinks.) I think that's the best idea you ever had.

WALLINGFORD. I feel sorry for the man Donahue is out to get, don't you?

BLACKIE. Funny, I was just thinking of that.

WALLINGFORD. It takes a smart man to be a clever crook, doesn't it, Blackie?

BLACKIE. You bet.

WALLINGFORD. But what a fool a smart man is for being a crook.

BLACKIE. I should say so.

WALLINGFORD. (After pause.) What a damn fool a man is for being a crook.

BLACKIE. I should say so. (They continue to smoke.)

CURTAIN.

D'ANNUNZIO'S FLAMBOYANT REPRESENTATION OF THE MARTYRDOM OF SAINT SEBASTIAN

SIGNS and wonders preceded the first performance of Gabriele D'Annunzio's mystery-play, "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," at the Chatelet Theater, Paris. The play had been twice banned—at Rome, with all the poet's dramatic works, and at Paris, where Mgr. Amette proscribed it in particular some time before the first performance, with the result that the author and his musical collaborator, Claude Debussy, in a letter to the *Figaro*, not only protested their undying orthodoxy, but submitted that it was scarcely fair to condemn a work whose tendencies it was impossible to foretell. The fact that "Saint Sebastian" is D'Annunzio's first play in the French language attracted critics who have long praised the pure beauty of his

French, while the general public was more interested in his own announcement that its use was due to the fact that the Russian dancer, Ida Rubinstein, who "embodied his dream of Saint Sebastian," and for whose dramatic débüt the play was written, spoke no Italian. The Russo-Italian alliance thus formed was strengthened by the choice of Leon Bakst, the celebrated Russian painter, to provide costumes and scenery, including a new drop-curtain for each act. On the morning of the dress-rehearsal, which was to have been a gala occasion, the accident at the Paris-Madrid aviation meet, leading to the death of Berteaux and serious injuries to Monis and Deutsch, stopped the public performance. The guests were notified by telegraph and telephone that the rehearsal would take place behind closed doors, notices to that effect appeared in evening papers, placards on the theater. For all that, such a crowd gathered before the doors that they were unofficially opened, and several hundred well-known Parisians, finding seats as best they might, watched the spectacle from the unlighted auditorium. All this contributed to give the first night an audience only less excited, only less cosmopolitan, than that of the *première* of "Chantecler."

The lifting of the outer curtain shows a second curtain of brilliant green and blue, in geometric designs. Three trumpet-calls resound. Heralds pass before the footlights. A man in flowing blue and black robes and a Dantesque head-dress speaks the prolog in archaic French. The public is exhorted to witness the mystery for the salvation of their souls. The sudden interest, thinks the *Journal des Débats*, that D'Annunzio takes in our eternal beatitude would be comic if it did not call attention at the very outset to the prime defect in all his dramatic work—a profound lack of sincerity and a mysticism always more decorative than spiritual.

The first act shows a vast hall, its columns upholding a cupola of sapphire; between them are masses of lilies against the sky. Across the back, held in by a cord, is a crowd of Italians, in brilliant garments. They appear as fifteenth-century Italians in spite of the fact that the action of the play transpires during the Roman Empire. Throughout the drama, not only as given, but in the poetic stage-directions in the printed book, great im-



Courtesy of The Theatre
THE EMPEROR WHO HAS SEBASTIAN KILLED

In D'Annunzio's play the Emperor Diocletian is portrayed as the friend of Sebastian and as at first unwilling to consent to his death. The part is ably played by M. Desjardins.

portance attaches to color values and harmony of design. A black-robed judge, seated high on the left, has negroes in scarlet tunics at his feet; on the right, tied to short pillars, are two beautiful Christian youths. They are the twins Marcus and Marcellian condemned to die for refusal to sacrifice to the gods. Before them a bed of coals glows for the torture. A troop of archers in tunics of light blue guard a praetor, and among them, slender in his golden armor, is their chief, Sebastian. He is an impressive figure, leaning upon his bow, motionless, silent.

The judge describes the coming torture of the martyrs with a wealth of detail that shows D'Annunzio has not forgotten his former ferocity. He will, however, rather tempt than frighten; he summons their mother, who appeals to them in an utterance of pathetic sincerity, one of the most human passages of the play:

Children, sons of my heart,
Still you are safe, you are sound!
On the brown of your breast
Yet no trace of your blood!
Still I can hear the beat
Of your hearts! Not yet, not yet
Have they torn the flesh from the bone.
Could I but touch you once!
Could I but breathe from your lips
The breath of my life! But mine
Are but these two weak hands;
Far above them you hang:
Mine but these two poor arms
Longing so to enfold
Both in the same embrace,
As when from the self-same breast
You drank—and between your woes
My heart is riven in twain,
O my twin-born! . . .
Yes, yes, my child,
My hands have felt how the cords
Cut through your flesh. With you
I'm bound to the tree. Like yours
Choked are my veins, and white
The marks of my bonds. Ah mine,
Mine is your pain, as when
Before your life had begun,
You two were only a knot
Palpitating within
The depths of my boundless hope.
I am thy mother—see—
See, I bear you once more—
Yes, once more as you move
Quivers your mother's flesh.

The five young sisters of the martyrs come with their companions bearing offerings for the propitiation of the gods, and singing the joy of life in a series of rondels, such as:



Courtesy of *The Theatre*

THE RUSSIAN DANCER WHO PLAYS SAINT SEBASTIAN

Ida Rubinstein, once a member of the imperial ballet and the wife of a Russian millionaire, is said to have inspired the writing of D'Annunzio's first play in French, "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian."

Ah, how fair is life!
How the gods are fair!
Sweet the Earth, the Air,
Water, Spirit, Fire!

Work and play; the bow;
Wings to cut the air—
Ah, how fair is life!
How the gods are fair!

Sounds a strange new knell;
 Quench the torches' flare,
 Lay the charnel bare,
 Crown with asphodel!
 How the gods are fair!

One of the martyrs is ready to yield. At this moment Sebastian, who has remained so intent that he has not felt the point of his bow transfix his palm, suddenly breaks silence:

Athletes of Christ, reply!
 Hurl back an iron word!
 For that your hands are bound,
 I take between my palms
 Your faith's red, naked heart,
 And lift it up to Heaven
 Where hangs awaiting you
 Glory's eternal crown!
 Now by the drops of blood
 Fall'n from my piercèd palm
 Like those that fell from His
 Nailed to the Cross's bar—
 I do adjure you both.

God hears you.

All are aghast at the action of the beloved archer. The mother upbraids him; but he speaks only a few words, and, as if hypnotized, she passes to the side of her sons to share their martyrdom. Then the daughters, one after another, like doves from the eaves, flutter to the side of the Christians. These conversions by suggestion, not to say hysteria, have not failed to irritate the dramatic critics, who say that they are surely not due to what Christians call the "act of grace." But D'Annunzio defends them in an article dictated to M. Raoul Aubry in which he says: "The original Christ was a sort of irresistible ravisher, who fell upon the souls of the most rebellious and rapt them away like Dante's eagle."

Sebastian solemnly confesses Christ. The people demand his arrest, but the archers defend their chief. He is a *protégé* of Caesar Augustus, they say. Caesar must judge him. Sebastian disarms himself, but before surrendering his bow, which in its tripartite form of arch, string and arrow he uses as a symbol of the Trinity, he gives the people a sign. Through the open *impluvium* he aims an arrow into the sky; by a miracle, it does not return to earth. He mounts, barefoot, the bed of glowing coals, he kneels, dances; in vain the slaves feed the flames, they will not harm the saint. The blind open their eyes, the sick are healed, a clamor salutes the miraculous archer, seven seraphim part the skies; the curtain descends as the atmosphere is almost delirious.

The second act shows a vaulted subterranean chamber. Midway rises a turret. A double rank of sorceresses weave incantations and announce the dawn of a new era. A crowd of ragged and sick enter escorting Sebastian. They have broken all the idols. He tries to shatter the portals of the tower, last sanctuary of the false gods, but in vain. There enters the most enigmatic figure of the play, the "girl sick with fever." Obviously she suggests Wagner's Kundry, half-real, not subject to the laws of time, having like Kundry witnessed the Passion. She speaks as in a dream, recounts the raising of Lazarus and his first meal as a dead man alive:

On the low couch, beside the sill
 He lay; the shadows from the pane
 Crossed his light robe with bars of light.
 A bit of bread with bitter herbs
 Lazarus took, but lifted not
 Up to his lips, that guarded still
 The taste of death. . . .

And in death's shade
 He lay, the Holy One, even now alone.
 Within the hair, still dank, of Lazarus,
 He caught the sullen odor of the earth
 And the night's heavy mold. I stood
 Silent and breathless; I had seen
 How on his brow a single furrow made
 Against the eyebrow's line a Cross.
 "I hear no more that homing-bird,
 Martha, she who had made her nest
 In the high chamber." Shade of wings,
 On his pure hands the shade of wings!
 And in His voice the breath of flowers,
 Of future flowers! But still He gazed
 At silent Lazarus, living and dead,
 And at his eyes under the yellow lids
 Heavy and dull. Suddenly then,
 As when the stone was rolled away, he spoke.
 "Come forth, O Lazarus!" so He cried, all pale;
 Cried to that stony and sepulchral face
 Bent o'er the sad repast. He spoke no word,
 But turned and looked his Master in the face—
 And then they wept—together.

Upon her breast, under her crossed hands, the girl bears a sacred relic which continually sears her flesh. It is the winding-sheet bearing the imprint of the Savior's body, the well-known Shroud of Turin. As it is unrolled, they chant a litany of the sufferings recalled by the marks. Its power breaks the portals and Sebastian sees within, turning about a common center, two white wheels. On the larger are traced the signs of the Zodiac, on the other those of the planets. His arms outstretched, he stands in a blaze of light from the luminous door, the dead girl, wrapped in her crimson burnoose, prostrate at his feet.

The third curtain has lozenges of red, black, silver and gold. It rises upon a peristyle opening on a vast pantheon. On a throne, robed in purple, sits the Emperor Diocletian. He will try to save the lovely youth; he will even make him a god. He reminds him of his dancing, so light that arrows may be shot under his feet, and Sebastian replies that he will dance the Passion of the God he serves. And this he attempts, in four scenes—the first illustrating the verse "Where is he that I love?" the second the agony on Gethsemane, in which he falls unconscious, rising in the third with arms outspread to form a cross, and concluding with a symbol of the Resurrection. Scarcely a critic can be found to say a good word for this scene, which is described as grotesque and shocking, especially as the women accompany the dance with a song lamenting Adonis, who dies and recurs with the year, with the evident purpose of blending the two ideals. Sebastian refuses all the Emperor's temptations, breaks the golden Victory, and is condemned by the ruler, an esthete in murder, to die stretched upon a lyre, suffocated by roses.

The fourth act shows the sacred wood of Apollo. Sebastian, who has been rescued from his floral doom by his archers, has again braved the Emperor, and has been bound to Apollo's sacred laurel, to be shot to death by the arrows of his own archers. The lovely design of this scene, showing Mlle. Rubinstein bound to the tree, had been used as the poster of the play and had aroused especial interest. A popular

Parisian caricaturist, when D'Annunzio was put upon the Index Expurgatorius, made a cartoon for the *Figaro*, showing the poet himself, bald head, monocle and all, receiving in the same poster pose the arrows of persecution. The men refuse to slay their beloved leader. Avid of martyrdom, he persuades them to grant him death that he may live eternally. His voice dies under the rain of arrows. The women, celebrating the rites of Adonis, take down the body, lift it upon the bier of their deity and bear it away. A glory fills the sky; the soul of Sebastian is received into Paradise.

There is in the printed play a fifth act in the regions of the blest, where mystic choruses chant welcomes to the martyr; but this seems to have been a little too much even for the initiative of D'Annunzio and his stage manager.

Notwithstanding all the overwhelming magnificence of the production, with its 150 parts and 350 executants, the praise of the play is almost wholly confined to its literary qualities. The poetry is admitted to be in many passages of a beauty "truly Annunzian," but in the main *La Revue* expresses the general verdict when it regrettfully admits that for all its beauty it has nothing spontaneous, nothing natural, in short no true emotion, such as has carried many a play of inferior literary merit into the hearts of its auditors.

The music, by Claude Debussy, is generally acclaimed; it is already announced for production in America this winter in concert form.

THE RUSSIAN BALLET AS A VEHICLE OF ARTISTIC IDEAS

AMID the hubbub of comment and criticism resulting from the attempt to suppress the Russian ballet in New York as prejudicial to morals, a general misunderstanding of its artistic mission was conspicuous. That mission has been set forth in many journals by many critics, but never so happily, perhaps, as in the London *Times*. That organ of the best British opinion is not all surprised at the bewilderment of simple people in the presence of something which, "if not new in kind is at any rate so different in degree that it needs to be put in a fresh category." Before the morality or immorality of a spectacle like that staged in New York at the Winter Garden last month can be determined soundly and justly, we must look at

the essential characters which differentiate the Russian ballet from that we have hitherto known. The Russian ballet does impart a shock, but the shock, if we may credit the critic of the able journal already named, is not to the moral sense. The shock is given to our western ideas of the function of a ballet and of dancing generally.

From a Russian standpoint, to begin with, dancing is a vehicle of communication. "It is the means by which the artistic idea comes from the mind of the creator to the senses of the spectator." The Russians have so long brought their technique of dancing, their command of their limbs and bodies, their instinct for balance, for energy without exertion, to the highest point that they have been able to



THE PREMIER DANSEUR OF THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL THEATER

Alexander Volinine, who is now appearing at the Winter Garden, New York, is described as a purely classical dancer, handsome of physique, with a grace and strength that evoke wonder and admiration.

develop the art for which that technique exists—"the conveyance of choreographic ideas." Russian ballet dancing, says our authority, never for one moment escapes from its subjection to ideas. Those ideas are artistic ideas. They are conceived at a high pitch of emotional intelligence.

"Of course, every ballet is subject to some sort of a design. If only for the sake of discipline there must be some order in the movements. But this has never been the be-all and end-all of ballet-dancing, to which all executional allurements must be sacrificed; nor have the ideas expressed been pushed upwards, as the Russian ideas have, into the adventurous realms of artistic experiment. Our ballet-designing has always been a democratic art, so far as it can be reckoned among the arts at all. Our dancing has been to please the people without calling for any mental exertion on their part. It has been an essential principle in this, as in all democratic arts, not to divert any of the spectators' imaginative energy to the central inward idea, but to save it all for the enjoyment of the expression; to use only themes, such as coquetry, pursuit, evasion, the simplicity and familiarity of which

would recommend them at once to the least cultivated spectator. In Russia, on the other hand, the ballet has been essentially an aristocratic institution, maintained by an autocratic government for the use of the cultivated classes. It has not depended for its existence on giving immediate pleasure (the bane of all democratic art), but has been able to follow its own bent. It has not had to husband the imaginative energies of the spectators, but, on the contrary, has been able to pursue the proper aim of all arts—to trouble and exert their imagination."

Western ballets have had so little concern with the imagination that even "the most pitiful little crumbs of imaginative food" have caused something of a flutter wherever presented in London, Paris and last of all in New York. And now, proceeds our contemporary, that we have suddenly set before us the abundant fare supplied by the inventive genius of a Benois and a Fokin, "inheritors of a great tradition that has been gradually developing all unknown to us, beyond the Baltic," and the interpretative genius of a Nijinsky, a Karasavina, a Lopoukowa and a Volinine, is it surprising that we are taken aback even if we "fall too greedily"? For here we are introduced to a whole range of ideas such as we have never met with before:

"Of pure mimesis, the imitation of actual material movements, there is but little in the Russian Ballet. Still less of convention: that mysterious language of gestures—comparable only to the means by which omnibus-conductors communicate with each other in the hubbub of Oxford-street—with which ballet-dancers are wont to darken the mind of the spectator, seems to have been entirely banished from their stage. Neither do they seek to entertain us by the mere portrayal of such simple matters as love, invitation, refusal, indignation, and forgiveness. There has to be some differentia in the emotion, some *callida junctura* which gives it a new significance, to make it worthy of their reproduction. Pavlova does not so much imitate the movement of a butterfly as the emotional quality of a butterfly-flight, the sense raised in our minds by watching it; and then it is not an ordinary butterfly, not a plain lepidopteron, but a Grimm butterfly, a dream butterfly, a butterfly multiplied many times by itself, raised as it were to the Pavlova-th power.

"When for a moment they are confined to mere mimesis—the representation, for instance, of the joy of youth—they catch immensely expressive gestures which have eluded our home-impressionists, such as that wholly child-like bold swinging of the arms, as if they were pinned on at the shoulders, that we see in 'L'Automne Bacchanal' and the Pavlovtsian dances. In all ballet-dancing there is a dim attempt to represent

the spiritual and fantastic by means of the material; the tiptoeing and the lifting-up of the women is a suggestion of the ethereal; but the perfect ease and grace of the Russians enables them to carry this to a far higher point, so that in their suggestion of things flying, things swimming, things poised, or blown by the wind, the sense of the material passes altogether away. . . .

"In the general disposition, too, of the crowd on the stage they have evolved new harmonies of grouping and of movement, avoiding symmetry, that bugbear of all design; there is always a certain natural asymmetry in the disposition



THE AMERICAN POPULARIZER OF THE
"BALLET RUSSE"

Gertrude Hoffmann, who is shown here in Oriental make-up, saw the "Ballet Russe" in Paris and transferred it to New York.



SHE DANCES HER WAY INTO THE HEARTS
OF THE AUDIENCE

"In the youth and grace of Lydia Lopoukowa," says one New York critic, "the spectators see the reincarnation of Taglioni. Her every movement is a delight."

of colors, in the entries and movements of the figures. And, above all, in everything there is restraint, which is the *sine qua non* not only of art, but of all effective movement."

Emotion itself is subject to restraint in the Russian ballet. "For this is one of the first principles of expressive dancing, that nothing must be taken too seriously." No need, for instance, to shed tears for young ladies who languish forlorn on the tips of their toes or for poor gentlemen who die of love for such elfin creatures. It is immensely serious as art to our contemporary which, however, reminds us that it is never for a moment serious as life.

Possibly for that very reason there can be no question as to the success here of the venture. "On the opening night," says *The Theatre* (New York), "the spectators went wild with enthusiasm. Such dancing, such stage settings had never been seen on our stage." Lopoukowa is described by this periodical as a reincarnation of Taglioni. It is impossible to the New York *Globe* to comment upon the Russian ballet here without suggesting that its beauty is merely that of all Russian art.

RICHARD WAGNER IN THE LIGHT OF HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

THE newly published autobiography* of Richard Wagner, than which, says a critic, the history of literature for a hundred years does not show a work more profoundly and widely interesting, reveals not only the master-musician of our age, but a man with qualities to which we cannot remain indifferent. He was "human, all too human," and perhaps this Nietzschean phrase explains Nietzsche's own reaction from him after years of adoring friendship. Richard Wagner himself put the whole matter in a nutshell when he said:

"I am differently organized from others—I have sensitive nerves—I must have beauty and splendor and light. I cannot be content with the wretched position of an organist, like Bach. Is it really such an outrageous demand if I claim a right to the little bit of luxury which I like—I, who am preparing pleasure for thousands and for the whole world?"

He claimed not merely a little luxury, but all that his friends possessed of money and devotion. "He ate his way through the world and through his friends' lives," one London reviewer remarks, "as a worm eats its way through the tissues of a body, heedless of the suffering it causes, caring only to get the nourishment it needs." The popular conception of Wagner as "a man of infinite persistence, of brilliant genius, of more than doubtful morals, of overweening selfishness, and yet so much beyond other men as to make the world at last accept him with all his faults," adds Franz Wortmann in the *New York Bookman*, is amply confirmed out of his own mouth in this self-written life of his.

The very history of the book makes its own appeal. It covers the life of Wagner between the years 1813 to 1864, and is based on memoranda extending over thirty-five years. A king—Ludwig of Bavaria—helped to write, or at least to transcribe it. Much of it was dictated to Cosima, the daughter of Liszt, Wagner's second wife. Half a dozen copies were actually printed, but these were understood to be private, and were given only to intimate friends. Frau Cosima has at least released "Mein Leben" for world-wide circulation.

Wagner's sole loyalty was to his music. All else he held as shadow. And in the early days before he found his musical expression, he was

like other young men—not much better, and not much worse. He tells us that he was dissipated, quarrelsome, and fond of youthful horseplay; "the outward ugliness and inward emptiness of which make me marvel to this day." He was also much too fond of gambling, and on one occasion staked and lost his mother's pension, of which he was trustee, at the gaming table. With his own last thaler, by a stroke of almost miraculous luck, he won the money back. He confesses:

"No sense of shame deterred me from telling my mother, to whom I presented her money, the whole truth about this decisive night. I voluntarily confessed my sin, in having utilized her pension, sparing no detail. She folded her hands and thanked God for His mercy, and forthwith regarded me as saved, believing it impossible for me ever to commit such a crime again."

"And, truth to tell, gambling had lost all fascination for me from that moment. The world, in which I had moved like one demented, suddenly seemed stripped of all interest or attraction. My rage for gambling had already made me quite indifferent to the usual student's vanities, and when I was freed from this passion also, I suddenly found myself face to face with an entirely new world."

"To this world I belonged henceforth: it was the world of real and serious musical study, to which I now devoted myself heart and soul."

Among the occasional visitors to Wagner's home was Weber, the composer of "Der Freischütz." His "refined, delicate and intellectual appearance" excited Wagner's ecstatic admiration. "His narrow face and finely cut features, his vivacious tho often half-closed eyes, captivated and thrilled me; while even the bad limp with which he walked, and which I often noticed from our windows when the master was making his way home past our house from the fatiguing rehearsals, stamped the great musician in my imagination as an exceptional and almost superhuman being." When Weber died, in 1826, Wagner fell under the spell of Beethoven.

"It was now Beethoven's music that I longed to know more thoroly; I came to Leipzig and found his music to 'Egmont' on the piano at my sister Louisa's. After that I tried to get hold of his sonatas. At last, at a concert at the Gewandhaus, I heard one of the master's symphonies for the first time; it was the symphony in A major. The effect on me was indescribable. To this must be added the impression produced on

* *My Life.* Two Volumes. By Richard Wagner. Dodd, Mead & Company.

me by Beethoven's features, which I saw in the lithographs that were circulated everywhere at that time, and by the fact that he was deaf, and lived a quiet, secluded life. I soon conceived an image of him in my mind as a sublime and unique supernatural being, with whom none could compare. This image was associated in my brain with that of Shakespeare; in ecstatic dreams I met both of them, saw and spoke to them, and on awakening found myself bathed in tears."

Wagner's admiration for Beethoven reached its acme when he heard the Ninth Symphony. He declares:

"Beethoven's Ninth Symphony became the mystical goal of all my strange thoughts and desires about music. I was first attracted to it by the opinion prevalent among musicians, not only in Leipzig but elsewhere, that this work had been written by Beethoven when he was already half mad. It was considered the *non plus ultra* of all that was fantastic and incomprehensible, and this was quite enough to rouse in me a passionate desire to study this mysterious work. At the very first glance at the score, of which I obtained possession with such difficulty, I felt irresistibly attracted by the long sustained pure fifths with which the first phrase opens: these chords seemed to form the spiritual keynote of my own life. This, I thought, must surely contain the secret of all secrets, and accordingly the first thing to be done was to make the score my own by a process of laborious copying."

Another influence in shaping Wagner's musical life was the singing of Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient, "at that time at the zenith of her career, young, beautiful, ardent, and whose like I have never again seen on the stage." She made her appearance in "Fidelio."

"If I look back on my life as a whole, I can find no event that produced so profound an impression upon me. Anyone who can remember that wonderful woman at this period of her life must to some extent have experienced the almost satanic ardor which the intensely human art of this incomparable actress poured into his veins. After the performance I rushed to a friend's house and wrote a short note to the singer, in which I briefly told her that from that moment my life had acquired its true significance, and that if in days to come she should ever hear my name praised in the world of Art, she must remember that she had that evening made me what I then swore it was my destiny to become. This note I left at her hotel, and ran out into the night as if I were mad."

The story of Wagner's *début* as a composer, which took place at Leipsic, and which he describes at length, is not without its comic side:

"It was the Christmas of the fateful year 1830; as usual there would be no performance at the theater on Christmas Eve, but instead a concert for the poor had been organized, which received but scant support. The first item on the program was called by the exciting title, 'New Overture,'—nothing more.

"I had surreptitiously listened to the rehearsal with some misgiving. I was very much impressed by the coolness with which Dorn [the conductor] fenced with the apparent confusion which the members of the orchestra showed with regard to this mysterious composition. The principal theme of the allegro was contained in four bars; after every fourth bar, however, a fifth bar had been inserted, which had nothing to do with the melody, and which was announced by a loud bang on the kettle drum on the second beat. As this drummer stood out alone, the drummer, who continually thought he was making a mistake, got confused and did not give the right sharpness to the accent as prescribed by the score.

"Listening from my hidden corner, and frightened at my original intention, this accidentally different rendering did not displease me. To my genuine annoyance, however, Dorn called the drummer to the front and insisted on his playing the accents with the prescribed sharpness. When, after the rehearsal, I told the musical director of my misgivings about this important fact, he stuck to it that the thing would sound very well as it was."

At the last moment Wagner found himself in a serious predicament. He had forgotten to buy a ticket, and was refused admission by the man at the door.

"Suddenly the tuning up of the orchestra grew louder and louder, and I thought I should have to miss the beginning of my work. In my anxiety I revealed myself to the man at the door as the composer of the 'New Overture,' and in this way succeeded in passing without a ticket.

"The overture began. After the theme of the 'black' brass instruments had made itself heard with great emphasis the 'red' allegro theme started, in which, as I have already mentioned, every fifth bar was interrupted by the drum-beat from the 'black' world. The fatal drum-beat, brutally hammered out, entirely deprived me of my senses.

"I heard my neighbors calculating the return of this effect. Knowing the absolute correctness of their calculation, I suffered ten thousand torments and became almost unconscious. At last I awoke from my nightmare when the overture, to which I had disdained to give what I considered a trite ending, came to a standstill almost unexpectedly.

"No phantom like those in Hoffmann's 'Tales' could have succeeded in producing the extraor-

dinary state in which I came to my senses on noticing the astonishment of the audience at the end of the performance. I heard no exclamations of disapproval, no hissing, no remarks, not even laughter; all I saw was intense astonishment at such a strange occurrence, which impressed them, as it did me, like a horrible nightmare. Nothing, however, equaled the pain of coming face to face with the man at the door; the strange look he gave me haunted me ever afterward, and for a considerable time I avoided the pit of the Leipsic Theater."

Wagner's next enthusiasm was for the woman who became his wife—Minna Planer—but it was not a whole-hearted enthusiasm. The pages in which he describes his meeting and marriage with her do not make pleasant reading. At the time (1834) he was a conductor in Lauchstadt. She was an actress, "looking very charming and fresh," he concedes, with a general manner and movements that were "full of a certain majesty and grave assurance." They fell in love with one another, yet they often quarreled, and he tells us: "I do not believe that she ever felt any sort of passion or genuine love for me, or, indeed, that she was capable of such a thing." He goes on to dissect her character in the coldest fashion, and reveals (for the first time) the fact that "at seventeen a certain gentleman had taken advantage of her at an unfortunate moment, so that some months afterward she became a mother." He writes further: "She was without idealism, she had no artistic feeling; neither did she possess any talent for acting, and her power for pleasing was due entirely to her charming appearance. Whether in time routine would have made her become a good actress, it is impossible for me to say. The strange power she exercised over me from the very first was in no wise due to the fact that I regarded her as in any way as the embodiment of my ideal; on the contrary, she attracted me by the soberness and seriousness of her character, which supplemented what I felt to be wanting in my own, and afforded me the support that in my wanderings after the ideal I knew to be necessary for me." Yet this same Minna slaved for him unstintingly, and earned money to support him when he could not earn any himself. During three years of starvation and disappointment in Paris they endured every misery conceivable. He tells us himself how he was forced into uncongenial employment, and how he had to pawn his wife's trinkets and theatrical wardrobe.

Wagner blamed his wife because of her volatile affections, but he, like Goethe, held to

the man's prerogative, and loved a number of women. He was not ashamed to borrow money from the women he loved—or from their husbands. His romantic affection for Mathilde Wesendonck, the romance that inspired "Tristan und Isolde," was one of the main causes of his final separation from his wife. He needed her, he said, because she was "a blank page" on which he might write the lines of his musical knowledge. Herr Wesendonck, the lady's husband, was high-minded and for a time acquiescent in the strange situation that developed; but in the end he put down his foot and forbade his wife's association with Wagner. Another affection of a very similar type, for Jessie Laussot, is described fully in the autobiography. When Frau Cosima first came to Wagner she was another man's wife. Her husband, Hans von Bülow, was a great musician in his own right, and a sincere admirer of Wagner's talents. Madame Bülow seems to have been drawn irresistibly to the fiery and wayward composer. "She listened silently," writes her future husband, "with her head bowed; if pressed for an expression of opinion she began to cry." There were later developments:

"While singing 'Wotan's Abschied' to my friends, I noticed the same expression on Cosima's face as I had seen on it, to my astonishment, in Zurich on a similar occasion, only the ecstasy of it was transfigured into something higher. Everything connected with this was shrouded in silence and mystery, but the belief that she belonged to me grew to such certainty in my mind that when I was under the influence of more than ordinary excitement my conduct betrayed the most reckless gaiety. As I was accompanying Cosima to the hotel across a public square, I suddenly suggested she should sit in an empty wheelbarrow which stood in the street, so that I might wheel her to the hotel. She assented in an instant. My astonishment was so great that I felt all my courage desert me, and was unable to carry out my mad project."

The final revelation of their feeling came when Wagner paid a visit to Bülow at Berlin:

"As Bülow had to complete the preparations for his concert, I drove out alone with Cosima on the promenade as before in a fine carriage. This time all our jocularity died away into silence. We gazed speechless into each other's eyes; an intense longing for an avowal of the truth mastered us and led to a confusion—which needed no words—of the boundless unhappiness which oppressed us."

Never once in his narrative does Wagner doubt his right to affection and sympathy. He

draws upon men just as impartially as he draws upon women. He calmly proposes to go and live on a friend's estate, and when he is met by a refusal says: "I thought I was conferring an honor on him." When some one who has loaned him money refuses to lend him any more, he is frankly astonished and can only assume a defect in character. He even admits that he thought at one time of obtaining a divorce from his wife, "in order to contract a rich marriage."

Yet against all this must be set the fact that many of Richard Wagner's friends, both men and women, were proud to help him, and that their only claim on immortality now consists, as he prophesied, in the fact that they *did* help him. They were wonderful days—the days in which, with all Europe indifferent or against him, this solitary genius fought and worked for his ideals. Throughout the record he gives us glimpses of how he worked and of how his fitful inspirations glowed. Here is a passage describing the way in which ideas for the scenery of "Tannhäuser" came to him during a trip from Paris to Dresden:

"One solitary flash of brightness was afforded by our view of the Wartburg, which we passed during the only sunlit hour of this journey. The sight of this mountain fastness, which from the Fulda side is clearly visible for a long time, affected me deeply. A neighboring ridge further on I at once christened the Hörselberg, and as we drove through the valley pictured to myself the scenery for the third act of my 'Tannhäuser.' The scene remained so vividly in my mind that long afterwards I was able to give Despléchin, the Parisian scene painter, exact details when he was working out the scenery under my direction."

Here is another glimpse of how he created the ideal out of the actual:

"One day, when climbing the Wostrai I was astonished in turning the corner of an alley to hear a merry dance tune whistled by a goatherd perched up on a crag. I seemed immediately to stand among a chorus of pilgrims filing past the goatherd in the valley; but I could not afterwards recall the goatherd's tune, so I was obliged to help myself out of the matter in the usual way."

Much of "The Flying Dutchman" was thought out during a four weeks' voyage on a sailing vessel from a little Prussian seaport to London.

"We entered one of those long sea roads running through a great ravine—for such the Norwegian fjords appeared to me. A feeling of indescribable content came over me when the enor-

mous granite walls echoed the hail of the crew as they cast anchor and furled the sails. The sharp rhythm of this call clung to me like an omen of good cheer and shaped itself presently into the theme of the seamen's song in my 'Fliegende Holländer.' . . . The view of one fjord in particular, which extended far inland, worked on my imagination like some unknown, awe-inspiring desert. This impression was intensified during a long walk from Tromsönd up to the plateau."

Suggestions for the orchestral prelude to "Das Rheingold" came to him in this way:

"Suddenly I seemed to be sinking in swift-running water. The rushing water took on the musical sound of an E flat major chord, which was tossed hither and thither by the waves, and continually breaking up into melodious variations of ever-increasing movement, yet never losing the perfect harmony of the chord, which, by its pertinacity, appeared to wish to impart some infinite signification to the element in which I was sinking. With the sensation of waves rearing high above my head, I awoke in a fright from the trance. Then I immediately recognized that the orchestral prelude to 'Das Rheingold,' which had long been in me, but which I had never been able to properly find, had arisen."

So Wagner lived, in a kind of creative fever. He was not a happy man. He was not a healthy man. He speaks incessantly of his physical and nervous ailments, and he was ever trying to cure them. "More than once," he cries, "I have wished myself dead; in any case, death has no terrors for me." There was strange conflict, as a writer in *Public Opinion* points out, between the man and his music. "His story," the London writer comments, "is just a gray, dull fight with trivial domestic and uninteresting incidents. A chronic want of pence, a chronic waste of pennies won, uncertainty of the future, and all that seems to hinder men, dogged his footsteps, and yet amid these circumstances he wrote that majestic music by which he will live. His mind was greater than his own deeds, greater than his circumstances." The same writer comments further:

"One cannot but be struck with the apartness of his music and his life. It had no effect on the living of his life. If his music is great it came out of life lived on a small scale. But whatever the man or his circumstances, or the way in which he lived, he did manage to hear in the music of the spheres the still small voice which compels men to listen when once it comes on the ear. . . . His life was a collection of discords, and yet out of them he struck the deathless songs."

BERNARD SHAW AND HIS AMERICAN BOSWELL

A CRITICAL Biography (Authorized)" is the quaint description on the title-page of a book* on Bernard Shaw by Prof. Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina, lately published in London and soon to be issued in this country. The description takes on additional piquancy in view of the fact that since its publication Mr. Shaw and Professor Henderson have become involved in violent discussion in the London newspapers. The smoke of controversy still hangs heavily. Mr. Shaw charges his biographer with inaccurate reporting of certain facts and opinions, yet admits: "He strove to make me read my own life in manuscript, and strove in vain: I had had enough of it whilst living it." Professor Henderson, who is a mathematician, declares that all the facts and opinions he reports were obtained from Mr. Shaw. Apropos of Professor Henderson's mathematical propensities, Mr. Shaw remarks: "The higher mathematics are based on the discovery, made simultaneously by Newton and Leibniz, that by proceeding on inconceivable assumptions, provisional approximations, and impossible hypotheses you can arrive at trustworthy working results." To this Professor Henderson has made the rejoinder: "Mr. Shaw is a dialectician, which means that, if necessary, the same words can mean to him two different things."

Here are some of Professor Henderson's specific "slips," as "G. B. S." defines them, with the American's replies:

Mr. Shaw: "One of them identifies a certain character in 'The Doctor's Dilemma' with Aubrey Beardsley. I never thought of Aubrey Beardsley in connection with the character of Dubedat, and I have not the smallest reason for supposing that Dubedat resembles Beardsley in anything except his extraordinary artistic gift and his early death from consumption."

To which Professor Henderson replies: "I once asked Mr. Shaw if Oscar Wilde had suggested the figure of Dubedat to his mind, and his reply was: 'No. Aubrey Beardsley.'"

Mr. Shaw: "The book makes some statements which are obviously impossible. It is already attracting a stream of American pilgrims to a house in which I never lived. . . . These things do not matter. . . . The Amer-

ican can worship as devoutly at the ginger-beer shop as if Osnaburgh Street were really my first home in London."

"All three pictures taken by Mr. Coburn I showed to Mr. Shaw myself and he passed them without correction," replies Dr. Henderson. "If Shaw does not know his early home from a 'ginger-beer shop,' how should I know any better?"

All this is a rather disappointing eventuation of an intellectual attachment that drew Professor Henderson across a continent and an ocean to the side of the man who is now very generally conceded to be one of the most widely and most deservedly discussed personalities of our time. Professor Henderson constituted himself a kind of Shavian Boswell, and Bernard Shaw accepted him as such. But he warned him in advance that his task as biographer would not be an easy one. "I know that you thought you were dealing with a new dramatist," wrote Mr. Shaw, "whereas, to myself, all the fuss about 'Candida' was only a remote ripple from the splashes I made in the days of my warfare long ago. I do not think what you propose is important as *my* biography, but a thorough biography of any man who is up to the chin in the life of his time as I have been is worth writing as an historical document; and, therefore, if you still care to face it, I am willing to give you what help I can. Indeed, you can force my hand to some extent, for any story that you start will pursue me to all eternity, and if there is to be a biography, it is worth my while to make it as accurate as possible."

Professor Henderson's book is appropriately characterized by one critic as "a concordance to Shaw." It contains a vast amount of information and racy biographical interpretation. Shaw's career, as outlined in this volume, may be said to illustrate the power of the indomitable will, and, beyond that, to mark the resurgence in our age of the radical spirit.

From the beginning, Shaw fought night and day for the triumph of ideas. These ideas were at first confused in his own mind. He had not learned to relate them to the world's stock of ideas. He even says: "I did not start life with a program; I simply accepted every job offered me, and I did it the best way I could."

When he came to London in the early seventies he turned his hand to various undertakings —to musical criticism, to versifying, to blank-

* GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Archibald Henderson, M.A., Ph.D. London: Hurst & Blackett.

versifying, to novel-writing. He met continual and repeated failures. Asked once what was his first real success, he replied: "Never had any. . . . What came to me was invariably failure. By the time I wore it down I knew too much to care about either failure or success." During the years 1876 to 1885 his literary efforts netted him exactly six pounds.

Bernard Shaw was one of the first men in England to become interested in Socialism, and he helped to found the Fabian Society and to write the "Fabian Essays." Sidney Webb had great influence over him. William Morris was another of his heroes. In 1882 he heard Henry George speak on the Single-Tax. It kindled a fire in his soul. "The importance of the economic basis," he says, "dawned upon me." He also read Marx and found in "Das Kapital" the concrete expression of social grievances and wrongs that seethed in the crater of his being. The intensity of his convictions forced him on to the platform. He tells us:

"I learned to speak as men learn to skate or to cycle—by doggedly making a fool of myself until I got used to it. I was really an arrant coward, nervous and self-conscious to a heart-rending degree. Yet I could not hold my tongue. I vowed I would join the society, go every week, speak every week, and become a speaker or perish in the attempt. And I carried out this solution. I suffered agonies that no one suspected. During the speech of the debater I resolved to follow, my heart used to beat as painfully as a recruit's going under fire for the first time. I am simply the sort of public speaker anybody can become by going through the same mill."

The artistic passion in Shaw was as ardent as the economic. He became as much interested in Ibsen and Wagner as in Marx and Morris. The development from Socialist to dramatist was natural and inevitable. He sim-

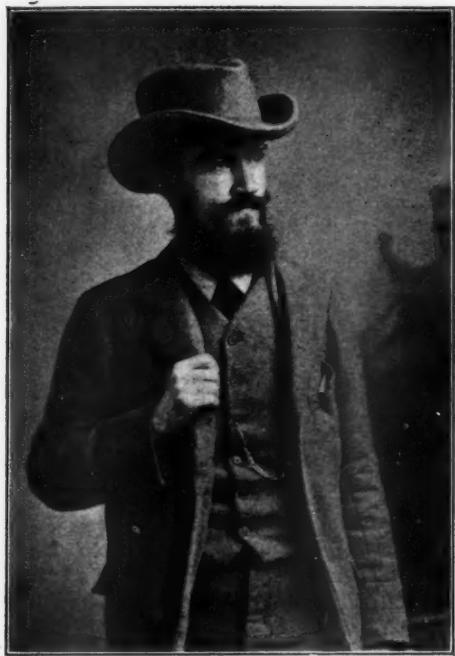


THEY WERE FRIENDS ONCE, BUT NOW—!

The shadowy figures in this impressionistic photograph by Steichen are Bernard Shaw and his "official" biographer, Prof. Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina. Since the publication of the biography the couple have had a falling-out and have been airing their troubles in the newspapers.

ply chose to express himself in a new and, as he felt, a more effective medium than the one he had been using. And he was able, Professor Henderson observes, to hold his Socialism without surrendering his individualism.

The keynote of the Shawian philosophy, as Professor Henderson interprets it, is the pursuit of life for its own sake. According to Shaw, life is realized only as activity that satisfies the will; that is, as self-assertion. Every such extension or intensification of activity is to be welcomed. Shaw's life-work is described as consisting in an attack upon the conception that passions are necessarily base and unclean; his art works are glorifications of the man of conviction who can find a motive, and not an excuse, for his passions; whose conduct flows



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW BEFORE HE HAD
"ARRIVED"

A photograph of the dramatist taken in London in 1891.

from his own ideas of right and wrong; and who obeys the law of his own nature in defiance of appearance, of criticism, and of authority. To quote Shaw's own words: "This morality is no new thing under the sun; Maurice Maeterlinck has declared that our morality of to-day has nothing to add to this injunction, found in the 'Arabian Nights': 'Learn to know thyself! And do thou not act till then. And do thou then only act in accordance with all thy desires, but having great care always that thou do not injure thy neighbor.'" In another place Shaw says:

"If a young woman, in a mood of strong reaction against the preaching of duty and self-sacrifice and the rest of it, were to determine not to murder her own instincts and throw away her life in obedience to a mouthful of empty phrases, I should unhesitatingly say to the young woman: 'By all means do as you propose. Try how wicked you can be; it is precisely the same experiment as trying how good you can be.'

"No great harm is done beyond the inevitable and temporary excesses produced by all reactions; for the would-be wicked ones find, when they come to the point, that the indispensable qualification for a wicked life is not freedom, but wickedness."

On this, W. T. Stead of *The Review of Reviews* comments: "The average sensual man, 'the mean sensual man,' as Granville Barker translates it—for whom passion means merely sexual lust—would take every advantage of the loopholes for self-indulgence offered by the Shawian program."

Many interesting and intimate glimpses of Bernard Shaw's personality are afforded by Professor Henderson's book. Simplicity and unostentation, it seems, are the keynote of Shaw's home life. The ornate, the gaudy, the useless, are banished from his scheme of things. Mr. Shaw's retirement from the journalistic lists some years ago was signalized by his marriage to Miss Charlotte Frances Payne-Townshend, who nursed him back to health and strength after a serious accident. "I was very ill when I was married," Mr. Shaw once wrote, "altogether a wreck on crutches and in an old jacket which the crutches had worn to rags. I had asked my friends, Mr. Graham Wallas, of the London School Board, and Mr. Henry Salt, the biographer of Shelley and De Quincey, to act as witnesses, and, of course, in honor of the occasion they were dressed in their best clothes. The registrar never imagined I could possibly be the bridegroom; he took me for the inevitable beggar who completes all wedding processions. Wallas, who is considerably over six feet high, seemed to him to be the hero of the occasion, and he was proceeding to marry him calmly to my betrothed, when Wallas, thinking the formula rather strong for a mere witness, hesitated at the last moment, and left the prize to me."

Shaw has a country-house in Hertfordshire. When Mr. Stead asked him why he selected it, he took the editor over to an old English church nearby, redolent of mystery and sanctity, and pointed to the inscription on a tomb: "Jane Eversley. Born, 1815. Died, 1895. Her time was short." "I thought," said Shaw, "that if it could be truthfully said of a woman who lived to be eighty years old that her time was short, then this was just exactly the climate for me."

Mr. Shaw has been censured for permitting the exhibition in 1906 of a nude photograph of himself as Rodin's "Penseur"; but he is more noted for his clothes than for his nudity. When he was writing dramatic criticism he refused point-blank to obey the theatrical regulation requiring evening dress. A conflict was precipitated one evening, and Shaw was stopped at the door of a theater by an attendant.

"What do you object to?" asked Shaw; "the velvet jacket?"

The attendant nodded assent.

"Very well," exclaimed Shaw, no whit abashed, "I will remove it." And the next instant he was striding up the aisle in his shirt-sleeves.

"Here, that won't do!" shouted the attendant in great alarm, hurrying after Shaw and stopping him with great difficulty.

"Won't do?" cried Shaw, with fine assumption of indignation. "Do you think I am going to take off any more?"

And with that he promptly redonned his velvet jacket and, turning on his heel, left the house. Shaw finally won the battle.

Shaw's egotism and playful pretence of vanity are a source of great amusement to his friends. In answer to Lady Randolph Churchill's invitation to a luncheon party, he wrote: "Certainly not! What have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habit?" To which she replied: "Know nothing of your habits; hope they are not as bad as your manners." Shaw then wrote her a long letter of "explanation"—leaving the victory with the lady.

Of Professor Henderson's book as a whole, Holbrook Jackson, himself the author of a critical study of Bernard Shaw, writes as follows in the *London Bookman*:

"The chief defect of this critical biography is a defect of quantity. The book is too large. Dr. Henderson lost his sense of proportion when he abandoned the idea of writing an essay and entered upon the hazardous task of a definitive 'authorized' biography. Books about living men ought to be decently brief; this book is shamelessly enormous. But if its size repels readers to-day, it will most assuredly attract students of Bernard Shaw in the future. Its very comprehensiveness gives it the importance of an historical document. The cardinal error which the biographer seems to have committed was to have attempted to keep pace with the progress, the output, the tireless energy of Mr. Shaw. Dr. Henderson seems to have been obsessed during the whole of his task by the perpetual effervescence of his subject. The actual G. B. S. was too prominently in his vision—throwing off plays and prefaces, discussing, scolding, entertaining, and Dr. Henderson tried desperately to keep pace, forgetting that keeping pace with the life of an energetic public man from day to day is not the business of the biographer, but of the journalist. The result is that his book is a good chronicle rather than a good biography. It is, however, something more than a chronicle of the life of Mr. Bernard Shaw, it is a remark-



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW MEDITATIVE

A typical posture of the Heinesque figure who, as one London critic says, "has talked and written and wrought itself into the front rank of the world's personal influences."

able chronicle of English revolutionary movements during the last twenty-five years; and still remarkable when we allow for limitations due to the fact that it was written in America by an American whose knowledge of the period was necessarily literary. . . . In the sixteen chapters of his book, Dr. Henderson tells the history of the idea movements of the last quarter of a century apropos of Bernard Shaw. Here and there he is shaky as to points of fact, and he allows enthusiasm for his hero to color his history now and then, as, for instance, when he speaks of Mr. Bernard Shaw being 'head and center of the Fabian Society.' Those who know anything about the Fabian Society know that its head and center is not Mr. Bernard Shaw, but Mr. Sidney Webb; Fabianly speaking, Mr. Bernard Shaw is Mr. Webb's chief spokesman. Dr. Henderson has not realized that there are two Shaws: one, the Fabian constitutionalist, devoted adherent of Mr. Sidney Webb; the other, the impulsive revolutionary of 'Man and Superman' and the insurrectionist of 'Major Barbara.' But such failings do not dispose of the book's value as a comprehensive record."

Literature and Art

THE FUTURIST MOVEMENT IN ITALY

AMILITANT association of Italian politicians, sociologists, writers, painters and musicians, organized under the banner of "Futurism," has lately made its appearance. It is bent, apparently, on revolutionizing everything, yet its creed cannot be defined in the terms of any existing revolutionary school. The world at large may be said to have had its first glimpse of the movement when not long since an Italian novel, "Marfarka the Futurist," was seized at Milan as offensive to the manners and morals of the community, and the author, F. T. Marinetti, was prosecuted. His trial at the Court House in Milan was made the occasion of a demonstration on the part of the Futurist school and its sympathizers in France and Italy. The novelist Prof. Luigi Capuana, the orator Innocenzo Cappo and several other impassioned adherents spoke in its favor; the prosecution collapsed, and the defendant, gloriously acquitted, was carried off by his friends, all shouting "Long Live Futurism!" The *New York Times*, commenting on this, says: "It would be interesting to know just what Futurism is, and whether it would excite American court-rooms to 'hourras' and 'brouahas'."

If *The Times* or anyone else is uninformed about the tenets of Futurism, it is not the fault of the publicity department of the movement, which seems to be vested in the founder, Signor Marinetti, a young bilingual poet, critic, dramatist and novelist. It is he who conducts the organ of the movement, the massive review *Poesia*, emanating from Milan, but publishing as much French as Italian; and it was he who wrote the lurid manifesto that appeared in the *Paris Figaro* in 1909. Slightly abridged, it follows in Marinetti's own authorized translation:

1. We intend to glorify the love of danger, the custom of energy, the strength of daring.
2. The essential elements of our poetry will be courage, audacity and revolt.
3. Literature having up to now glorified thoughtful immobility, ecstasy and slumber, we wish to exalt the aggressive movement, feverish insomnia, running, the perilous leap, the cuff and the blow.
4. We declare that the splendor of the world

has been enriched by a new form of beauty, the beauty of speed. A race-automobile is more beautiful than the Victory of Samothrace.

5. We will sing the praises of man holding the flywheel of which the ideal steering-post traverses the earth, impelled itself around the circuit of its own orbit.

6. The poet must spend himself with warmth, brilliancy and prodigality to augment the fervor of the primordial elements.

7. There is no more beauty except in struggle; no masterpiece without the stamp of aggressiveness. Poetry should be a violent assault against unknown forces to summon them to lie down at the feet of man.

8. We are on the extreme promontory of ages! Why look back, since we must break down the mysterious doors of impossibility. Time and space died yesterday. We already live in the absolute, for we have created the omnipresent eternal speed.

9. We will glorify war—the only true hygiene of the world—militarism, patriotism, the destructive gesture of the Anarchist, the beautiful ideas which kill, and the scorn of woman.

10. We will destroy museums, libraries, and fight against moralism, feminism, and all utilitarian cowardice.

11. We will sing the great masses agitated by work, pleasure or revolt; we will sing the multi-colored and polyphonic surf of revolutions in modern capitals; the nocturnal vibration of arsenals and docks beneath their glaring electric moons; greedy stations devouring smoking serpents; factories hanging from the clouds by the threads of their smoke; adventurous steamers scenting the horizon; and the slippery flight of aeroplanes.

It is in Italy that we hurl this ever-throwing and inflammatory declaration with which to-day we found Futurism, for we will free Italy from her numberless museums which cover her with countless cemeteries. Museums! cemeteries! Identical truly in the sinister promiscuousness of so many objects unknown to each other. Public dormitories where one is forever slumbering beside hated or unknown beings. Painters and sculptors murdering each other with blows of form and color in the same museum.

Therefore welcome the kindly incendiaries with the carbon fingers! Away and set fire to the book-shelves! Turn the canals and flood the vaults of museums!

The oldest amongst us is thirty; we have at least ten years in which to accomplish our task. When we are forty, let other younger and more

daring men throw us into the waste-basket like useless manuscripts. They will come against us, leaping on the cadences of their first poems, clawing the air with crooked fingers and scenting at the academy gates the good smell of our decaying minds already promised to the catacombs of libraries. But we shall not be there. They will find us at last, on a winter's night, in the open country, in a sad iron shed pitter-pattered by the monotonous rain, huddled around our trepidating aeroplanes, warming our hands at the miserable fire made with our present-day books flickering merrily in the sparkling light of their images.

Erect on the pinnacle of the world, we hurl forth once more our defiance to the stars!

This document was sent to as many newspapers in Europe and North and South America as the Futurists could reach, and the comments provoked were at once reprinted in *Poesia*, making an imposing collection. A certain wild reasonableness to be felt through the flamboyance of the program made everyone take it, if with some amusement, at least also with some seriousness. "I hope, for your sake," said Charles Derennes to the Futurists, "that Sirius will depart from his usual custom, which is, as everyone knows, to permit himself to be moved only with the greatest difficulty by our words and our actions." And Jules Claretie asked: "Are you not afraid of the ironic wink of the challenged stars?"

Comedia at once gave Marinetti a chance to explain some of his more evident contradictions, which he did in an interview showing that he regards the manifesto as something like the drumbeat of the Salvation Army drawing a crowd for subsequent edification. He combines patriotism and the destructive gesture of the Anarchist by asking whether the development of collectivity is not the result of particular efforts and initiatives, adding that this "gesture" is an absurd yet beautiful appeal to an ideal of impossible justice, a barrier against the encroachments of the dominant classes. War, he thinks, far from being a mediavalism out of place on an ultra-modern program, is a measure of political sanitation. "I believe that nations should follow a constant hygiene of heroism and take every century a glorious bath of blood." Burning the museums, he admits somewhat lingeringly, is only a figure of speech; all he wants is that artists and writers should use their own eyes and form their own standards for the generation of which they are a part, and not "see life through a mist of souvenirs." The most violent opposition was roused by his

avowed "scorn of women," but even this is to be taken in a *Pickwickian* sense. He says that Italian literature has been and still is obsessed by the *Leitmotif* of love of woman, to the exclusion of everything else, and he would reduce gallantry and romance to something like the position they actually occupy in the real life of a modern man of affairs. "We would replace in the imagination the ideal silhouette of Don Juan with those of Napoleon, Andrée, and Wilbur Wright." Mme. Catulle Mendès, writing in *Femina*, had already surmized that "his pen was more brutal than his purpose," and added that "in every land, in spite of 'scorns' more or less sincere, there will always be a Romeo to scale Juliet's window, whether by a silken ladder or an aeroplane." The fact that many women—Comtesse de Noailles, Rachilde, Helene Vacarescu, Helene Picard, Marie Dauguet—appear as contributors to *Poesia*, and may be supposed to be in sympathy with the movement, if not actually enrolled under its banner, shows that they had already "interpreted" Marinetti's speech.

But when it comes to producing works according to the program, it is regrettably admitted that the program itself remains the more successful. The founder, who leans to a *vers libre* far from free, has used subjects of the promised order in some of his "Chants Futuristes," such as:

See, how the glistening rails twist indolently,
And seem in frenzy, even with all the languorous
Softness that shapes their curves. The shining
rails bound forth
Tho still they rest in silence,
And burn to blend, in the low-bending heaven,
With all the fulgent constellations there.
The glistening rails seem trembling now with joy,
Caressing on the far horizon-line
Evening's slow-dying fires, like rosy fard.
Hundreds. Ten thousands. 'Tis too much to say!
They are innumerable, these great violet eyes,
Green, too, and red, of the fantastic tramways;
Great eyes that slip, melting into the mass,
And clashing, as their fiery lashes cross.

It is, however, not altogether a one-man movement. Paolo Buzzi won the first contest conducted by *Poesia*, and Enrico Cavacioli the second. Among the French adherents are André Ibels and Adelswärd de Fersen, who have published "Le siècle maudit," by Sébastien-Charles Leconte, President of the French Society of Poets. This strong poem, somewhat changed, has just appeared

in his latest volume, "The Iron Mask." The founder remains the most striking figure; his play "Le Roi Bombance," produced by Lugné-Poë in Paris, almost ended in a riot. The plot, says the Russian review *La Balance*, is that of a social and political farce for all lands and times, but is especially a grandiose caricature of parliamentarism. The kingdom of Bourdes is occupied solely with eating. Its women have left the country as too materialistic for them. The King, Bomba, chosen because he is the fattest, has starved the people with his feasts, and to stop their complaints, on the death of his *chef-councilor*, puts the government into the hands of four Marmitons, who shut out people, king and all, from the palace, while they brew a wonderful broth, Universal Happiness! But the King starves to death meanwhile, and the folk, maddened by the attractive odor, break in the doors, and, finding the broth to be only very watery stuff, devour Marmitons, king and all. Their stomachs, unaccustomed to so much food, disgorge the eaten ones, who promptly take up their government once more—an endless cycle of system. The only ideal-

ism rests with the Idiot, a poet who delivers this speech from the top of a tree where he has been chased by the populace:

"Oh, 'tis not ruddy meats nor bread you lack, but the Stars, the Stars dripping with honey and with gold for your lips! . . . Oh, my poor friends, do you not understand, It is Ideas that I offer you—Ideas clothed in images and in symbols—for, look you, in this world even Ideas cannot go about quite unclothed. They even need fair raiment of light, fashioned with elegant precision. They do not resemble you in the least, my dear Bourdes. While you are staggering about like heavy-footed drunkards, these Ideas, my Ideas, are dancing deliciously upon the summits of the sphere, like heroes after a battle. Can you see them? Can you understand them? No? . . . Oh, how unhappy I am! I know well that you want them to wear garments like yours, shapeless sacks good for fat and thin alike—and I know that I am for you only one who dances before you a company of marionettes. Well, there's nothing to be done. But my poor heart aches, for I love you with all that is within me. My heart is a cloud tattered with passion, bending above you without power to refresh you or to quench your thirst. I would gladly weep with you, over you, over my own, poor, useless love."

THE NOVEL THAT OVERRULED THE SUPREME COURT

IN THESE days of throbbing war-drums, when the news from Fort Sumter and Bull Run and the other opening engagements of the great Civil War assail us nearly every morning from the columns of the newspapers (reproduced after fifty years have reduced them to mere echoes), the centenary of the birth of the modest little lady whose pen is thought by many to have been the most potent single force in bringing about that war also claims attention.

A centennial biography* has been published, written by Mrs. Stowe's son and grandson, which throws what will be, to the majority of people, new and unexpected light upon the attitude of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" toward the South. To assume that her book—which in the words of a Southern man, Thomas Nelson Page, "overruled the Supreme Court and abrogated the Constitution"—was written in any spirit of hostility to the Southern people is, it seems, to assume the exact contrary of the truth. Hostility deep and abid-

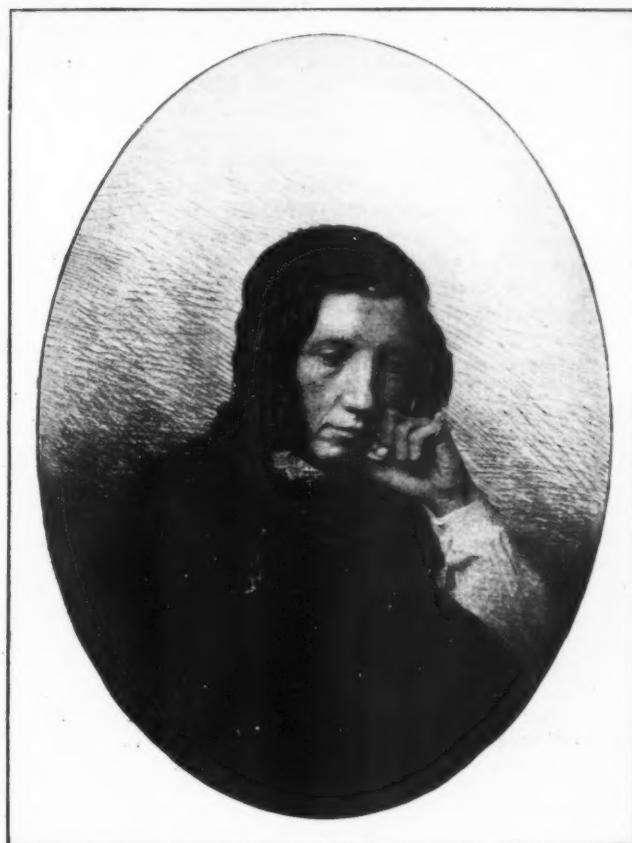
ing to the system of slavery there was, of course; but the idea of widening the division between the Northern and Southern people was the exact reverse of what was in her thought. For Mrs. Stowe was not and never became an Abolitionist of the type of Garrison and Phillips.

The shades of anti-slavery feeling in the North at that time have been blurred by the lapse of years. We forget that Garrison was hounded in New England more fiercely than in any Southern state; that Lincoln was ridiculed in cartoons and abused in editorials by the ultra-Abolitionists fully as much as by the Southern fire-eaters. Mrs. Stowe followed the lead of her father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, who held that Garrison and Phillips were like the man who burned down his barn to get rid of the rats. Old Dr. Beecher was saying in those days: "I regard the whole Abolition movement, under its most influential leaders with its distinct maxims and modes of feeling, and also the whole temper, principles and action of the South in defense of slavery, as a singular instance of infatuation permitted by heaven for purposes of national retribution."

* *The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe. A Centennial Volume.* By Charles Edward Stowe and Lyman Beecher Stowe. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Mrs. Stowe expected her book to meet with reprobation from the Abolitionists, and to appeal favorably to the Southern people. Her friends also expected that. One of them, who was widely acquainted in the South, wrote to her, "Your book is going to be the great pacifier; it will unite North and South." Two of the three masters Uncle Tom had were kind and lovable men. The most repulsive characters in the book are Northerners. For a time the author's hopes seemed to be justified. There came an almost unbroken chorus of acclamation. The South did not condemn and the North approved. Not until a sale of 100,000 copies had been reached did the reaction begin. Then, strangely enough, it was led by a London paper—*The Times*. "Instantly, as by a preconcerted signal, all papers of a certain class began to abuse; and some who had at first issued articles entirely commendatory now issued others equally depreciatory." Religious papers, notably the New York *Observer*, began then to denounce the novel as anti-Christian and even to resort to personal slander of the author. The book quickly became taboo in the South. But by becoming a storm center rather than a pacifier, the novel really accomplished its mission. It compelled the attention of the world, and, to quote again from Thomas Nelson Page, "by arousing the general sentiment of the world against slavery it contributed more than any other one thing to its abolition in that generation," and "did more than any one thing that ever occurred to precipitate the war."

Again, after the war was ended, we find Mrs. Stowe earnestly protesting against giving the ballot to the blacks. She said: "I am opposed to giving the ballot to the liberated slaves, who are utterly unfit to comprehend its meaning or use it properly. If, against their



A LIBERATOR NOT MERELY OF THE SLAVE, BUT OF THE AMERICAN MIND.

Harriet Beecher Stowe did more than has generally been recognized to break down Puritanical prejudices. In many homes in New England and the Middle West "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the first novel ever to be admitted, and there are probably tens of thousands of persons still living who saw the inside of a theater for the first time when Uncle Tom and little Eva held the center of the stage.

will, negro suffrage is forced upon the Southern people, I do not see how any one in his right senses can expect anything but a war of races. My way would be to hold over the negro the protection of the Freedman's Bureau until the great laws of labor shall begin to draw the master and servant together; to endeavor to soothe and conciliate and win to act with us a party composed of the really good men of the South."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" did more than contribute to the destruction of African slavery. It became a distinct force to help break down the Puritanic hostility against the reading of novels and the attendance at theaters. In many homes in New England and the Middle West "Uncle

"Tom's Cabin" was the first novel ever to be admitted, and there are probably tens of thousands of persons still living who saw the inside of a theater for the first time when Uncle Tom and little Eva held the center of the stage. The work was not only, therefore, a political event of the first importance, but also a literary and dramatic event of far-reaching consequence. Every American novelist and dramatist of our day owes something to the demure preacher's wife who described herself as "a little bit of a woman, somewhat more than forty, just as thin and dry as a pinch of snuff, never much to look at in my best days and looking like a used-up article now." Three versions of the play were made almost at once, Mrs. Stowe having neglected to protect her dramatic rights. One produced in Troy, N. Y., a city then of about 30,000 inhabitants, ran for one hundred nights, and then was transferred to New York City for a run of 325 performances. The version produced in Boston was played 250 times in the first two seasons—1852, 1853. Similar popularity attended the production at two theaters simultaneously in London. During the last decades of the nineteenth century as many as twenty companies were presenting the play at the same time, the total number of performances in America alone being estimated at 150,000, and the number abroad, in many languages, at one-half that number. "The play," says William R. Cairns, in *The Dial*, "is, of course, the most intense melodrama, and the tale on which it is founded is melodramatic. But melodramas ordinarily come and go, and the melodrama that holds its own in divers parts of the world for sixty years can hardly be ignored in the literary history of the country that produced it."

The usual canons of literary criticism seem to be strangely futile when it comes to appraising the novel. "The critic," says the writer just quoted, "easily dissects 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' into nothingness. The plot is ill-proportioned and formless; the diction and style are not above reproach; the humor and the pathos are in a rather cheap conventional manner. But the man who says all this knows that he is speaking of one of the very few books which almost all of his auditors, of all intellectual and social conditions, have read, and read with pleasure."

In recent editorial appraisement, the *New York Evening Post* quotes James Ford Rhodes as saying that "the style is commonplace, the language is often trite and inelegant, sometimes degenerating into slang, and the humor

is strained." All this *The Post* seems to admit; yet it asks, "Who would not rather write one such book and render one such service to humanity than place upon the shelves a dozen volumes to win the applause of literary experts?" It continues:

"The millions who have wept over the deaths of Uncle Tom and Eva, as portrayed by every kind of dramatic company, and thrilled at the escape of Eliza, have doubtless not been severe critics nor proof against mawkish sentiment. But their emotion is explicable on no other ground than that at bottom Mrs. Stowe touched with rare dramatic power the underlying human emotions not only of her generation, but of many another, and thus proved anew that an appeal in behalf of human rights, made with justice and passion and self-obliterating earnestness, can never fail to bear fruit."

Some of the most enthusiastic praise of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has come from men and women of high literary attainment. Macaulay, for instance, spoke of it as "the most valuable addition that America has made to English literature."

James Russell Lowell was another of Mrs. Stowe's contemporaries to pay tribute to her "genius." The secret of Mrs. Stowe's power, in "Dred" as well as in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," he found to be "in that same genius by which the great successes in creative literature have always been achieved—the genius that instinctively goes right to the organic elements of human nature, whether under a white skin or a black, and which disregards as trivial the conventional and factitious notions which make so large a part both of our thinking and feeling."

Yet we have Mr. Howells's word for it that the author of this novel—once hailed by a high authoritative British periodical as "the most marvelous literary phenomenon the world has ever witnessed"—was singularly deficient in the very rudiments of her art. Writing of his experiences as editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* with Mrs. Stowe's manuscripts, he has said: "As for the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' her syntax was such a snare to her that it sometimes needed the combined skill of all the proof-readers and the assistant editor to extricate her."

Yet Mr. Howells, conscientious stylist tho he is, declares that "Uncle Tom's Cabin," despite its literary crudities, was the first great American novel and the only one produced in this country before the Civil War.

"THE DANGEROUS AGE": A DANISH WOMAN'S AMAZING TRANSCRIPT OF THE FEMININE SOUL

IF MEN should suspect what was going on in us women as soon as we had reached the fortieth year, they would fly from us like the pest or kill us like mad dogs." So exclaims one of the characters in a Danish novel that is now engaging the attention of all Europe. The book is entitled "The Dangerous Age," and is described by the eminent French critic Marcel Prévost as "the most sincere, the most complete, the most humble and the most disquieting feminine confession that has perhaps ever been written." Its author, Madame Karin Michaelis, has been for some years attracting a constantly increasing circle of readers. In Germany, the work has sold to the extent of 80,000 copies, enjoying a popularity greater than that of any other of the year's novels, native or imported, and arousing a storm of discussion that has by no means subsided. Its title, with the opportunities it affords for piquant opinions as to what is the dangerous age in woman, has brought it into the pages of *Jugend* and similar humorous papers, and furnished a basis for caricatures and cartoons. The work, however, is far from humorous; a certain desperate seriousness has forced all its reviewers to take it seriously.

Madame Michaelis has already published in Germany the story of a child, "Little Poucet," and "Rachel," a humorous tale of Ghetto life. Her "Betty Rosa," the life-struggle of a girl's inherent longing for purity against the dark inheritance of her mother's career, showed preoccupation with feminine psychology, and "Past Understanding," a study of an all too fine spun and delicate woman, foreshadowed what the German critic Hans Franck called her "preference for exceptions." All these tendencies appear in her best-known work, which is the self-revelation of Elsie Lindtner, a woman of forty-two, who, beset by what she thinks is a longing for solitude, amicably divorces her husband and retires to an isolated country house, attended only by two female servants. She has now time and undivided attention to give to her own case and those of four women of her acquaintance who have met the same dangerous forties with various resulting catastrophes. While there is not an erotic incident, and the heroine has not only lived an irreproachable life, but declares that had she her life to relive it would be of the same character, yet her self-revelations,

with their implied application to her sex in general, are always disquieting and sometimes startling. The conclusion of the story is no less painful. Sick of solitude, Elsie Lindtner summons to her retreat a man much younger than herself, who she knows has loved her long and secretly, whom for years she has not seen. They both hope for a happy future, but at the first glance each realizes the truth: she is growing old and he is a young man. They part at once with no word of their dead dream. She writes to her husband, suggesting that they might possibly reunite their destinies. He replies announcing his betrothal to a young girl, and with a parting letter that is every line a velvety scratch, Elsie leaves for indefinite foreign travel, the last refuge, as she says, of the hopeless.

The keynote of the book is struck in the words with which this article opens, the utterance of a friend of the heroine, who soon after kills herself while an inmate of an insane asylum. The author, however, does not take refuge in the irresponsibility of the speaker; she makes Elsie herself comment: "One could say that on the whole surface of the globe not one man understands a woman. No man ever understands any woman. . . . Between man and woman, is the truth ever spoken? . . . There reigns between the sexes an irreducible enmity. It is dissimulated because life has to be lived, and it is lived more comfortably so, but the enmity is never disarmed, even in those supreme moments when the two sexes merge their destinies." She adds that any woman will admit this if asked separately, and that two women will admit it to each other; but "let a man suddenly enter the conversation, and they will unite to crush the truth under their feet like a venomous serpent." A woman, she says, always reserves something of herself, her secret self. To keep this hidden from man is her ultimate modesty. Yet she will deliver her secret to a woman,—and that is why, while honest friendship between men can come to an end without rancor, a friendship between women, having something the nature of a masonic secret, upon its rupture leaves each with a rankling sense of having armed her friend with a secret weapon against herself. "The smile between women is a masonic signal. It is a language understood by us alone. Our smile translates our instincts,

our vices; it reflects our virtues; it is the best expression of the surge, the void, that lies within us"—an expression that moves the *Mercure de France* to chuckle that a good deal of recent feminine literature has been explained by being referred to its source.

While "The Dangerous Age" was sweeping Germany like a forest fire, no wonder a brand crossing the Rhine ignited the attention of Marcel Prévost, whose recognized position as interpreter of the heart of the modern French-woman would make him especially interested in a work of this character. He claims that it is not only "marked by a certain wild physiological sincerity, but that the extraordinary document seems to unveil the woman-soul of all the ages," and implies that the reason why women will read the book with irritation is because they will feel that a woman has betrayed the freemasonry of womanhood. On just this point, however, the most violent opposition to the book has been raised in Germany, where the *Dresdner Anzeiger* accuses Madame Michaelis of generalizing about her sex from her own lamentable state of mind and the doings of some few soul-sick friends, and in a burst of indignation thanks Heaven that most honest Germans have too much fine family spirit to allow insults to be heaped upon honorable womanhood. The *Literarisches Centralblatt*, praising the penetration that lets her see and picture the innermost recesses of thought and feeling, admits that even when the reader is quite out of patience with her conclusions it is impossible not to follow them with the keenest interest. Even M. Prévost, whose long and highly commendatory preface to the serial publication of the novel in the *Revue de Paris* started Madame Michaelis's present French vogue, says that the reader seems to be assisting at a witches' Sabbath, of the demons of Neuralgia and Hysteria.

Philip Gibbs, of the London *Daily Chronicle*, concedes that the book is a remarkable revelation. "Through the thin veil of fiction there appears the tortured heart of a certain type of modern woman, stripped of all those coverings which respectability and pride and reticence hide from the public gaze. This writer has used her pen like a surgeon's scalpel to probe deep into the quivering heart of her own self, deep down to the secrets of passion and emotion, and to touch the most sensitive nerves which respond to the material and sensuous influences of life." But, Mr. Gibbs goes on to say, "it is not a study of

womanhood. It is the study of one type of woman, and of one disease with which this type is afflicted. It deals with the pathology of neuroticism." To quote further:

"M. Marcel Prévost calls this novel 'the most disturbing confession ever written'; and, truly, if, in its undeniable sincerity and white-hot passion, it is the mirror of modern womanhood, men may have cause for something like despair. Undoubtedly Elsie Lindtner does represent a type of woman increasing in number in this neurotic age—the childless wives, the over-intellectualized women, the women without a purpose except self-love and vanity, who inhabit the great cities.

"But, fortunately, they are still in a small minority. We cannot believe that there are many wives who at the age of forty-two, after many years of married life, pine and fret for passionate adventures outside their home. Nor do we believe that womanhood hides some dread secret which no man has been permitted to know. Woman is not that mystery which the novelist pretends. She suffers from desires and instincts and emotions which are plain enough to read by all men who have sympathy and some knowledge of psychology. Nervous and highly-strung as she may be, she does not present an inscrutable problem to the doctors of the body and the doctors of the soul.

"Elsie Lindtner has nothing new to tell us about the morbid symptoms of women like herself, who have no self-control, no guiding principles in life, and no purity of mind. She is simply the product of a decadent civilization and of that unhealthy atmosphere created by poisonous fiction, by the destruction of the old-fashioned home-life, and by the craze for money which are the most dangerous characteristics of this age."

May Bateman, writing in *The Fortnightly Review*, hails the work as "a human document of supreme value; a book which cannot be read without emotion." She says:

"Much of the individual charm and conviction of 'L'Age Dangereux' consists of the curious form in which it is put together, now as a journal, now in a series of letters, now as a mere call into the void. . . .

"Part of the individual interest of the book lies in the fact that it is the work of a Northerner. Ibsen has certainly shown us a variety of types of *femmes septentrionales*, but most of us thought that his characters were exceptions, that nine out of ten Scandinavian women are made of ice and snow. But Elsie Lindtner and her friends are impulsive and emotional beings, passionate and complex, receptive of all the invisible waves of influence which may do a soul to death upon the rocks, or bring it to the haven where it would be. Writing upon the lonely shore of a Norwegian lake, she turns the search-

light of her pitiless gaze full upon the destinies of herself and her intimates, judging them and herself as if from the interior view of the Catholic confessional. 'In the eyes of the law, she was strict in the observance of the marriage sacrament, but in her heart of hearts she knew that she had violated it . . .'

"*L'Age Dangereux*" is then a human document of supreme value; a book which cannot be read without emotion. The French setting suits it admirably; only an English novelist and psychologist of the first rank could do it justice in our colder tongue. Sincere, strong, powerful, it should appeal to all critics who dive to the bed-rock of things, instead of swimming in the shallows. There is no mere 'fine and picturesque writing' here; the thoughts come from the heart

and they are given in the heart's own simple language.

"Certain passages will probably be deleted wholesale before the book is presented to the English public. Those who think that the woman's point of view is worth studying, that the cries of her soul count for something in the history of the nation, will be held by the book, and actually may know more of their own womankind when they lay it down. The man who reads it in the hope of finding something unsavory will be disappointed. It is merely, as Monsieur *Prévost* says, one of the most humble and pathetic confessions that has ever been written, the story of one who 'with a little rod' did but just 'touch the honey of romance,' and lost thereby the world's 'inheritance.'"

THE ALLEGED CORRUPTING INFLUENCE OF WALTER PATER

THE question, Is Walter Pater Demoralizing? raised in these pages two months ago, may be said to have a significance far transcending its surface meaning. Another and much more important question lurks behind it, namely, Is Art Demoralizing? For Walter Pater in this connection becomes symbolic. He stands out as one of the most brilliant interpreters of the artistic life in modern times. He stands for the artistic life itself. And when one considers the fruits of his teaching as exhibited by some of his disciples and admirers, by Oscar Wilde, for instance, and by Lionel Johnson and Arthur Symons, it is natural to ask: Are the esthetic sense and a constant preoccupation with artistic values harmful? Do they tend, in the long run, to corrupt a man?

It was Paul Elmer More, of the New York *Evening Post*, who raised the issue and who charged Pater with perverting reality and confusing the moral sense. He made the charge in reviewing a new library edition of Pater's works. He is answered by two valiant champions of Pater's reputation—James Huneker and James L. Hervey.

Re-reading a favorite author, Mr. Huneker remarks (in the New York *Sun*), is very much like meeting after years of absence a once beloved friend. "A nervous dread that your expectations may not be realized overtakes you as you match your old and new sensations. Not every great writer can be re-read. The time spirit sometimes intervenes; and one's own moods are not to be

passed over." Especially is this the case, he continues, with a marked personality such as that of Walter Pater. In returning to his books we ask, Will he survive a second, a third, a tenth reading? Will the old magic operate? And then the disturber appears, some moralist who exclaims, "Ha! A hedonist!" Dread word. No wonder, comments Mr. Huneker, Pater pathetically complained to Mr. Gosse: "I wish they wouldn't call me a hedonist; it produces such a bad effect on the minds of people who don't know Greek." No doubt, Mr. Huneker adds, calling Pater an immoralist has had its bad effect on people who don't know anything about literature. "In the House of Morality there are many mansions," declared Henley. "Pater lives in one of them," Mr. Huneker affirms, "despite the mock Puritanical attitude of a few critics who still adhere to the naughty-boy theory and practice of criticism, with its doling out of bad marks. The didactic spirit ever fails to interpret." Mr. Huneker proceeds:

"Our personal experience on re-reading Pater was pleasant. The bogey man of hedonism did not frighten us off; nor did the palpable fact that Pater is never altogether for Apollo or altogether for Christ. Indeed, in the Aristippian flux and reflux of his ideas we discerned a strong family likeness to the theories of William James and Henri Bergson; a pragmatism poetically transfigured. That once famous suppressed 'Conclusion to the Renaissance' is quite abreast with modern notions of the plastic universe. You are reminded too of Renan, who, no more than Pater, suffered from the 'mania of certitude.' But the silken insincerities of the French-

man are not to be surprised in Pater's golden sentences. He indulged at times in certain affectations, dandyisms of style, or mood; in essentials, however, he is always earnest. His scholarship may not have been of the profoundest, his criticisms of art not those of an expert; nevertheless he wrote open-mindedly and to the best of his ability—and what a wonderful 'best' it was!—and always with humanity in his mind's eye. He distilled from art and literature a 'quickened sense of life,' and in his books is the quintessence, the very ecstasy of experience. He 'loaded every rift of his subject with ore,' and, despite his reputation for priggish erudition, a delicate humor, not untipped with irony, lines the back of many a paragraph. To read him often would be like a surfeit of Chopin or strawberries and cream. The figure of Pater the humanist, rather than Pater the verbal virtuoso, is getting more distinct with the years."

Pater's morals, Mr. Huneker goes on to observe, are not exposed with a brassy orchestration.

"He never tries to prove anything, a relief in these days of cruel didacticism. He is both ardent and sceptical, and could have said with Maurice Barrès that 'felicity must be in the experimenting, and not in the results they promise.' No critic has ever settled anything. Pater played the rôle of spectator in the game of life, disillusioned perhaps, and not much caring for the prizes run for in the sweat and dust of the arena. Neither was he an umpire, but suffered the slightly melancholy happiness of the disinterested looker-on. It is a part which temperament decides. Luckily for the world, there are not many of such temperaments. In his early essay 'Diaphanéité' he has described such a nature, which 'does not take the eye by breadth of color; rather is it that fine edge of light, where the elements of our moral nature refine themselves to the burning point.' Whether in his life he succeeded in maintaining that dangerous mood of ecstasy, a mood that we only associate with mystics and poets; whether he burned always with this 'hard gemlike flame' we do not know, nor need it concern us; but we do know that he succeeded in infusing a moiety of the ecstasy into his writings. And that is his success in art as in life."

John L. Hervey adds his testimony in two brilliant articles in the *St. Louis Mirror*. He tries to show that Paul Elmer More is guilty of exactly what he charges Walter Pater with doing, namely, perverting and misrepresenting his sources. He tries, above all, to prove that Pater's influence was not corrupting, but was in the highest degree tonic and inspiring.

What was Walter Pater's gospel? It is summed up in the famous "Conclusion" to his book, "The Renaissance," and is accessible

to American readers in the *biblio* of a New York publisher.* Here is the gist of the whole matter:

... "we have an interval and then our place knows us no more. Some spend this interval in listlessness, some in high passions, some in art and song. For our one chance is in expending that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into that given time. High passions give one this quickened sense of life, ecstasy and sorrow of love, political or religious enthusiasm, or the 'enthusiasm of humanity.' Only, be sure it is passion, that it does yield you this fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness. Of this wisdom, the poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for art's sake has most; for art comes to you professing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake."

The even more familiar words which, with these, have come to be regarded as expressive of Pater's so-called hedonistic creed, form the opening sentences of the preceding paragraph:

"To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life. Failure is to form habits; for habit is relative to a stereotyped world; meantime it is only the roughness of the eye that makes any two persons, things, situations seem alike. While all melts under our feet, we may well catch at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems, by a lifted horizon, to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange flowers, and curious odors, or work of the artist's hands, or the face of one's friend. Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the brilliance of their gifts, some tragic dividing of forces on their ways is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening."

The question that emerges is, Will this philosophy work, or will it involve its devotees in catastrophe and disaster? What it did for Oscar Wilde we all know. And Wilde's relation to Pater, it should be said, was not perfunctory or distant, but vital. He wrote of "The Renaissance" in his "Picture of Dorian Gray":

"It was the strangest book he had ever read. It seemed to him that, in exquisite raiment, and to the delicate sound of flutes, the sins of the world were passing in dumb show before him. . . . It was a poisonous book. The heavy odor of incense seemed to cling to its pages and to trouble the brain. The mere cadence of the sentences, the monotony of their music, so full as

* Mitchell Kennerley.

it was of complex refrains and movements, elaborately repeated, produced in the mind of the lad, as he passed from chapter to chapter, a form of reverie, a malady of dreaming, that made him unconscious of the falling day and the creeping shadows. . . . For years Dorian Gray could not free himself from the influence of this book."

Walter Pater responded in a review of "Dorian Gray" in the London *Bookman*:

"Dorian himself, tho certainly a quite unsuccessful experiment in Epicureanism, in life as a fine art, is (till his inward spoiling takes visible effect suddenly, in a moment, at the end of the story) a beautiful creation. But this story is also a vivid, tho carefully considered, exposure of the corruption of a soul, with a very plain moral, pushed home, to the effect that vice and crime make people coarse and ugly."

There is undeniable piquancy, Mr. Hervey confesses, in the idea of Pater reviewing a book in which one of his own had been described as a poisonous one, wherein all the sins of the world passed before the reader in a dumb show. But Pater, it seems, seldom took hostile criticism seriously. He had, it is true, withdrawn his "Conclusion" from the second edition of "The Renaissance" as a result of W. H. Mallock's satire of him in "The New Republic," but in the third edition, published in 1888, the same year as "Dorian Gray," he had restored it, unchanged. And it was by this very "Conclusion," Mr. Hervey reminds us, that he had judged Wilde's hero, and by which we may judge Wilde himself. For it is the pursuit of "high passions" which that "Conclusion" counsels, while it adds that "failure of life is to form habits." Dorian Gray and Oscar Wilde were alike strangers to true "high passions." Instead, says Mr. Hervey, "they pursued demoralizing ones, formed fatal habits and not only failed in life, but made of it a most lamentable catastrophe. Intrinsically, Wilde derived nothing from the 'Renaissance' that he had not brought to it—and by that very token the responsibility for his downfall, which he would fain have saddled upon Pater and his book, is at once and forever incredible—and grotesque."

Hedonism, Mr. Hervey contends, may or may not be corrupt—and here precisely, he holds, is where, starting from the same point of departure, Pater and Wilde went different ways.

"Of 'the fascination of corruption'—the phrase is his own—Pater, there is ample evidence to show, was acutely aware. But, gazing into the abyss with a clear eye and steady brain, he per-

ceived its horrors and turned calmly away. Wilde, on the other hand, congenitally unbalanced and with an ingrained tendency toward *tacenda*, garlanded himself with flowers of evil and precipitated himself joyously into the depths. As we regard the two men, the lines of Emerson recur to us:

How much, preventing God, how much I owe
To the defences thou hast round me set;
Example, custom, fear, occasion slow,—
These scorned bondmen were my parapet.
I dare not peep over this parapet
To gauge with glance the roaring gulf below,
The depths of sin to which I had descended,
Had not these me against myself defended.

"Wilde repudiated and cast off 'these scorned bondmen' utterly. Absolute unrestraint in the pursuit of pleasure he sought, so far as was possible, to achieve. The *ascesis*, the temperance, which was Pater's motto, was to him an idle word, meaningless in his scheme of life. Only natures the most puissant can long pursue the paths he chose with impunity. Wilde's being not powerful, but plastic, the *débâcle* was inevitable.

"But that this *débâcle* was due to the influence of Pater upon him—for that conclusion there is no more warrant than to contend that the influence of Socrates 'culminated' in the excesses of Alcibiades."

The immense difference between Wilde and Pater, Mr. Hervey concludes, lay in the fact that the former allowed himself to be dominated by external circumstances, and was incapable of attaining a true inner life, while the latter lived within himself to a degree and with an intensity of absorption that few modern men have compassed. From first to last he was absorbed in the quest not merely of beauty, but also of truth.

"The arch-celebrant of the esthetic was never able to disengage himself from the ethical. Whereas Wilde said to Andre Gide that 'metaphysics had but little real interest for him and morality absolutely none.'

"There is something sacerdotal throughout the entire work of Pater, even when most pronouncedly pagan in its tendencies. At its highest his prose is as some glorious rose window in a Gothic cathedral, through which there streams a softened flood of many-colored light; but its central beam is crystalline and it falls upon an altar, before which stands a white-robed hierophant whose voice is inexpressibly rich and caressing, and whose discourse is at once an incitement and a restraint. The prose of Wilde is as a wine-glass of Murano, *vitro di trina* in words, exquisitely and beautifully fantastic in form and shot through with a thousand iridescent hues. At its brim there bubbles a draught which gleams and shimmers and whose *bouquet* is indescribably and irresistibly intoxicating—but in whose dregs there lurks a poison as insidiously subtle and not less surely deadly than that ever Borgia brewed."

Recent Poetry

IN a commencement address at the New York University, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, editor of *The Century*, had some suggestive things to say about "Poetry and the Modern Life." He admitted that there is some truth in the charge that American poets of to-day busy themselves too much "with subtle and unfamiliar emotions of an inferior type"; but there is an implied error, he thinks, involved in the charge:

"The function of the poet, if he is to last, is to correlate the present and the past by searching for the eternal in the transient. Modern life is only the vaulting-board for the poet. The essential thing for him is to interpret human nature and not to fall into the common belief that art is simply a cross-section of life. . . . Experience is necessary, but it by no means supplies the place of expression. Otherwise the lady would be justified in her opinion who once urged upon me the qualifications of her daughter to write love poetry on the ground that she had been 'jilted twice.' This is not to say that the sadder experiences of the affections are not valuable material for poetry. One must write out of one's experiences or nothing will come of it, but one must write out of them and not back into them. He must open a new window on life. Fortunate for the world if he also open a new window on happiness."

Part of our modern life of the last few weeks has been the coronation of George the Fifth. Many have been the attempts to celebrate it in verse. Alfred Noyes and Conan Doyle and Stephen Phillips and Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Walter Sichel and Alfred Austin and Edmund Vance Cooke have given us uninspired stanzas which may as well die young. One poem only that pertains to the occasion do we care to reprint, and the last two stanzas of it are rather perfunctory. It was published a week before the coronation ceremonies in the *London Spectator*:

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

By JOHN BARCROFT.

Tired of the clamor and the heat
Which now oppress the expectant town,
To-day I turn my weary feet
To where the Minster huge looks down
Upon St. Margaret's subject tower;
Here let me rest and dream an hour.

Hard by, the stems of giant pines
Stripped bare, and bound in scaffoldings,
Proclaim in long unlovely lines
How fugitive the pomps of kings!
How full of rest, to muse to-day
On things which will not pass away!

Here still inviolate the grass!
Here, like new-fallen, big-flaked snow,
A boon to weary eyes which pass,
The long-descended daisies grow.
How brief a history, to these,
Have kings' and barons' pedigrees!

Here England's saintly Edward walked
Around the Minster where he prayed,
And watched the daisies, supple-stalked,
Dance in the dappled light and shade.
Here still the grass and daisies grow,
While generations pass like snow.

How full of peace to watch the sun
Pour his cascades of golden light
Over the pinnacles which shun
His rays by day, the moon's by night;
How far more precious common things
Like these, than all the pomps of kings!

Here soon our King will pass along
To the high fane to take his crown;
Here soon his loyal millions throng—
I, no less loyal, on some down,
Will watch the skylark poise in air,
And hear his song, and breathe my prayer:

"O Power by Whom the world is swayed
To purposes beyond our ken,
By Whom the lily is arrayed
In beauty never dreamed by men,
Preserve our King! Bless his intent
To live Thy willing instrument!

"Keep him, and her who shares his throne,
Untouched by Pride, unspoiled by Power!
Grant them, not length of days alone,
But Joy, which makes life's fleeting hour
Full oft a realm where poor men reign,
Happy, while monarchs serve in vain."

As a rule we do not care for poems inspired by other works of art. The light in that case is usually a reflected light that has somehow lost its actinic rays. But there are notable exceptions, of which Keat's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and Markham's "Man With a Hoe" alone need to be mentioned. In *The Forum* last month appeared another very successful

poem that derives its inspiration not from the work of a potter or a painter, but from that of another poet. It was one of the poems read at a meeting, a few months ago, of the Poetry Society of America.

SHELLEY'S SKYLARK.

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

Immortal bird,
Whose song God's purest poet long since heard,
And caught within the golden chains of rhyme,
Our captive for all time!

O tender tones,
That none who, hearing, ever can forget,
Even when the city's thunder crashes and groans,
And the wood's whisper moans—
How wonderful that thou art with us yet!

High on the Hills of Song thy song is set,
Within the very blue where first thy voice
Made his young heart rejoice;
And from empyrean heights forever shall fall
Thy silver madrigal,
Drenching the world with thine enraptured
stream,
Thy heavenly 'team,
Cleansing us as in fires angelical,
Sweeping us to the mountain-peaks of morn
Where beauty and love were born.

He loved thee; and we love thee for his sake;
And sometimes when the heart is like to break
With ancient sorrows that wake
In the still darkness of some desolate night,
We hear thee too as he once heard thee sing
On a white morn of Spring;
And all our soul is flooded with the light
Thy melody, and thine alone, can bring.
We hear thee—yes; but only through his song!
Our ears were empty of thy fluted trills
Until he snatched thee from thy splendid hills,
And gave the wonder of thy joy to us,
O bird miraculous!

We hear thee now—through him;
And we rejoice that as thy date grows dim,
He, and not we, first heard that lovely sound
Which all his spirit drowned
In a wild ecstasy beyond our ken.
And if thy voice now fills heaven's leafiest glen,
Singing again,
Flinging its silver cataract of bliss
Down many a sheer abyss,
Be glad, O bird, that when thou camest here,
Thy song fell on his ear,
And he was thy divine interpreter!

An enthusiastic writer—not Ambrose Bierce—asserts in a communication to the *New York Times* that George Sterling is "inconceivably the finest poet" now living. Enthusiasm of this sort is too rare a thing to

treat scornfully even when we can not endorse it. Mr. Sterling may be far from heading the world's list of bards, but in color-effects we know of no one who can surpass him. Here is a recent glowing poem in *The Sunset Magazine*:

THE GARDENS OF THE SEA.

By GEORGE STERLING.

Beneath the ocean's sapphire lid
We gazed far down, and who had dreamed,
Till pure and cold its treasures gleamed,
What lucent jewels there lay hid?—

Red sparks that give the dolphin pause,
Lamps of the ocean-elf, and gems
Long lost from crystal diadems,
And veiled in shrouds of glowing gauze.

Splendid and chill those gardens shone,
Where sound is not, and tides are winds—
Where, fugitive, the naiad finds
Eternal autumn, hushed and lone;

Till one had said that in her bow'r
Were mixt the nacres of the dawn,
That thence the sunset's dyes were drawn,
And there the rainbow sank its tow'rs.

Where gorgeous flowers of chrysoprase
In songless meadows bared their blooms,
The deep's unwearable looms
With shifting splendors lured the gaze—

Undulant bronze and glossy toils
That shuddered in the lustrous tide,
And forms in restless crimson dyed
That caught the light in stealthy coils.

And in those royal halls lay lost
The oriflammes and golden oars
Of argosies from lyric shores—
'Mid glimmering crowns and croziers tost.

Far down we gazed, nor dared to dream
What final sorceries would be
When in those gardens of the sea
The lilies of the moon should gleam.

Last February a French poet, Auguste Angellier, died; and in the curious way the world has of disregarding or only half-regarding poets and painters until they are dead, America and England have just begun to sing his praises. Dr. Henry van Dyke has an article in *Scribner's* giving a number of happy translations of Angellier's poetic work, in which, we are assured, are a clearness of vision and a concreteness of expression "by virtue of which he is classical." For our own part, we find the poems as reproduced rather tenuous in their texture. We reprint the one that makes the strongest appeal to us:

THE OLD FLUTE.

From the French of Auguste Angellier,
By HENRY VAN DYKE.

The time will come when I no more can play
This polished flute: the stops will not obey
My gnarled fingers; and the air it weaves
In modulations, like a vine with leaves
Climbing around the tower of song, will die
In rustling autumn rhythms, confused and dry.

My shortened breath no more will freely fill
This magic reed with melody at will;
My stiffened lips will try and try in vain
To wake the liquid, leaping, dancing strain;
The heavy notes will falter, wheeze, and faint,
Or mock my ear with shrillness of complaint.

Then will I hang this faithful friend of mine
Upon the trunk of some old, sacred pine,
And sit beneath the green protecting boughs
To hear the viewless wind, that sings and soughs
Above me, play its wild, aerial lute,
And draw a ghost of music from my flute!

Then let me thank the gods; and most of all
The Delian Apollo, whom men call
The mighty master of immortal sound—
Lord of the billows in their chanting round,
Lord of the winds that fill the wood with sighs,
Lord of the echoes and their sweet replies,
Lord of the little people of the air
That sprinkle drops of music everywhere,
Lord of the sea of melody that laves
The universe with never silent waves—
Him will I thank that this brief breath of mine
Has caught one cadence of the song divine;
And these frail fingers learned to rise and fall
In time with that great tune which throbs thro
all;

And these poor lips have lent a lilt of joy
To songless men whom weary tasks employ!
My life has had its music, and my heart
In harmony has borne a little part,
Before I come with quiet, grateful breast
To Death's dim hall of silence and of rest.

Poignant beauty and melodious sorrow are
still the hall-marks of the Celtic poetry. None
genuine without it. We find it very marked
in the following from *McClure's*:

THE CALL.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

The unforgotten voices call at twilight,
In the gray dawning, in the quiet night hours:
Voices of mountains and of waters falling,
Voices of wood-doves in the tender valleys,
Voices of flowery meadows, golden corn-fields—
Yea, all the lonely bog-lands have their voices.
Voices of church-bells over the green country,
Memories of home, of youth. O unforgotten!
When all the world's asleep the voices call me,

*Come home, acushla, home! Why did you leave
us?*

The little voices hurt my heart to weeping;
There are small fingers plucking at my heart-
strings.

Let me alone, be still, I will not hear you!
Why would I come to find the old places lonely?
They are all gone, the loving, the true-hearted;
Beautiful country of the dead, I come not.
Why would I meet the cold eyes of the stranger?
All the nests of my heart are cold and empty.

I will not come for all your soft compelling,
Little fingers plucking me by the heart-strings,
In the gray dawning, in the quiet night hours.
Because the dead, the darling dead, return not,
And all the nests of my heart are cold and lonely.
They will not give me peace at dawn and twilight.

Here is a different note and a cheerier.
We find it in *The National Magazine*:

WHEN MOLLY SINGS AT NOON.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

The factory hours are long—so long—
The sweltering shop is dim;
The wheels and belts their roar prolong
Till all the senses swim.
The clash and clamor grows apace,
But lo, there comes a boon
When labor has a moment's grace
And Mollie sings at noon!

The boys and girls all gather round
To drink the cadence gay.
Upon the shallop of sweet sound
Dull care is borne away.
Beyond the bare rough prisoning walls
They hear the rivulet croon;
The wood's green witchery calls and calls
When Mollie sings at noon!

Such romance gathered from afar
Of land and sky and sea;
Such magic—mantle of the star
New fallen on the bee;
The pipes of Pan by marsh and mere;
The dance of fairy shoon;
All this the rapt folk see and hear
When Mollie sings at noon!

The weary day grows glorified,
The common sights grow fair.
The narrow world becomes more wide,
Things wear a rosier air,
And all because of music sweet;
The whistle blows too soon,
The lyric moments fly so fleet
When Mollie sings at noon!

We get too little from Miss Guiney in these
latter days and too little from anybody of

the heartening sort of poetry she knows how to write. Here is a poem that helps a bit to sweeten life for us. We take it from *The Atlantic Monthly*:

THE LITTLE PINES.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Dear, once in a clearing, high in the snowy wood,
The bearded lumberman, filing with ax and cart,
Wherever the saplings shot up straight and good,
Hacked at the boles and crashed them down and apart;

And long, O lover of little pines, you stood
Mute on the hillock, watching, and sick at heart.

And when on pitiful hurdles, death's poor dower,
The innocent felons lay under cords unblest,
And oxen, welding in one their deep-breathed power,

Upheaved the burden grandly, with no arrest,—
For the ended beauty of little pines that hour
Tears in your eyes, and anger in your sweet breast.

But now a wondrous sight in the Bay below,
A grove of masts, all winged aerially!
'Twixt wave and cloud so thrillingly fair they go,
So busy, so spirit-bright, who would not be glad
for your little pines? That overthrow
Is life, is laughter, along the illumined sea.

The poetic impulse is strong among the Socialists, but their excess of class-hatred spoils most of their work. Hatred of any kind is a pretty poor soil in which to grow flowers or even good succulent vegetables. In a new Socialist paper, however, *The Masses*, we find something well worth attention:

THE FERRY PEOPLE.

BY HORATIO WINSLOW.

Hard by the slips the liners tug at their cables' ends
While dock and deck and gangplank hear friends' good-byes to friends:
O careless, lucky nation to sail and sail away
And wander round the wonder world forever and a day!
But we are the Ferry People and never shall we go free
To spy from their lordly liners the glint of the farthest sea.

Yes, we are the Ferry People, the slaves of the daily wage,
Who travel aboard the ferries as a man might ride on a stage:
Bridges there are and tunnels and airships (coming) in shoals,
But we cross the river by ferry for the sake of our heartmost souls.

"Weary, I wait," the Voice cries that will not let us be,
"For I am the Sea your Mother—and have you forgotten me?"

"And I am the Sea your Mother—your fathers found me sweet,
For they left the fire o' the hearthstone to follow my dancing feet:
Norsemen and Celt and Saxon, Latin and men from Tyre,
To taste of my secret beauty, to conquer my lips spoke ire.
Quick their blood in your bodies and why should you not go free?
And I am the Sea your Mother—and have you forgotten me?"

But we are the Ferry People, our watches close to our hand,
(We're running on time this morning—just two more minutes to land)
And once on the earth, Lord love us! how the ferry fancies fade!
In that rocking ride up the subway and the hum of the wheels of trade;
And we'll never do any different from now till the dismal dark
When we'll live in our children's houses in Something-or-Other Park.

Dim eyes . . . dull ears . . . and the finish . . .
The finish? or shall there rise
The voice of the wave-lipped woman crooning in tenderwise:
"Sons of my heart, awaken! long have you drowsed ashore.
Long have you dreamed of my luring—now shall you dream no more.
Sons of my heart, awaken! sons of my heart, go free!
I am the Sea your Mother—and have you forgotten me?"

Here is a very likable thing from the June *Atlantic*, rendered (not merely translated) from the French:

THE OLD BRIDGE.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

On the old, old bridge, with its crumbling stones
All covered with lichens red and gray,
Two lovers were talking in sweet low tones:
And we were they!

As he leaned to breathe in her willing ear
The love that he vowed would never die,
He called her his darling, his dove most dear:
And he was I

She covered her face from the pale moonlight
With her trembling hands, but her eyes looked
through,
And listened and listened with long delight:
And she was you!

On the old, old bridge, where the lichens rust,
Two lovers are learning the same old lore;
He tells his love, and she looks her trust:
But we,—no more!

The Maine is not the only sunken warship
whose sleep has been lately disturbed. The
great galleon of the Spanish armada has been
the recipient of attentions from the divers, and
great suction engines have been at work to
raise the former pride of Spain. That at-
tempt is the occasion for the following from
the London *Spectator*:

THE GREAT GALLEON.

BY JOHN ASTON.

We left the Tagus banks behind and shores of
pleasant Spain,
Our gallant great Armada, to sail across the
main,
And never a one among us recked that we should
lie to-day
Down among the dead men in Tobermory Bay.

We saw the pennons flaunting, heard the loud
bells ring
To celebrate the mightiness of our Most Chris-
tian King;
Our fleet it was invincible. But now our bones
we lay
Down among the wreckage of Tobermory Bay.

Upon our silent culverins gross barnacles must
feed:
For chains upon our necks hang tangled skeins
of waterweed:
Through the sockets where our eyes once shone
the cod and conger play
Down among the dead men in Tobermory Bay.

Above our heads the perilous Atlantic combers
surge,
But here we lie unheeding their full tempestuous
dirge:
We joy not in the sunset nor heed the break of
day
Down amid the twilight of Tobermory Bay.

The noble and the base, we sit together, and we
keep
All in the clammy ooze and slime a brotherhood
of sleep,
Hidalgos of Valladolid and beggars of Biscay,
Down among the dead men in Tobermory Bay.

We lie in powerless splendor, to lord it o'er our
wreck,
And listen to the shuffling of the diver's feet on
deck.
Our swords are rust-devoured, our armor riven
to decay,
Down amid the shells and sand of Tobermory
Bay.

We prized and hugged our honor that you hold
to-day so cheap:
You pick and pry and fumble and you wound
that honor deep.
Our everlasting curses shall the sacrilege repay,
Down among the dead men in Tobermory Bay.

We shall hear the archangel's trumpet and the
loud bells boom,
When we rise before the Judgment-seat to meet
the Day of Doom.
But, till that day arises, let us slumber, let us
stay
Down amid our comrades in Tobermory Bay.

Oh vex us not, oh leave us here to our ashamed
repose,
And yield us not again unto the taunting of our
foes.
Oh vex us not, but leave us in our solemn sea-
array
Down among the dead men in Tobermory Bay.

That excellent magazinelet *The Pathfinder*
recently devoted an entire number to Florence
Earle Coates. It reprints fifteen of her poems
and gives us in addition the following, which
we take to be a new poem:

DREAM THE GREAT DREAM.

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

Dream the Great dream, tho you should dream
—you, only,
And friendless follow in the lofty quest.
Tho the dream lead you to a desert lonely,
Or drive you, like the tempest, without rest,
Yet, toiling upward to the highest altar,
There lay before the gods your gift supreme,—
A human heart whose courage did not falter
Tho distant as Arcturus shone the Gleam.

The Gleam?—Ah, question not if others see it,
Who nor the yearning nor the passion share;
Grieve not if children of the earth decree it—
The earth, itself,—their goddess, only fair!
The soul has need of prophet and redeemer:
Her outstretched wings against her prisoning
bars,
She waits for truth; and truth is with the
dreamer,—
Persistent as the myriad light of stars!

Recent Fiction and the Critics

“QUEED”* is the first novel of a Richmond newspaper man, Henry Sydnor Harrison, and it tells the story of the transformation of a recluse and an egotist into a human being. The main agencies in this regeneration are two young women, one of whom, QUEED consumptive child, Fifi, fades away after shedding her beneficent influence upon the hero. The other, Sharlee Weyland, becomes his wife. She is “a very fresh and buoyant young creature,” Mr. William Aspinwall Bradley remarks, “and none the less likable, on the whole, because she is made the mouthpiece of the shallow American philosophy of service, so preached at us on every side nowadays.” The book is generally conceded to be an unusual performance, and to have the flavor of real life. The New York *Evening Post* goes so far as to say: “Not since Mark Twain has there arisen a novelist so racily indigenous, so animated by the sense of joyous participation, one whose style, even in its bad qualities, is so eloquent of its origin in the life with which it deals.” We have seen only one hostile critique, in *The North American Review*, which scores the book as “underbred from cover to cover,” and declares: “It is compact of provincial outlook, vulgar tone, flippant thinking and sordid living.”

Born with “an impulse for isolation and work” and “a deep instinct for the printed word,” nourished on a stray copy of the New York *Evening Post* and on the juiceless tomes of the Astor Library, Queed has drifted, at the age of twenty-five, to a southern city, obsessed by the idea of writing a *magnum opus* on sociology. His communication with the outside world has never been robust, and at the opening of the story rests on nothing more substantial than three cryptic communications from an anonymous father and one unpaid board-bill. The landlady’s niece, Miss Sharlee Weyland, comes to collect the bill. Her eyes “were the clearest lapis lazuli, heavily fringed with lashes which were blacker than Egypt’s night. Her chin was finely and strongly cut; almost a masculine chin, but unmasculinely softened by the sweetness of her mouth.” She takes him in hand.

* *QUEED*. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Miss Sharlee diagnoses his case as that of a man who is ineffective because he is out of touch with reality. “You are a failure as a man,” she tells him, “because you have no relation at all with man’s life. You aspire to teach and lead human beings, and you have not the least idea what a human being is, and not the slightest wish to find out. All around you are men, live men of flesh and blood, who are moving the world, and you, whipping out your infinitesimal measuring-rod, dismiss them as inferior cattle who know nothing of text-book science. Here is a real and living world, and you roll through it like a billiard ball. And all because you make the fatal error of mistaking a handful of mummies for the universe.” Queed at first resents such talk, and when his mentor suggests that he apply for a position on a local newspaper, he replies loftily: “I do not pretend or aspire to dispense frothy nothings tricked out to beguile the tired bricklayer.” But later he follows her advice.

There are other factors in Queed’s redemption. Little Fifi teaches him the true meaning of that “altruism” whose pale shadow lurks in the book he is trying to write. A clerk awakens him to friendship and to physical exercise. A foreman knocks him down and inculcates some obvious truths that had hitherto escaped him. His editorial associates teach him how to express himself clearly. To put it briefly, Queed is aroused from his scholar’s dream and inspired to make practical use of his faculties.

If Queed had been a real genius, the Springfield *Republican* comments, he might have objected to the rude process to which he was subjected. But “the truth is,” it says, “he was not a real genius.”

“Intellectually he was of the ordinary Ph.D. standard, varying from the type only by virtue of his undirected desultory reading and the lack of a proper ‘Fach.’ As Carlyle would say, he had no fire in his belly; he is not of the type doomed to wander alone like the rhinoceros, or to spin dreams in cobwebby attics. His queerness and isolation were a mark not of genius, but simply of a lonely and friendless youth, and Sharlee did very well in converting him into a companionable ordinary person with a knack for writing editorial articles on local subjects. He reaches his true destiny not as a Nietzsche, a

world-shaker, but as chief editor of a respectable provincial paper. Qued is not so important as his creator would have us believe, but he is much easier to fit into the setting than the real genius would have been—Jean-Christophe, for example."

In the eyes of the New York *Globe*, Qued has not a little kinship with Mr. Locke's "Septimus." William Aspenwall Bradley, in *The Bookman*, traces rather the influence of Dickens:

"This story by a newcomer in the field of fiction is an example of that semi-whimsical and discursive sort of which there have been several specimens of late. Their immediate explanation lies, no doubt, in the vogue of Mr. De Morgan's works, but farther back they seem to betoken a revival of the influence of Dickens superinduced by the fervent propaganda of Mr. Chesterton and others of the cult. Only a little while

ago, all young writers turned naturally to Thackeray as a source of inspiration and a model for their art. Then they were all for a kindly cynicism and a shrewd worldly estimate of life. Now they—or their successors, in the swift passing of time—are equally emulative of the homely human note, the sweet and somewhat lyrical sentiment appropriately expressed, and the note of the eccentric in character, of the fantastic in adventure and action. Such a book was 'Once Aboard the Lugger' which appeared last year, which enjoyed more than a passing vogue, and which may have played its part in determining the literary purposes of Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison, author of 'Qued,' a first novel of no little interest and distinction. . . . At his best—and there are many delightful passages in the book—Mr. Harrison writes lightly and brightly, and needs merely to add his style of certain clichés, particularly of the feminine description, to become a decided addition to our group of younger fiction writers."

A NOVEL by a lyric essayist" is what the London *Saturday Review* calls "The Street of To-day,"* by John Masefield. "Suppose," says *The Saturday Review*, "that Shelley, instead of writing 'The Skylark,' had in that mood written a novel as long as 'Frankenstein.' That is what Mr. Masefield has done." The same paper goes on to register its judgment that Mr. Masefield is one of the most notable of the younger writers to-day. He has, it avers, both enthusiasm and austerity. Many different literary forms, including poems, stories, novels, plays, histories, boys' books, he has attempted; and "in none of them," we are told, "has he produced anything common or beneath himself. He has, however, always been a lyrant and an egoist, even in his beautiful play of 'Nan.'"

In much the same spirit, Francis Bickley, in the London *Bookman*, declares his conviction that "there is no more interesting personality in contemporary English literature than Mr. John Masefield," and that "to the mass of novels daily spewed from the presses, the new book is as diamond to glass." He adds:

"It is only as the work of John Masefield that it is disappointing. . . . Mr. Masefield is a better creator than analyst. His real concern is with life tho his present interest is with the diseases

of life. Life comes singing through his science, tumbling it into incoherence. Obviously he has no business with bacilli. For one precious moment of the book, fifty precious pages out of four hundred, life comes through indeed, life and beauty. It is because of those fifty pages that I have judged the rest of the book a little harshly, accepting the standard that they offer. By lower standards it is a good book, full of interest, written in Mr. Masefield's finely simple style, brilliant with epigram. Had it been by any other man, when it would have lacked those pages, I should probably have given it unstinted praise. But from Mr. Masefield I want simplicity and reality and joy, and the beauty which he can make of these things. He has seemed to me one of those who might direct English literature into paths where it has not been for three centuries; which neither the Romantics nor the Victorians found; which are nevertheless its right paths."

Mr. Masefield takes his title from the phrase: "By the Street of to-day man goes to the House of to-morrow." And the spirit of his book is concentrated in these words: "Life is a wild flame. It flickers, the wind blows it, the tides drown it. Perfect life, or that which we on earth call God, is no thunderous thing, clothed in the lightning, but something lovely and unshaken in the mind, in the minds about us, that burns like a star for us to march by, through all the night of the soul."

What the star is by which Lionel Hestltine, the hero of the novel, marches, we see only dimly. In one aspect it is Woman, whom Mr. Masefield holds to be "a choicer creature than

* *THE STREET OF TO-DAY.* By John Masefield. E. P. Dutton & Company.

man," "something men can't approach on any plane." In another phase, it is Science. Heseltine has been for some years in the tropics, grappling with disease. He returns to London, is appalled by its poverty and suffering, and determines to take hold of the monster with his bare hands. "The vastness of London, its incredible grossness of life, began to stimulate him. Here was all this vast disease spread out for a surgical Balzac. Here was all this great floppy cancer ready for his lance, his probe, his surgical saw. There was something grand about it." He rejects all the usual methods of reform and starts a newspaper for the purpose of popularizing his scientific faith. To aid him in his campaign he solicits, unsuccessfully, the help of his friends. One of them is of the opinion that "all the evils of modern life spring directly from the absence of women in the government." To this Heseltine replies: "No, what's wanted is some big reform. It's not giving women the vote. It's not reforming the Poor-law. What the State wants is complete control of the life within it, in the interests of humanity. Nobody cares a two-penny rush for humanity except the scientist. The landlord doesn't. Look at him. He's the choicest incompetent we breed. . . . The parson doesn't

He wants mankind in bearing reins. The lawyer doesn't. Law is like morphia. It makes one forget that its use is to lessen suffering. The merchant doesn't. He's out for profits. The member of parliament doesn't. He's absorbed in party. . . . It's time the farce stopped. Let's stop it. Let's shoot the whole jolly lot and put the scientist there. The man who really cares about life. Then you will get all of your reforms, not one alone."

In the end, Heseltine fails both in his public work and in his love affairs. His catastrophes, the New York *Sun* remarks, illustrate "the immittigable quality of the evil which he is trying to mitigate, the relentless progress of events which are like the glacier while he is like the geologist fussing in the moraine." The *Sun* concludes:

"Philosophy, poetry, vision, all are written into this book. Perhaps its highest merit, too, is the fact that while you are absorbed and eaten by the realism of it you still feel that the people's paladin couldn't have expected any other luck and are less resentful than interested. The people in the book are kept in their places: they are individuals, and as such you notice them, but what you see and gaze at is the great movement of the whole panorama, London the microcosm."

IN the novel "Leila,"* completed by Antonio Fogazzaro so shortly before his death, are five characters upon whom, it seems to Floyd Dell of the Chicago *Evening Post*, the great Italian writer lavished "all his wealth of vitalizing energy," as if conscious he was dealing with the final creations LEILA of his genius. Leila, the heroine, is the most complex of these—a radiant maid whose morbid tendencies "seem to spring from an overintensity of health—her very experiments with suicide appear as a superflux of life." Yet the supreme figure in the novel is to our contemporary that of an old man who significantly enough knows that he has but a few weeks or months to live. "This old man, Marcello, is in other ways apparently a portrait of the author. His simple faith, his love of music, his grief for a dead son, all would seem to be autobiographical." Less sharply defined to the critics is the lover of Leila, one Massimo, the hero of the novel, subordinated in that capacity, however, by the

circumstance that a prior lover had died almost on the eve of his union with Leila. That affords the complication. "Leila was to have married Andrea," as the New York *Sun* tersely tells it. "He died. His dearest friend, Massimo, fell in love with Leila. She loved him, but she was determined that he should not know it. She formed absurd ideas concerning his motives, and snubbed him abominably." A saintly woman, who is an old friend of the family, explains the Chicago *Dial*, and a lovable old priest, are the agencies through which Leila's eyes are opened and her pride overcome. So all ends happily in nearly five hundred pages. But the significance of the story is the effort it embodies on Fogazzaro's part to make clear the position he held with reference to the Modernist movement in the Roman Catholic Church, the net result being the appearance of "Leila" in the famous Vatican index of prohibited books. The reviewer of the Chicago *Evening Post* is moved to reflect in this wise:

"It has been said that 'Leila' is a recantation of the Modernism of 'The Saint.' It is seem-

* LEILA. By Antonio Fogazzaro. New York: George H. Doran Company.

ingly intended rather as an explanation of the views put forward in that novel. There is much explicit reference to Benedetto, the hero of 'The Saint,' in this book. There is even a belated funeral sermon, in which the author may be understood to express his own views of that supposedly heretical personage. . . .

"Perhaps it is a recantation; perhaps not. Certainly it is a relinquishing of the conception of liberty that made other of Fogazzaro's books seem dangerous to the Church; it is a concession of the ultimate claims of authority. Fogazzaro was never, it seems, a Modernist in any exact sense of the term. The critical views of Tyrrell or Loisy found in him no adherent. He had, like his Saint, only an ethical message to deliver—a message that might have been delivered as well to Protestants, Jews or Mohammedans. It is not to slight the moral value of that message to declare that it had no intellectual significance. And now his declaration of submission to authority divests him completely of the factitious glamour of heresy.

"As a vehicle of ideas, then, 'Leila' is underving of attention. To think otherwise would be to fall into the mutual error of the free-thinkers and the clericals in the book concerning the hero: 'the free-thinking crowd who cried shame upon him for a weakling, because he professed the loyalty of a soldier to the Church, and of the Pharisaic masses who cried shame upon him for a heretic, because he thought, spoke and wrote like a man of his times!' And tho the book, like its hero, may receive a hailstorm of 'insults, both black and red,' it deserves neither.

"But 'Leila' is not to be judged as a pamphlet. And it is to be judged tolerantly as a novel. For it is the writing of a man who had turned at the edge of the abyss to say good-by to a dearly loved and lovely world: the mournful beauty of that farewell is not soon to be forgotten."

On the religious side "Leila" seems to Dora M. Jones, writing in *The Contemporary Review* (London), "at once an apology and a protest." Fogazzaro explains through the mouths of its various characters that his former fictions are not inspired by defiance to authority. On the other hand, he protests "with bitter scorn and indignation" against the treatment meted out to all suspected of Modernism in the Roman fold. Furthermore:

"The passages of this book which deal with the intolerance and domestic meddling of priests and their votaries would not be out of place in a Protestant tract. There is the excellent Don Aurelio turned out of his living for harboring a poor half-crazed Protestant *colporteur*; there is Donna Fedele pursued by slander because she reads and explains the Gospel to her own ser-

vants. The construction of the 'tube,' the function of which was to convey a false report from the sacristy to Leila's drawing-room by way of the kitchen, is described with a detail and humor which makes it evident that the author knew only too well, by experience, the working of the machinery. Yet all this is but a pale reflection of the treatment which was meted out to Fogazzaro himself. He did not allow it to shake his loyalty to the Roman Church; but that he felt it most bitterly, we have the evidence here."

Lest it be thought that the interest of Fogazzaro's last novel is less dramatic than polemic one should, before taking leave of the subject, note how vividly its changing themes impress themselves upon every reviewer. The work contains what the *Chicago Evening Post* and the *New York Sun* agree in pronouncing one of the strangest scenes in contemporary fiction, "albeit it tells only of a girl who wanders at moonrise in a park and bathes in an icy stream." The passage has been cited by so many critics as to make their example contagious:

"She found the path and paused among the acacias on the bank of the stream, where she could hear, but not see. Instinctively she began to undress herself at the invitation of that soft voice, then, awaking to a sense of her actions, she dipped her hand in the water. It was cold. All the better; it would do her the more good. And she went on undressing, never heeding where she flung her garments, removing them all except the last. She put her foot into the running water and shivered. She tested the bottom—pebbles, beneath a couple of feet of water. She put her other foot in, and, her heart gripped by the chill, let herself sink slowly into the water with closed eyes and parted lips, uttering little sighs the while. The water covered her with icy caresses and rippled gently about her neck and heaving bosom. Other sweet voices sounded in the air. Leila opened her eyes and raised herself in amazement. She seemed clothed in light, which shone upon the trembling waters and wrapped the banks and her clothes lying beneath the swaying, whispering trees in a silver radiance. It was the rising of the moon, a mysterious awakening of all things in the dead of night."

The novel from which this scene is extracted would alone prove to the *Manchester Guardian* that in Fogazzaro Italy lost one of her great men. "His many friends—and few living men drew his followers to him as he did—will find consolation in the thought that his portion of the mission to which his whole life was devoted was complete." He made his ideal a force in actual life.

SAINT JUDAS—A STORY

There is something sardonic in this story, and the taste it leaves behind is not pleasant. But it contains the elements of a true world's classic. We get a portraiture of hypocrisy that is for any land and any time. The author is a Russian but little known in this country—W. Doroschewitsch. Germany was the first to translate and reprint the tale, which appeared in *Simplicissimus*. The translation below, from the German, was published a few weeks ago in the *St. Louis Mirror*.

JUDAS did not hang himself.

Judas do not hang themselves.

The rumor of Judas' suicide had been spread abroad in Jerusalem, and the apostles, in the innocence of their hearts, did not for one moment doubt it. After his great crime! What was there left for him?

But Judas did not hang himself.

He only contemplated it.

He went into the forest, selected a tree, tied the noose, bewailed his life, and—suddenly took thought.

And he reflected as follows:

"That which I have committed is a great sin. Suicide, however, is also a very great sin. What shall I, unhappy one, do? To one great sin add another? Did not the Master say that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner who repenteth than over ninety-and-nine just men? But for proper repentance time is necessary. My duty toward myself, my duty to heaven, is to live, to live, to live! To live as long as possible, that I may have the more time to repent."

He took the rope from the tree: That it may not lead into temptation some unfortunate, despondent of life, who does not—as I do—know the Truth.

He took it along with him: For even a rope may be of service in a good cause.

And he returned to the city.

The road thither was long.

Long roads conduce to much thinking.

Judas thought: "I must impose a heavy penance upon myself. I must make it as difficult for myself as possible. I might try poverty—to be the least among the least. But would that do any good? That would make it all the easier for me. That would simply signify a lightening of my task. Have I the right to do that? Did not the Master say that it is easier for a camel to pass through the needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven? Must I not, then, put hindrances in my way, that my task may be the more difficult?"

Judas went to the high council and spoke: "Yesterday, in my wrath, I threw the thirty pieces of silver at your feet. I have calmed myself, and decided otherwise. The money is mine. Give it me back again."

The servant of the high-priest, a respectable old Pharisee, reported to Caiaphas concerning this.

Caiaphas was once again upon the point of rending his garments in despair.

"This Judas, who was reported to have hanged himself? Is he then returned to life? What does this mean?"

Already there was excitement enough in the city. All sorts of rumors were floating about.

Everywhere it was told that the body of the Crucified had disappeared. Secretly it was added that Christ had risen.

"There must be an end of this," Caiaphas cried out in desperation. "Even now the Proconsul is in a rage. The matter is attracting too much attention! It is being too much discussed! Give this rascal his thirty silver-pieces, but only on condition that he take himself out of the city at once."

The servant of the high-priest stroked his beard and said to Judas: "The high-priest has commanded me to bring thee twenty silverlings, but they are awarded thee only as a mercy. Get thee gone,—and hold thy peace."

Judas placed the twenty silver-pieces in a pouch, shivered, and quitted Jerusalem.

He went to the nearest seaport, awaited a favoring wind, and sailed with the first outgoing vessel for Alexandria.

In Egypt he chose a small town with pleasant climate. "I must endeavor to live as long as possible. For my task!" he said to himself.

A little town in which there were many poor. And he settled there.

Judas said to himself: "The Master hath commanded: the rich shall give up to the poor. But I possess nothing as yet. Twenty shekels in silver—what is that? I must first acquire a fortune in order that I may give it away. Only when I am grown wealthy will it be possible for me to do something worth while; not merely give a few miserable pence to the needy, but great riches."

Delighted with this idea, he considered further: "How shall I begin?"

And he decided: "It will be best to lend this money to the poor. In this way the money will be never really my own. Always it will be at

the service of the poor. When the poor need it they shall take it; later, when they will need it no longer, they can return it, only to take it again when they are in want. As tho out of their own pockets."

And he began to lend out his money on easier and more favorable terms than the other usurers, and in the beginning exacted less interest, so that soon the other usurers were either ruined or forced to retire to other cities.

Then he increased the interest—that his dream might be the more quickly realized.

He said: "The others are usurers; I confer benefits. They gain money for themselves; I, for a good cause. I am only the steward of your moneys. You, the owners, come and take when you choose. If I exact interest, it is only because I am thereby enabled to lend on a greater scale."

And the poor not only enriched him, but were grateful into the bargain.

There were many poor in the town, wherefore the usurers soon grew rich.

The women of the town were famed for their beauty, and Judas said to himself: "When we bring a sacrifice to God, we do not bring him an old steer worn out with work, but a calf which has not yet known the yoke. I am as an old steer, exhausted by my labors. Nor did our father Abraham wish to sacrifice himself, and the voice from on high did not say, 'Abraham, offer up thyself,' but bade him bring his son Isaac to the sacrifice. I shall do even as our father Abraham! The God of Abraham was the God of Death. Ours is the God of Life. Living, I bring unto him my first born, my son, whom I shall raise up in accordance with the law and his Commandments. Accept my Isaac from me!"

And Judas married a beautiful maiden.

When she bore their first son, Judas took counsel with himself: "Now there remains for me but one thing more—to bring up my son in piety and righteousness. All else concerns me no longer. Henceforth I am nothing more than the steward of his house."

He called workmen and charged them to chisel out the old inscription over the door of his counting-house and to make a new one in golden letters:

THE HOUSE OF JUDAS, JR.

Judas considered as follows: "I am the one who committed the crime. I, then, must atone for it. My son, however, is quite innocent; he has no need to make amends. What right have

I to give away my possessions, thus condemning him, who has committed no crime, to poverty? That the innocent may suffer for the sins of the guilty? Is that just? And can injustice find favor in the sight of the Lord? Of my own money I possessed only twenty silverlings, and these are long since spent for the necessities of my daily life. All the money I now have has come to me from the poor. This money does not belong to me. I will hand it over to my son. May he make such disposition of it as his heart and conscience dictate. It shall be my duty to train him up by word and example."

And the old Judas trained up the little Judas by his word and example.

He trained him thoroly.

When people would come into the shop of Judas, Jr., consumed with rage and despair, fuming and foaming with wrath, Judas, the agent of his son, would say: "Never give way to anger against your neighbor. We should love everybody; always."

And they would make answer: "How should I love my deadly enemy?"

And Judas would reply with gentle smile: "One should love even his enemy. When he sees thy love, he will also love thee. For hatred is conquered by love."

He said this purposely always in his son's presence, that he might hear it from his earliest childhood.

If someone came and pleaded despairingly: "Give me money, at whatever rate of interest pleaseth thee; so-and-so presses and threatens to have me thrown into prison," Judas would reply: "Take from my son double the amount, and repay thy creditor therewith. Then perhaps he will be ashamed."

Naturally they seldom listened to him.

They would answer him: "Thou mayst well talk so; for thou art a saint! Thou hast renounced everything to become thy son's steward."

This appellation, "Saint," once given him by somebody or other, spread abroad everywhere.

They would say: "Shall we go to the saint? He will take money from his son and give to us."

In the meantime the new faith which had sprung up in the charming valleys of Judea and on the tranquil shores of the Lake of Genesareth had begun to spread over the world, as oil spreads on troubled waters, and filled it with its peace.

In the little town where Judas lived with his son was a young Christian called Nathanael.

He was a pupil of Christ's disciples.

He spread the new gospel.

But each time those who heard his preaching

said to him: "All this we know already. The very same thing has been told us by our Saint, who has renounced the world and lives as the agent of his son the usurer."

Nathanael, naturally, hastened to make the acquaintance of Judas.

"Whence knowest thou this?" he asked him, full of awe.

"I heard it all more than once from the Master himself," replied Judas. "I was living in Judea at the time."

"Thou hast seen the Master himself!" cried Nathanael in ecstasy; and a holy jealousy filled his heart. "And I knew only his disciples! What men they were!"

And Nathanael began telling him of the apostles.

"This one is gone thither; that one preaches, so they say, there or there; the third has already suffered martyrdom, it is told."

Judas inquired interestedly after each in turn, and himself related much regarding them.

The conversation drifted to Judas Iscariot.

"Who is that?" asked Judas.

"Thou must certainly know of him!" cried Nathanael. "The wretch hanged himself."

Judas, whose ear had so accustomed itself to the expression "Saint," winced at the word "wretch" as tho he had received a blow.

His countenance darkened.

He tugged at his beard in agitation.

"Why dost thou call him 'wretch'?"

"How else should I designate the traitor—who betrayed the Master?" cried Nathanael, astonished.

He was excited. The blood mounted to his head. He arose from the stone bench before the shop and began pacing to and fro.

Judas regarded him sadly; his face glowed.

"Thou hatest this Judas, then?"

"Assuredly!"

"Thou lookest upon him as thine enemy?"

"As my deadliest enemy!"

"Thou shouldst love him."

Nathanael turned pale and gazed at Judas in horror.

But Judas continued sternly, as a judge.

"He inflicted evil on ye, in that he robbed ye of what ye held dearest—the Master?"

"Yes," replied Nathanael, softly.

"Ye should love him, tho he has done ye the greatest possible wrong!"

Nathanael was silent.

"Thou shouldst forgive him."

Judas rose, saying, "Judge not, lest ye be judged!"

Whereupon he entered his shop.

The shop of his son.

On the following day Judas sat once more upon his stone bench, as Nathanael, greatly troubled, approached.

At a distance of several paces he stopped short, as one conscious of a fault, and said in a voice choking with emotion, "Happy man! Thou hast heard the Master himself! Therefore thou knowest and understandest his teaching better than I. Pardon me the words of thoughtless anger whereby I have disturbed thy saintly soul's tranquility!"

He was near to bursting into tears.

"Knowest thou how I passed this night, and how the rising sun surprized me?"

"May thy employment have found favor with God!"

"I was praying for Judas."

Judas rose and placed his hand upon the curly head of the youth: "Continue so! Thou art upon the right path!"

From this on, Nathanael, the head of the new-formed little Christian community, undertook nothing without first consulting Judas and receiving his instructions.

The congregation grew and grew, and in like degree waxed the honor and authority of Judas.

At his advice the congregation founded a charity association for the relief of the deserving poor.

Each contributed a monthly due in accordance with his means.

"Ye may deposit the funds with me," counselled Judas. "It is to me poverty turns—in the shop of my son. And the poorest of these are known to me; those who are in greatest need of assistance."

Judas took over the money and rendered an accounting thereof to nobody.

This, at length, occasioned some talk.

And once Nathanael approached Judas, blushing and stammering in embarrassment, saying: "Forgive what I am about to tell thee. I am only the mouthpiece of my flock. Several of them—not the best, of course—wish—forgive!—in a word, they wish to know who receives the money. Forgive!"

Judas replied with his usual gentle smile: "Tell thy flock: a good deed is only good when the right hand knoweth not what the left hand doeth! Dost thou know who said that?"

And Nathanael, humbled and ashamed, spoke to his people: "What would ye do? Ye would undo yourselves and your good deed!"

And they all shook their heads and murmured: "Alas, what sorry Christians we are!"

The fact that Judas, tho only as his son's

steward, was engaged in usury, disturbed Nathanael.

And it happened at times that Judas pressed his debtors very hard.

It happened often.

It happened almost constantly.

Blushing and confused, Nathanael once led the conversation round to this topic.

Very carefully, so as not to disconcert Judas.

But Judas was not disconcerted.

With a particularly sweet smile he avoided an answer to the question, and began a narrative, how once the Master, in a company of publicans and sinners—

"Yes, publicans, my dear Nathanael."

Nathanael was abashed.

He imposed fasts upon himself for a penance. Because he had sat in judgment over his brother.

After this he felt no desire to put questions to Judas.

"He is a holy man! He knows what he does! So holy a man cannot be mistaken!"

And in the end everyone followed Nathanael's example, and believed in the holiness of Judas.

He even believed in it himself.

If, by chance, he would at times recall what had transpired long ago, during that Easter-week—there—in Jerusalem, it appeared to Judas as tho it had been another.

Mistakes of youth!

Snares of the Devil!

It seemed to him that the other Judas, whose face he had almost forgotten, was long since dead.

"If thou sinnest not, there is no need of repentance. Is it not written that the seed must die that it may bear fruit? Can one rise from the dead without having first died? That one is dead—there lives another in his place—one whom the voice of God and the voice of the people call a saint."

Judas knew well the community of the faithful.

More than once Nathanael said to him, "Thou shouldst stand at the head of our congregation."

"I prefer to be the last."

Involuntarily came the thought to Nathanael: What a sly one!

But he hastened to drive from him such lures of Satan, and thought: What a Saint!

As a matter of fact Judas did stand at the head of the congregation.

The congregation obeyed Nathanael, and Nathanael paid heed to Judas.

Judas advised, passed judgment, imposed penances, punished and forgave.

Thus, all peacefully, the evening of his life glided on.

As he felt himself growing feebler he called his son to him, privately, and spoke: "I am now bowed with years and can no longer serve thee. Henceforth art thou untrammelled master of thy possessions. How thou disposest of them

is thine own affair. Thou mayest continue thy father's work or not—as thou choosest. Thy decision must be final. Think, however, upon the command given our forefathers: Thou shalt honor thy parents. And whatever thou undertakest, act always so, that thou dishonorest not thy father or his memory."

And Judas, Jr., made answer: "If I should now relinquish thy business, every one would say, 'See; he feels that his father's trade is beneath him! He thinks, then, that his father was engaged in unworthy pursuits!'—I should thus be passing judgment on thee, and aspersing thy memory. Therefore will I follow in thy footsteps, mindful of thy teachings."

"Yes, dear father," cried Judas, Jr., rapturously, "I shall not disgrace thy name—I shall make it famous! The people shall remember thee with gratitude, and think of thee with regret. I shall raise the interest on the loans, and everyone will think with sorrow and thankfulness of father Judas who was so kind and gentle toward his fellowmen!"

Judas placed his hand upon his son's head: "Thou art my son! I see that not for nothing have I raised thee up in reverence of the law and obedience to thy elders! The seed hath not fallen upon barren soil."

Judas passed the evening of his life in peace, as a patriarch, doing good by precept and example.

And the hour of his death drew near.

In the sumptuous apartments of Judas—of the son Judas—adorned with carpets, costly vessels given as pledges and still unredeemed, with silver cups and golden goblets, and round about the house the whole Christian community was gathered.

Nathanael stood at the deathbed of Judas who fell into the gentle slumber of the aged: as a warm, peaceful summer-day expires.

Nathanael wept.

Judas gathered the last remnants of his strength, raised himself a little, and said: "Now I forsake this vale of tears and lamentations."

And the Christians, standing in these chambers filled with gold and silver and precious stones, repeated: "This vale of tears and lamentations!"

"I have passed my life among ye, before your eyes," said Judas.

"Thou hast been the beacon upon our life's path!" cried Nathanael, sobbing.

"Thou hast been our beacon!" repeated the Christians.

"Thou wilt be ever as an example to us!" cried Nathanael exalted. "But whilst thou remainest with us, I have still one desire. Give me, in this solemn hour of parting, one kiss, as farewell; one kiss of love and friendship."

Judas was silent for a time, then spoke: "No. Once, with these lips, I kissed the Master, and since then I have sworn to kiss no man. Not even my own son have I kissed." And with these words departed his last breath.

Humor of Life

A FABLE.

The hen remarked to the muley cow,
As she cackled her daily lay
(That is, the hen cackled), "It's funny how
I'm good for an egg a day.
I'm a fool to do it, for what do I get?
My food and my lodging. My!
But the poodle gets that—he's the household pet,
And he never laid a single egg yet—
Not even when eggs were high."

The muley cow remarked to the hen,
As she masticated her cud
(That is, the cow did), "Well, what then?
You quit and your name is mud.
I'm good for eight gallons of milk each day,
And I'm given my stable and grub;
But the parrot gets that much anyway—
All she can gobble—and what does she pay?
Not a dribble of milk, the dub!"

But the hired man remarked to the pair,
"You get all that's comin' to you;
The poodle does tricks, an' the parrot kin swear,
Which is better than you kin do.
You're necessary, but what's the use
O' bewailin' your daily part?
You're bourgeois—work's your only excuse,
You can't do nothing but jes' produce—
What them fellers does is Art."

—Calcutta (India) *Capital*.

EMBARRASSING.

The editor of this paper respectfully requests drunks to refrain from sleeping in his coal shed. They cause the impression to get around that they are himself.—Henderson, Neb., *Tribune*.

MEOW!

ELLA: "Do I make myself plain?"
STELLA: "Somebody has, if you haven't."—*Judge*.

HOMESICKNESS.

BEAUTY: "Don't you sailors get dreadfully homesick at times?"

BO'SUN: "Bless yer heart, Miss, we ain't never home hardly long enough."—*Century Magazine*.

A PLEASING PRESCRIPTION.

SUFFERER: "I have a terrible toothache and want something to cure it."

FRIEND: "Now, you don't need any medicine. I had a toothache yesterday and I went home and my loving wife kissed me and so consoled me that the pain soon passed away. Why don't you try the same?"

SUFFERER: "I think I will. Is your wife at home now?"—*Everybody's*.

AN UNTRAVELED MAN.

Former Vice-President Fairbanks was a speaker at one of the little gatherings recently such as have made the National Press Club of Washington famous. Senator Fairbanks told the boys about his trip around the world. He held their attention and brought forth much enthusiasm with the account. Governor Judson Harmon, of Ohio, possibly having in mind the recent election and Democratic landslide, said, "It is hard for me to be a speaker following such a distinguished traveler as Senator Fairbanks. I haven't traveled any. I havn't even been up Salt River."—*Leslie's*.

ONE REDEEMING TRAIT.

"True, he's a mean man, of few friends, but good to his family."
"You don't say!"
"Yep. Ain't home more'n three nights a month."—*Judge*.



HE: How beautiful the moon-fish is to-night!
—*Harper's Bazaar*

CURRENT LITERATURE

COULDN'T FOOL HER.

Wayne MacVeagh, Attorney-General under President Garfield and a brother of Franklin MacVeagh, Secretary of the Treasury, tells about a nouveau rich lady who sat next to him at dinner not long ago. She did not pay much attention to her distinguished neighbor, but finally, with a bored gesture and indicating that she had enjoyed the honor, asked him if he had ever eaten at the White House. Mr. MacVeagh tried to dodge the question, but finally answered in the affirmative.

"When?" Suspicion marked her inquiry.

"Well, madam, I'll tell you who was President the first time I ate in the White House if you will inform me of the year." She agreed.

"Mr. Pierce."

"Pierce! Huh!" The feminine person was loftier than ever. "There wasn't any such President."—*Leslie's*.

AN EXCLUSIVE CHURCH.

An old darky wanted to join a fashionable city church, and the minister, knowing it was hardly the thing to do and not wanting to hurt his feelings, told him to go home and pray over it. In a few days the darky came back.

"Well, what do you think of it by this time?" asked the preacher.

"Well, sah," replied the colored man, "Ah prayed an' prayed, an' de good Lawd he says to me, 'Rastus, Ah wouldn't boddern mah haud about dat no mo'. Ah've been trying to get into dat chu'ch mase'f fo' de las' twenty yeahs and Ah done had no luck."—*National Monthly*.

WHEN MANDY MOURNS.

Mandy, who had just become a widow, was sorting out several suits of black underclothes. Her friend asked in great astonishment:

"Mandy, whah fo' yoh done got dem black undege'ments?"

"Cause when Ah mourns, Ah mourns."

—*Everybody's*.



"ALL THE WORLD AGAINST HIM"

—*Judge*

KANSAS CORN.

William Allen White, the Kansas writer, at a picnic in Emporia, was praising the fertility of his native State.

"It was a Kansas boy, you know," said Dr. White, "who tried to climb a cornstalk the other day to see how the corn was getting on. Unfortunately the stalk is growing faster than the boy can climb, and he is now out of sight.

"A lot of neighbors with axes have been trying to cut the stalk down, but it grows so fast they can't strike it twice in the same place.

"It was feared for a while that the boy would starve to death, but I am happy to say that over the private wire in my office we have got news to the effect that the little chap has already thrown down five bushels of cobs; whence one may infer that his diet, tho monotonous, is adequate."—*Los Angeles Times*.

GREASE VS. GRAVITY.

Dr. Arthur William White, of Yale, delights in telling of his experience with an inventor of the unlettered-genius type who came to the professor with a model of a perpetual-motion machine.

"H'm; looks plausible," observed Dr. White, "but it won't work. What are you going to do about gravity?"

"Gravity!" said the visitor scornfully. "T'ell wit' gravity; we'll use plenty o' grease."—*Cosmopolitan*.

SPECIAL PRIVILEGE.

Reverend Lyman Powell, of Northampton, has a bright little son who is very much frightened in thunderstorms. One day a heavy shower came up when the little fellow had wandered away from the house. His father, who was watching for him, saw him come running toward home as the first drops fell. He looked terrified, and his lips were moving.

"What were you saying?" asked his father.

"I was reminding God that I am a minister's son!" the boy replied.—*Cosmopolitan*.

TOM'S REFORM.

Upton Sinclair, at a vegetarian banquet at Battle Creek, said of a social reform he disliked:

"That social reform is as foolish and ridiculous as the reform attempted by Tom Haines.

"Tom Haines was playing checkers in the general store with a man who kept looking at the clock.

"What do you keep looking at the clock for?" said Tom.

"Because," said the man, "I see by the Sunday paper that every time that clock ticks old John D. is \$10 richer."

"Tom Haines rose hastily.

"What are you going to do?" said the man.

"Stop the clock," said Tom."—*Illustrated Weekly Magazine*.

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